

# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII: No. 14.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### The New Year.

Up into the sunshine, soul of mine,  
I brook no darkness here;  
The sun is shining on the hills  
In the first day of the year!  
The glittering snow is on the pines,  
Like frosted comes they rise,  
And the earth below and the sky above,  
Are clad in happy guise!

Up, up, my soul, no longer sit,  
With folded hands, alone;  
The Future opens her arms to thee,  
The Past is dead and gone!  
The Future, with her loving voice,  
Cries "hither, hither, sweet!"  
The Past, a shadow of the lost,  
Is tracking at my feet.

Up, up, my soul! nor glance behind;  
Turn not one wistful look;  
Leave all the Past to Him who gave,  
To Him, again, who took!  
Press on, press on, the year of life  
Cannot be "ways May";  
Yet the snow-birds sing on the leafless  
tree,

And why not thou as they?  
Up, up, my soul! no longer sit  
Inert with fear and dread,  
Since Nature's calm is all around,  
And the sky shines overhead!  
Up, up, and climb the mountain path,  
With strong, unfettered will!  
And let thy motto ever be,  
"Onward and Upward" still!

## Select Literature.

### THE PEAL OF HOPE: A Bellringer's Christmas Story.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### UP AMONGST THE BELLS AT MIDNIGHT.

"Only dull metal, are they? Ah, so people say. They come to look at my bells sometimes—the visitors I mean—after they have walked up and down the aisles and seen the brasses, and the dead crusader with his marble hands crossed upon his breast for ever, and the colors from the window stealing down him. They quarrel about him too, and some say he is not a crusader at all; and I stand by and listen, wondering where his ashes are, and whether my bells know anything about him or not. And then I hear them talk so wisely of the date of bells—when the first was cast, the composition they are made of, and the wonderful way in which the founders can calculate to a semitone what a certain amount of metal will say when it is cast. Ah! my bells, is that all? They know nothing of what passes between you and me in the still, dark hours, when we are alone with the bats and the owls, the mice, and all the creeping things that night brings in her train. They look up at the dark forms and speculate, and shake their heads; but they would not touch a rope; they are afraid of the big wheels; and the solemn iron tongues are still, and have not a whisper for their ears."

And the old man took a rope over his shoulders, and clasped his hand upon it. Here he reigned a king in his own palace; he loved the great wheels and the ponderous bells, the knotted ropes, the rugged wood-work, and the great black shadows that darkened the walls with strange, fantastic figures around him. The man and the place had known each other through many a midnight vigil; about the iron tongues hovered strange stories, dim with sorrow like a distant dirge, and glad with a tender musical utterance of gladness soon to pass away. Nothing but dull metal! To him they had voice and soul. What human voice could utter forth such sounds of rejoicing with them that did rejoice? What was so full of the darkness of death as the funeral knell? And he looked from the spade beside him to the bells above, as though in grave recognition of the link between the two.

"I smile at the wise ones," he said, "the readers of big books and writers of learned papers, who have gone so far to learn so little; who look at my old friends up there as though they were nothing but machines, formed by man to do man's will, with no power of their own. And you, children of the readers and writers, gently nurtured, you love the bells; but yet they whisper not their secrets to you. Listen, then."

"Little maiden with the deep eyes, looking out upon an unknown world, once I held you a moment in my arms—these crooked, work-worn, ill-clad arms—and tears fell down upon your baby face, but they were not from my old eyes. Listen."

"It was the last night of December, and I took my keys, and came to sit where I am sitting now, that I might wait for the birth of the good New Year, and welcome it. Many a ghostly shape started up in my path across the churchyard, but I knew them all, and greeted them as I passed; many a queer-shaped urn, with the bare arms of some drooping tree spread over it, and rustling in the wind a sorrowful petition to the passer-by to go on his way in silence, and leave the slumbers of the dead undisturbed."

"I feared not ghosts, nor shadows, nor the great white cross that gleamed before me in the moonlight, stretching forth its arms as though for ever supplicating, 'See, on this I suffered for a dying world! Raise thine eyes to me, and live!'"

"I came on, and sat here, with my lantern waiting, for it was not yet twelve o'clock;

and my raven perched beside me, and ruffled up his feathers, as though he would have hinted that it was cold. I was not cold. I am never cold here. I scared the bats from their corners, and a heavy-winged owl fled screaming away from my light; then the mice came out, and the beetles and creeping things; and a great spider ran up the rope, and crawled about my hand. I cared nothing for that. I was used to it. I think it a queer, dreary sort of place to be in at that time of night, and all alone; but then it is as good as home to me. The odd little noises and rustlings might scare people not used to them, as the white cross in the churchyard took a ghostly form to frighten those who did not know what it was; but they did not scare me. I heard a carriage go rumbling down the street past the churchyard from some of the Christmas parties; then another and another, and I began to wonder idly whose they were, and whether they would be amongst those I should see in the morning, for we were to have a grand wedding the next day. All the country round had been ringing with it; all the neighbors talked about it; the little children could think of nothing else, and the universal cry was, 'Thank goodness! we shall not lose her; she will be with us all the same!'"

"Would it be all the same? My bells told me better. They knew that the shadow of a changed life and altered hopes must pass over the bride, for whom they ring their joyful peal; and she can never be the same again. And then I thought about the bridegroom, for whose coming of age I had set my bells to ring only twelve months before, and whose strong young arms had taken their turn at the ropes many a merry night. Would he ever do it again? The question had scarcely come into my mind when I heard a step upon the stone stairs; not a step like mine, but light and springing, and I knew to whom it belonged."

"Here as usual," he called out, "amongst the bats and the spiders. A brave night, old boy, with the stars shining like a million golden balls, and the old tower blinking under them like an owl. Well, a Merry Christmas to you, Jeff, and a Happy New Year, when it comes!"

"Same to you, sir," I said. "But I didn't look for you to-night, Mr. Hugh!"

"No? I can't go to bed; I shouldn't sleep a wink. There's a restless spirit about, somehow."

"You're breathing like a blown hunter, Mr. Hugh!"

"Old Jeffery," he said, throwing back his arms, and raising his handsome head, "I want work, that's it; I'm getting rusty. So we'll give a lusty welcome to the New Year, and three cheers for him!"

"A knell for the grey beard first, Mr. Hugh!"

"A knell, you raven? Ah! croak away in the corner there; I meant your master, bird of ill omen, not you. No, no, Jeff; no knells to-night. There goes the clock—Come, a strong pull, and a merry. A good New Year to all the world!"

"And so we forget the dead time which never could come again, and filled the silent night with a peal of rejoicing."

"And now, Jeff, for a walk under the stars, and then home to bed like a reasonable man."

"Mr. Hugh," I said, looking at him, "you won't forget us altogether?"

"Forget you? Wait till we come back in the summer, old boy, for we are going abroad, you know; and see if I won't take my turn and rouse the echoes as merrily as ever. Good night, Jeff. And you," he said, shaking his fist up towards the bells, "sleep you grim old warriors, for the iron tongues must clamor for us to-morrow!"

"I heard his footstep pass down the stairs and go out; and although I had nothing more to do, I loitered, thinking about him. Now and then there came a creak from the great wheels, or the sway of a rope; or the sudden falling of some loose scraps of rubbish which made a hollow sound in the stillness and emptiness of the place. Outside, the wind had begun to rise, and as it whistled stormily through the crevices and round the tower, I thought, 'A change is coming. To-morrow there will be a white world, and snow-flakes will fall in the path of the bride, like the first pure flowers of the New Year!'"

"The bonnie wee lassie! With her gentle eyes, and the dainty fingers that were always ready to help the helpless and give to the poor."

"I called up her face before me as I thought how merrily we, up in the belfry, would bid her God speed on the morrow."

"Children, a blessing upon her was warm in my heart, but it never rose from thence to my lips. A sudden chill crept over me. The shadows on the wall grew darker and darker; out of the dim corners came eyes full of a stern sorrow and mournfulness, and looked at me till I was fain to cover my own, but could not. It was as though they knew—these solemn, wonderful eyes—the deep things of the chancel and the grave, of the past and the future; as though they knew, even before my own ears had heard it, the secret of the bells. For while I looked and trembled, the semblance of an open grave was before me; and there was no sound now of creaking wheels or shivering ropes, of bat or owl, or falling rubbish; but, in the dead and ghostly stillness, there came to my ear a peal of marriage-bells, soft and sweet as

though a fairy's breath had blown them across those ponderous unmoved shapes above, and after them, full, and solemn, and low, the tolling of a funeral knell. Who should know the sound if I did not? It filled my ears, and made my brain turn giddy. The bells had spoken to me, and I had listened. And when I looked up, my raven—down birdie, keep quiet—was perched upon the spade at my side, croaking out, 'Dig! Alas! what was I to dig?'"

#### CHAPTER II. MARRIAGE BELLS.

"But the sun rose unclouded on that January morning, and there was no snow, no wind, scarcely a chilly breath to blow upon the path of the bride."

"I rose and shook my strong arms—they were wiry still, but they were stronger then—and cast off the shadow of the belfry; for to-day was to be a day of merry-making throughout all the parish, and children, both young and of larger growth, were busy at work over the arches of evergreens, the mottoes and emblems which had been long in preparation. There were people who said it was an ungenial time for a wedding, and that summer would have been better. But there was the church all festal with its Christmas wreaths; the shadow of a cross and crown would fall upon the two as they knelt at the altar-railing; and many a goodly text upon the walls would speak the words of hope and encouragement to them as they entered to take upon themselves the vows of a new life with the New Year."

"I saw them at the gate, and the white-haired gentleman, on whose arm that dainty little glove was resting, nodded to me. The grass of the churchyard was dark with men and women, old and young, grave and gay; and some of them passed into the church as I did, that they might look at the young bride in her wedding-dress."

"Then it was all over, and some impulse moved the husband to turn round at the gate and shake hands with me."

"A merry Christmas to you all," he cried, "and a happy New Year!"

"Mr. Hugh," I said, and then I stopped. When I looked up in his face, thinking how young and strong and handsome he was, and longing to bid him be careful of the tender little blossom which was his own now, I saw on each of his cheeks a spot of burning crimson, and my heart sank, and the words I might have dared to say died on my tongue."

"Make them speak, old friend, up there in the belfry," he said; "let us have a merry peal to-day!"

"And this day next year," shouted a voice in the crowd; "and every New Year's day as long as we live. We'll keep you sir!"

"Then every hat was held high above its owner's head, and every lip joined in the shout that rose exultant on the morning air, 'Long life to them, and happiness!'"

"And I saw the bridegroom stand bareheaded to thank them; and the face of the bride, covered with its white veil, turned once towards the crowd. Then I went to my place in the belfry."

"How the grim warriors beat their iron sides that day! How they laughed, and 'fired,' and clashed, and filled the tower with noisy echoes from top to bottom, keeping the jack-daws circling round like an uneasy cloud, uncertain where to settle."

"It's better than you can do, old fellow," said one of the ringers, as we stopped to rest. "His familiar there helps him," was the response. "Mr. Hugh's a fine chap, isn't he?"

"He'll have a fine lot of money some day, and that's better. Wish I was in his shoes."

"There's to be an ox drawn to the Square and divided; and a lot of sheep. And there's dinner for everybody that likes to go for it. Now then."

"And all day long, at intervals, the bells rang out as vigorously as ever. 'Long life to them!' But through it all, plain, and solemn, and unrelenting, came the knell. And I only heard it."

"At night when the ringers were gone, and I was alone, I looked up at the iron tongues, and said, 'What is it for? What do the burning cheek and glittering eyes mean? Many a dreary work I have to do; but they are both so young; let us spare them. It is hard to toll on a wedding-day. Give me the marriage-peal, but take back the knell.' But they were dumb, and there was no answer, save the whistling of the wind, and the creaking wood-work."

"The chilly January passed away; the crocuses and snowdrops bloomed and faded in my little garden—you know it round about the tower; the robins came no more to the belfry for shelter and crumbs; the stoves in the church were empty; the sun shone, and the rivers ran like a thread of golden light through green meadows, under leafy trees, which were musical with the song of many birds."

"And there rung in my ears the sentence, 'Wait till we come back in the summer, and see if I won't rouse the echoes as merrily as ever!'"

"For they were come back and summer was here; and there had been great rejoicings over the return of the husband and wife. But when Mr. Hugh remembered his promise, and stood once more with me up amongst the bells, his wife was with him, and the strong man leaned on the arm of the slender

girl. In spite of the warm sunshine, his chest was muffled up, and his nostrils dilated and grew pinched again with every breath he drew."

"Old Jeff," he said, "thanks for your welcome. We are glad to be home again. But—this staircase of yours—it's such a cranky, breathless sort of affair; we must see if something can't be done."

"Had he forgotten, I wondered, the light steps that sprang up in the last Christmas, and dashed in upon me at midnight, when I least expected them?"

"And there's your bird of ill-omen safe and well, and gruff as ever. It's but a weird sort of companion though; and the place—don't you find those midnight watches of yours somewhat dismal, eh?"

"He never used to think so. The tone was new to me, as well as the sharp catching for breath, and the sinking of the old buoyant spirit that was never wont to find the belfry a dreary place. I did not say this, however. I looked at the young wife and then at her husband. Did she know?"

"It is better than a solitary hearth, Mr. Hugh; and I am alone you know, wherever I go. And then there are these—friends of yours as well as mine," I said, pointing to a rope."

"He shook his head, and smiled."

"I should like it, Jeff; but my wife won't let me."

"I turned away, that he might not see my face. As if I could look at him and not know that a single pull would shake almost the life out of him. He said that, looking down upon her with proud fondness, as a young husband should."

"Dear Hugh," she answered, "only for a while, until you get stronger. For I like the bells too; and when you are able for it, you shall ring, and I will sit and listen—outside, though," she added, laughing. "I wonder the ringers are not all deaf!"

"As she spoke, his face contracted with a strange expression—a sudden wandering look of fear, and perplexity, and pain. Did he hear the bells as I heard them? Did they send upon him some voice of warning and trouble then, as she spoke of his getting stronger?"

"I wish we had never gone away, Jeff. I was strong before we went. I think the travelling must have knocked me up. But, here, give me a rope and let me try. It is all nonsense. If I could do it once, I can do it now."

"A little hand held him back—a little light touch, like the touch of a feather."

"Mr. Hugh," I said, "go out into the sunlight. It is dreary in here, and there are draughts in every direction. We will have a peal when you get stronger."

"Yes, you are right; let us go. There's something damp and earthy about the place. Come, love."

"And when I thought they were gone, all at once a dainty touch was on my hand, and eyes full of a dim and distant agony were looking up at me."

"You sent him away—they are all killing me with fair words, which I don't know how to believe. You have known him so long; you love him. Tell me, is the change in him so very, very great?"

"I bent my head over the poor, trembling little fingers, and said, 'He is changed; but the summer is before him; he may rally.—God help you both!'"

"Then through the silence of the place there was a single heavy, half-stifled sob; a faint voice calling to her from the old stone stairs, and she was gone."

#### CHAPTER III. SUSPIRIA.

"It was the last night of the year, and I took my way through the churchyard, to keep my lonely watch in the belfry. Snow covered the grass-grown graves; snow hung heavily upon the trees, and weighed down the branches, dropping from them in silent, sudden tears upon the kindred snow beneath. And the white cross gleamed whiter than ever as I passed it; but on my heart was a weight heavier than snow, and I mourned in the starlight, and wondered at the decrees which are always wise and good."

"I put my keys into the lock, and the door swung back heavily upon sullen hinges; the worn stairs seemed harder worn than ever, and more bitter the wad that circled about them. My old seat met my eyes blank and desolate, and the sound of my feet on the floor awoke no echoes from the dark forms of my giant friends overhead. All was sombre and still as the grave, except the iron hear that beat in the tower above to tell the flight of time."

"Look at them, little one; the silent, grim old warriors, always at their post! How many stories are written upon those coats of grimy mail? How many times have they rung solemnly the changes of life, and joy, and death? Many a sad heart has been adored for years; many a glad one filled to overflowing with the sound of their merry music. And now, I put my hand to a rope, and sent forth upon the night air the passing bell for a soul which was gone from amongst us. And my bird perched upon my shoulder drearily, and croaked."

"There were pictures in the bells that night for me. As the hollow boom fell on my ear, the rough wood-work and the huge cobwebs, the broken floor and the dull wall, faded away from before me. I saw a white-veiled

maiden whose feet trod a path sprinkled with the scanty flowers of Christmas; and over her head, as she entered the church, hung a chaplet of everlasting flowers. Then a hand grasped mine, and an unsteady voice said, 'Make them speak, old friend, up there in the belfry. Let us have a merry peal to-day!'"

"Only twelve months ago; and now here were my old arms, telling the passing bell, while his —. Then I saw another picture; blinds drawn over the windows, and a sheet over the bed. A face which no crimson spot could touch again on the pillow; hands crossed upon a clay-cold breast, like the hands of the dead crusader in the chancel."

"Suddenly my raven hopped away from my shoulder; the whistling wind reached me no more; the clock itself seemed to cease its monotonous tick; and I bent my head to listen. For there, again, in the dead silence, came soft and clear, like voices heard in a dream, the fairy peal of marriage-bells. Again and again it swept along the dark row up above, and each time more faint and distant, but after it there was no knell."

"The clock struck, and I rang out the midnight peal, but the dismal knell was gone from that too, and I heard in it only a welcome for the new-born year."

"The bellringer paused. A gleam of strange light passed across his face and softened its rugged lines; and his voice grew gentle, with a sudden tender pathos."

"Little maiden with the deep blue eyes, so like those other eyes now dim with weeping, listen. A sorrowful mother pressed your baby lips to the dead face on the pillow that January night. Go and tell her an old man's musing. Her husband waits for her, a silent link in God's great chain, to draw her heavenward; no bridal robes on earth so white and pure as theirs shall be, when next they meet. The marriage peal once rung, rings out for ever; but the dismal knell is of earth. Into the and where they will meet can come no earthly taint; no sound of sorrow, and no funeral knell."

LORENZO DOW'S LAST TRUMP.—One Sunday Dow was engaged to preach in a wood, near one of the towns in upper Georgia. He was famous for his out door preaching—preaching a little way with a tin horn as he was going into the place, he asked him if he could blow pretty loud."

The darkey grinned, and putting the horn to his mouth made the woods ring. "Now," said Lorenzo, "if you will go and climb to the top of that big pine tree close by the stand, and when you hear me say 'Gabriel,' blow as loud a blast as you can, I will give you this silver dollar." The darkey was mightily tickled at the prospect of getting the dollar, and readily agreed to the proposal. The meeting assembled shortly after, and a great multitude of people were present. Serious old men and their wives, wild boys and their sweethearts, almost all on horseback, some by two and three, besides negroes from a great distance on foot, being readily captivated by the natural eccentricity, for they love anything that has a laugh attached to it, and they knew Lorenzo was good for a joke even if he did hit hard. Dow selected rather a brimstone text, and made the application as strong as possible, but it didn't make much impression. At length he began to describe the last great day and what would then be their condition. "Suppose this were the day!" he exclaimed, "and suppose Gabriel should now blow his last trump!" At this moment the little negro showed that he was a trump, for from the top of the lofty pine, a loud and clamorous blast overwhelmed the audience. The women shrieked, the men arose in great surprise, the horses tied round the camp neighed, reared and kicked, while the terrified negroes changed their complexion to a deep purple color. Never was alarm, surprise and astonishment more promptly exhibited. Dow looked with grave but pleased attention upon the successful result of his experiment, until the first clamor had subsided, when he impressively remarked, "And now, my friends, if a little negro boy with a tin horn on the top of a pine bush can make you feel so, how will you feel when the last day comes in real earnest?"

Two persons occupying a bed-room will weigh at least a pound less in the morning than at night. This is owing to the escape of matter that has passed off in the meantime through the skin and lungs. The exhalation is carbonic acid gas, which is poisonous. This is diffused in the air or absorbed by the bed-clothes. The fact suggests the necessity for ventilating sleeping-rooms and airing bed-clothes in the morning before making a bed."

Nobody giving attention to Diogenes while discussing of virtue and philosophy, he felt to sing a funny song and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye gods!" said he, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!

A New York baker made a loaf of bread eleven feet long, twenty-two inches wide and ten inches thick, as a Thanksgiving present for a charitable institution for children. It comprised a whole barrel of flour and weighed 290 pounds. The children considered it a "big thing."

For the Middlesex Journal.

I wish you "A Happy New Year."

"A Happy New Year to you all!" I heard cried.

As I slowly wended my way  
Past a crowd of young schoolboys, who stood  
In the street,  
On a cold and wintry day.

I looked, and before me an aged old man  
Stood, with cane awning high in the air;  
But it fell, as he shouted with boisterous  
mirth,

"I wish you a Happy New Year."

"A Happy New Year to yourself," I replied,  
As I poked up his fallen cane;  
"May God grant you many a happy New Year,  
A Happy New Year once again."

"Woman," he answered, "I once was young  
And as gay and as happy as they;  
Had parents too, who loved me as dear  
And taught my young lips how to pray."

"But my father died in a stranger land,  
To gain me a humble home;  
But a crust was too good for an orphan boy,  
A bed—good enough for a throne."

"Long wearisome years flew slowly by,  
As I toiled on in deep despair,  
Yet hoping that some one would give me a  
home,

And wish me a Happy New Year.  
I grew up to manhood, without much to  
cheer,

"Till a beautiful maiden I loved;  
She said she returned it, and happy was I,  
Until I her love came to prove."

"I asked her to wed me; she coldly said no,  
When she found I was friendless and poor;  
'I'm too good for an orphan,' she proudly re-  
plied,

"I am rich, and can never be yours."  
For a moment I looked at that form in dis-  
dain,  
Then I turned myself proudly away,  
For I roused all my ire, and inwardly swore,  
Her sarcasm, I'd justly repay."

"So I toiled on still harder, till all that I  
touched  
Seemed turning to glistering gold;  
But I never would wed, for I loved but the  
maid,  
And for her I've lost my own soul."

"But to you," he replied, "you're a true  
friend that's tried,  
For a stranger before you I came,  
With a smile on your face and a quickening  
pulse."

You picked up my fallen cane.

"Accept it," he filled with ingots of gold;  
They're placed 'neath a spring with great  
care;  
And whenever you meet a decrepit old man,  
Just wish him 'a Happy New Year!'"

But I fear that your readers will think I'm in  
love.

With the aged old man who stood near;  
So I'll turn to them now, since the cane's  
made me rich,  
And wish them a "A Happy New Year."

LUCIEA.

HOW SOON WE FORGET.—A leaf is torn  
from the tree by a rude gale, and borne  
away to some desert spot to perish. Who  
misses it from among its fellows? Who is  
sad that it has gone? Thus it is with human  
life.

There are dear friends, perhaps, who are  
stricken with grief when a loved one is taken,  
and for many days the grave is watered  
with tears of anguish. But by and by the  
crystal fountain is drawn dry, the last drop  
oozes out, the stern gates of forgetfulness  
fold back upon the exhausted spring, and  
Time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks  
over the closed sepulchre without waking a  
single echo by the footstep.

Mrs. Davis, the wife of "Jeff," it is  
said, dresses very plainly, and usually walks  
when she goes out. When she does ride it is  
in a plain carriage, drawn by two horses and  
driven by a negro, who is by far the most  
consequential personage of the two. She  
has had many rich dresses and some superb  
articles of jewelry sent to her by the friends  
of "Jeff" in Europe, but these she seldom  
wears, except upon state occasions. She  
very rarely goes to places of amusement, but  
is always seen with her husband at church.

Arago sums up his inquiry as to the  
lightning, by saying that the most brilliant  
and extensive flashes which appear to em-  
brace the whole extent of the visible hori-  
zon, have not a duration equal to the thou-  
sandth part of a second of time!

LOVE.—Love it has been said flows down-  
ward. The love of parents for their children  
has always been far more powerful than that  
of children for their parents, and who among  
the sons of men ever loved God with a  
thousandth part of the love which God has  
manifested to us.

A person in public company accusing  
the Irish nation with being the most unpoli-  
shed in the world, was mildly answered by  
an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be  
otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs  
enough to polish any nation upon the earth."

ADVERSITY.—He that has never known ad-  
versity is but half acquainted with others, or  
with himself. Constant success shows us  
but one side of the world; for, as it sur-  
rounds us with friends who will tell us our  
merits, so it silences those enemies from  
whom alone we can learn our defects.

A GOD OF TASTE.—At the opening of the  
new Free Church at Craithie, in Scotland,  
Dr. Guthrie said:—"I highly approve of the  
resolution of our friends that led them to  
build such a house as this; because there is  
no greater mistake in the world than to fancy  
that while God is a God of holiness, a God of  
power, and of justice, He is not also a God of  
taste, just as much as He is a God of anything  
else that is lovely and good. And how do I  
prove that? you may ask. I prove that by  
just asking you to go to the sea-shore and  
find out for me a shell that is not pretty. I  
prove that by asking you to go to those  
meadows and find out a flower that is not  
pretty. Let me tell you that the flowers  
would have produced their kind according to  
the law although they had never been painted.  
It is not necessary for the rose and the lily  
that the one should blush so beautiful a red,  
and the other bloom as white as snow. God  
has made a useful flower—a useful rose and  
useful lily—and then painted them. It is as  
certain as the Bible is true that He is a  
God of taste, as much as He is possessed of  
those other attributes. And therefore it is,  
I say, that I rejoice in the erection of such a  
building for God's service. Our old stupid  
notion was—we abhorred Popery so much  
that we recoiled to the other side—that God  
was never so well worshipped as in an ugly  
house. It is a great mistake—a mistake con-  
trary to the Bible—contrary to reason and  
common sense."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—It has from the  
outset been the aim of the publishers of Har-  
per's New Monthly Magazine to furnish a  
periodical containing so great an amount of  
matter in every department of literature, pre-  
sented in a form so attractive, and at a price  
so moderate, that it should be indispensable  
to every cultivated American reader. The  
result of the enterprise has exceeded their  
warmest anticipations. The Magazine gained  
at once the foremost place among American  
periodicals, and for years its circulation has  
exceeded, as it now exceeds, that of all other  
periodicals of its class issued in the United  
States. No effort or cost will be spared by  
the Publishers to insure that the Magazine  
shall maintain the position which it has won.  
Subscriptions received at the Woburn Book-  
store.

A young lady was recently asked in a  
French railway carriage whether she would  
be accommodated by the smoke of a cigar. She  
replied that she did not know, as no gentle-  
man had ever smoked in her presence.

A Scotch lady writes thus of gentlemen  
who use tobacco:

"May never lady press his lips, his pro-  
fereed love returning,  
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and  
keeps his chimney burning,  
May each true woman shun his sight, for  
fear his fumes would choke her,  
And none but those who smoke themselves,  
have kisses for a smoker."

CONVERSATION.—The object of conversa-  
tion is to entertain and amuse. To be agree-  
able, you must learn to be a good listener.  
A man who monopolizes a conversation is a  
bore, no matter how great his knowledge.

Death, in almost any form, can be  
faced; but knowing, as many of us do, what  
is human life, who of us could, if foreseeing  
the whole routine of his life, face the hour  
of birth?



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square one year, \$10.00  
One square three months, \$4.00  
One square six months, \$6.00  
One square nine months, \$7.50  
One square one year, \$10.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stoughton—E. T. WHITTEY.  
Winchester—J. H. HARRIS.  
Reading—J. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take orders for the JOURNAL, at the rates regulated by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MRS. DORRIS'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be had for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise could not be obtained for less than \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

## THE LIQUOR LAW.

A short time ago an article in the Boston Journal said, that an effort is to be made at the approaching session of the Legislature, to repeal the prohibitory liquor law. This is something new to us, and we certainly hope that the effort will not be successful. The statement that the law has proved a failure, is simply untrue. In many of the towns in the Commonwealth, it has proved a great success, and has prevented the public sale of spirituous liquors almost wholly. But we are sorry that we cannot say the same of our cities, where no determined attempt has been made to stop the traffic, and the poisoning beverage is dealt out unblushingly at noonday. We feel quite confident, that where any effort at all is made to enforce this law, there is no more difficulty attending it, than there is in enforcing any other law. The greatest trouble has been found in the disagreement of juries. But this is in a great measure done away, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is just as easy to obtain conviction before a Middlesex County jury, for a violation of the liquor law as for any other law on the statute book. If this is not so in Boston, it is the fault of those who make up the jury list, and not of the law. If your jury is made up of thieves it will be quite as difficult to convict a man of stealing, as it now is to convict one of rum-selling. This is what the matter is in Boston, and as long as so many people are interested directly or indirectly, in liquor selling, so long will there be difficulty in enforcing a law for its suppression.

Another assertion in the article before alluded to, will not bear investigation. It is this—"There never was so much liquor sold as at the present time." "And it never has been more generally used in old times, when it was kept on the sideboard of almost every family." A moment's reflection will be sufficient to convince the most superficial on this subject. In the first place there are more than two hundred towns in the Commonwealth where it is not sold at all now, where there were formerly several places in each town, where it was sold openly, according to law. Have Boston and a few other places so multiplied their rum-shops, that the number is made good? We do not believe it. Besides, if so much more rum is sold now, who drinks it? So far as our own experience goes, and this agrees with that of others, not one-third of the people in the State—with the exception of Boston and a few other large places,—drink any ardent spirits at all. It is considered a burning disgrace for a man to be seen drinking, or even frequenting places where liquor is sold. These statements we rely on as facts, and go to disprove all assertions which are put forth by interested parties to show that the liquor law is inefficient. It is a little strange that those who wish to violate a law should be the most earnest for its repeal, and the argument they make is, that it aids their business. Is this probable? The cry for repeal should come from another quarter, before it is listened to.

But it seems to us that the Journal confutes its own argument. It assigns as a reason why the liquor law should be repealed, the fact that a great deal of liquor is sold in consequence of it, and it gives the draft of a new law based on the license system, and recommends this because people will be able to purchase in large quantities to keep at their homes, where they can readily obtain it. If people drink so much now, why does the Journal wish to increase the quantity? The truth is, people who argue in this way, have no desire to restrict liquor selling. It is a mere ruse to get rid of it, to them, odious law, which exposes its violators to imprisonment with felons. So far as fines are concerned, they will pay them with comparative cheerfulness; but the idea of looking through a prison grate, does not strike them so favorably. It somehow compromises their dignity. The absurdity of looking for measures for the promotion of temperance, from such a quarter is preposterous, and we hope that no man who has the success of the cause at heart, will be so verdant as to lend his influence to the movement contemplated. We think there are plenty of old and tried men enlisted in this cause, without going into the ranks of the opposition to find advocates. We have little fear that the Legislature will make any radical changes in the law. It may be well, however, for temperance men to look to the subject so that they may not be caught napping.

WAR MEETINGS.—A War Meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, last Saturday evening. Daniel Allen, Esq., of South Reading, made a stirring address, and created much enthusiasm. Nine persons signed the roll on this occasion. Mr. Franklin Keyes, was chosen Secretary in place of Mr. R. M. Dennett, ordered on duty.

Another meeting was held last evening, and was addressed by Rev. Mr. Squires. Below we give the names of those who enlisted:

Sidney White, Oliver M. Wade, Stephen Seaver, George Bancroft, Chas. H. Clements, Charles F. Swan, Robert Westcott, Horatio E. Tidd, John Waters, James Smith, Ed. K. Willoughby, John B. McCool, Samuel P. Hodgkins, Lewis M. Walker, and P. George Murray. If all these persons pass, our quota of 52, needs only 3 of being full. Another meeting will be held this evening.

Following will be found the names of those persons who have been sworn into the service since our last:

Geo. L. Brown, Peter Grant, Edward G. Eastman, and Peter O. Cole, join 1st Mass. Cavalry; Edward M. Dudley, Co. C, 2d Heavy Artillery; Cornelius O'Connor, Alonzo S. Richardson, Edward Hoskins, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.; William Carroll, 11th Mass. Cavalry; John S. Fullerton, 1st Mass. Cavalry; Robert Pemberton, (re-enlisted), Co. B, 32d Regt.; Jules Vallancourt, (re-enlisted), Co. C, 32d Regt.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. Charles P. Metcalf has resigned the position, so ably filled by him in the Woburn Bank for a number of years, to engage in a wholesale business in Boston. Yesterday, the President and Directors of the Bank, presented him with a very fine, gold hunting-case watch worth \$165, as a connecting link between past esteem and future good will. A testimonial of this kind, coming from such a source, must be pleasing to the recipient, and speaks very much in favor of his integrity and uprightness. During Mr. Metcalf's connection with the Bank, everything, so far as he was concerned, has been satisfactory, both to the Directors and the public, and he leaves Woburn with the hearty good wishes of a large number of friends for his future prosperity.

RESIGNED.—Rev. John McCarthy, who for some time past has had charge of the Catholic Church in this town, resigned his pastorate on Christmas day. His popularity, while in Woburn, has not been confined to his own congregation, but has extended far and wide, and his genial disposition has won him many friends, who will regret his departure.

ACCIDENT.—Charles H. Nichols, of North Woburn, had his hand badly bruised by being caught in a splitting machine at Horace Tidd's tannery. One of the fingers was partly torn off. This is the third accident, from the same cause, that we have been called upon to chronicle during a few weeks.

RECEIPTS.—The receipts at the Orthodox Festival, on Christmas evening, amounted to \$100. This sum was realized from the sale of admission tickets and refreshments alone, and will materially aid in the purchase of the piano for the Vestry.

DISCHARGED.—Private William Coveny, of East Woburn, Co. D, 33d Mass. Regt., who lost his left arm at the battle of Gettysburg, arrived home last Saturday, having been discharged.

THE DRAFT.—The draft has been postponed ten days, and accordingly will take place on the 15th inst. Government in granting these days of grace has conferred a favor on many communities.

RE-ENLISTED.—Sergeant Major Henry Flint, formerly of North Woburn, of the 1st Conn. Cavalry, has arrived home on a thirty days' furlough, having re-enlisted for three years more.

TRANSFERRED.—Private James Dooley, of Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., was transferred to the Invalid Corps, a short time since.

MR. S. S. PETTINGILL, of this town, has been appointed Second Asst. Engineer in the Navy, and will soon leave town.

WASHINGTON AND EVERETT.—Good, full length steel engravings of Washington and Everett can be purchased at the Woburn Bookstore.

REHEARSAL.—The Woburn Brass Band have made arrangements to renew their public rehearsals, and the sixth will be given on Wednesday evening next.

## Jeff Davis.

The following lines were read at the War Meeting in Lyceum Hall, on Saturday evening last, and elicited much applause. The author is unknown to us, but it is said that his sympathy with the cause of the Union has not been confined to song alone, and that he has a son in the army.

O vile Jeff Davis! wretched fool!  
Since ever thou first tried to rule  
You made a happy people howl  
Through thy transgression;  
And now thy very people growl  
In desperation.

You knew it was not just and right,  
When you the people taught to fight,  
And in rebellion to unite,  
To split the nation.  
Thy wicked actions plainly write  
Thy condemnation.

Thy doom is written, thou must yield;  
No foreign nation will thee shield;  
Now thou hast nothing more to build  
Thy hopes upon.  
Thy late disasters in the field  
Show thou art done.

Thy slave oppression is not right,  
In which you take so much delight;  
But now their freedom is in sight,—  
They shall be free!  
Think how the negro will delight  
In liberty.

They truly shall their freedom have,  
When you lie mouldering in the grave,  
Or, like some other wretched knave,  
Hang dangling high.  
Or may by chance thy life to save,  
Run far away.

We hope you will get your reward,  
With your great General Beauregard,  
Or, like some other of your guard,  
Longstreet and Lee,—  
Who often have our forces dared,  
But had to flee.

Then shall we see the happy time,  
When North and South shall both combine  
To make this glorious Union shine  
More and more bright!  
And all shall seek for grace divine  
To keep them right.  
WOBURN, Dec. 26, 1863.

NO NATIONAL BOUNTIES AFTER JANUARY 5th.—It will be seen by the following that no National Bounty will be paid after the 5th of January. Persons who contemplate enlisting had better do so before that time. We hope no Woburn man will have to enter the army without his bounty. But a few days remain in which to fill our quota; therefore let the meeting to-night be great in number and enthusiasm.

"WASHINGTON, DEC. 24.  
MAJOR F. N. CLARK, Boston.—A law has been passed to the effect that no bounties, except such as are now provided by law, shall be paid to any persons enlisted after the fifth of January next. The only bounty provided by law is the one hundred dollars authorized by act of Congress, promulgated in General Orders forty-nine, series of eighteen hundred and sixty-one, from this office. Bounties will be paid in accordance with existing laws, to recruits who enlist before January fifth, inclusive, for any three years' organization in service, or authorized by the War Department, and in process of completion.

Furnish the Governor with a copy of this immediately. Acknowledge receipt.  
By order of the Secretary of War.  
E. D. TOWNSEND, A. G."

MASONIC.—At a Special Communication of Mt. Horeb Lodge, of Woburn held on Wednesday evening last, the following members were installed officers for the ensuing year.—Horace Collamore, W. M.; Thos. G. Davis, S. W.; A. Thompson, J. W.; E. N. Blake, Treas.; A. B. Wood, Secy.; J. P. Stevens, S. D.; Geo. H. Conn, J. D.; D. H. Tibbott, S. S.; William Pratt, J. S.; C. T. Lang, Marshall; Jos. B. Stowers, Tyler.

FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.—The semi-annual meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank was held at the office last evening. The Report of the Treasurer was made and accepted, by which we find that the amount of deposits is \$73,856.11, all well invested in sound stocks, mortgages, loans, &c., being an increase in deposits of \$12,000 during the past year.

HOME MONTHLY.—This household gem commences the new year with increased ability and determination to do good. Our readers who may wish valuable home reading, will find in this magazine the best selection to be had in the periodical world. It is published by D. W. Childs & Co., 456 Washington st., Boston, at \$2.00 per annum.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The publishers of the Continental promise for 1864, increased attraction, and that no pains shall be spared to make it a live magazine. The many excellent articles that have appeared in its pages during the past year, ought to ensure for it even a wider circulation than it now has. Subscriptions are received at the Woburn Bookstore.

SCHOOLMATE.—The Schoolmate is, undoubtedly, the best periodical for boys and girls published in New England, and enjoys a very large circulation. We commend it to those youth who love rational amusement. It is published at \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions received at the Woburn Bookstore.

HORN POND AND ENTIONS OF BOSTON.—Copies of this picture can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore, at \$3 and \$5 each, including key.

WOBURN STATE GUARDS.—A meeting of this Company will be held at the Armory, on Tuesday evening, January 5th, for business and drill.

ALMANACS.—Old Farmer's, Brown's, Christian, Lady's, and Boston Almanacs, for sale at Woburn Bookstore.

IRELAND MOSS CANDY.—A supply of this excellent remedy for Coughs and Colds, can be found for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

## Letter from the Rangers.

IN THE WOODS NEAR MITCHELL'S STATION,  
4 miles south of Culppeper, Va.,  
Dec. 25th, 1863.

DEAR JOURNAL.—When I wrote my last there was prevalent in camp a rumor that we should soon proceed to Warrenton Junction and go into Winter quarters. So much for rumors. Yesterday morning we were awakened at about 3 o'clock, and with the greatest dispatch we unroofed the huts and packed up our dials, ready for a move. We marched into line at about 4 o'clock, stacked arms and rested till after sunrise, when we moved off towards Brandy Station, kept up on the line of railroad, and passing through Culppeper reached this place just before dark. Up to the time of the present writing (3 P. M.) we have not camped permanently, but it is understood we are to go into winter quarters. Although very willing to do all that is required of us, I must say we were somewhat annoyed, and none the less astonished, when the word came to "vacate the premises," to leave quarters that we had spent so much time to make comfortable and convenient. But changes are the experiences of war, and to take them just as they come—"the bitter with the sweet" without a murmur, will cause us to pass more pleasantly, and "Rapid is the flight of time."

There was a slight fall of snow during the night of Tuesday, but it hardly remained to welcome the noontide sun. The weather has been severely cold, so much so, that water would freeze in our tents.

I suppose it is necessary for me to allude to, and acknowledge the receipt of boxes designed for the company, as this is the only source by which the "public" are now supplied with bits of intelligence from the "Rangers."

The merchandise which came as far as Washington, in the care of Lieut. Wyman was stored there, but for some reason unknown to us, was not forwarded to its destination. Lieut. W. recently sent an order for the box, and when the sutler again comes to the Regt., he is to bring it.

Andrew R. Lincoln, who has served with the company, since its entire into the service, with ability and honor to himself, has been promoted and promoted, and now wears the badge of Corporal, vice T. Marvin Parker, who has been absent sick since the 9th of July, and there being no prospect of his return, the vacancy was supplied.

From information received last night by mail, we learn that nineteen of Woburn's quota had been raised. Go on with the noble work, young men; do not let the stern realities of war make you falter, but come nobly to our support. Do not delay; do not be backward; do not wait for your neighbor, you may wait a moment too long, and then the privilege to serve your country will have passed away. Come one, come all. If you have riches, come and defend the country that has given you birth. For the honor of Woburn be it said, that she weaned a conscript in 1861; but come with a free, open desire of your own, and soon the sweet notes of the bugle will sound the happy tidings of peace.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Presentation to N. W. Frye.

MR. EDITOR.—It is generally known that we have at Groton Junction an extensive Tannery in full blast, under the firm of John B. Alley & Co., employing about one hundred hands; one member of the firm, Mr. Lund, being a resident of Woburn.

N. W. Frye, Esq., who has for ten years past superintended the works honorably and successfully, has purchased the Tannery in old Ipswich, where he will shortly locate himself.

The workmen in the establishment here, desirous of showing their regard for him, recently procured an elegant Silver Water Service at the celebrated warehouse of Newhall, Harding & Co., at an expense of \$170, with suitable inscription, accompanied by an elegant parchment, written by Mr. Boutelle, of your town, on which was an address, name of the donors, &c.

Mr. James H. Foss, in behalf of the employees, made the presentation speech, saying that his associates regretted to learn of his intended removal from town and the severing of social relations that had existed between them. They would ever hold in grateful remembrance his many acts of courtesy, and could not bid a last farewell until they had made manifest their hearty appreciation of his kindness, by presenting him with some suitable testimonial, adding their most cordial wishes for his welfare and prosperity.

Mr. Frye, evidently pleased as well as surprised at this grateful acknowledgement, responded in pleasant and appropriate remarks. He spoke with much feeling and earnestness, assuring his friends that he keenly felt the separation when he considered that his relations with them had ever been most pleasant and agreeable. He accepted the beautiful gift with the expression of a fervent desire for the future individual happiness and prosperity of all.

The loss of Mr. Frye is not confined to the operatives in our Tannery, but is shared in by the citizens generally.

I would here mention that Old Groton still retains her prestige, and as she ever has been, is ready to rush to the defense of the "Constitution and the Laws." She points to her sons now in the war—three companies—to Co. B, of the old Sixth Regt., which has twice been out in support of the "Stars and Stripes"; and to her many scattered sons now enlisted in other than Massachusetts regiments.

Our present quota is 34, twenty-two of which having been secured with a few exceptions from this town. Although the business of Groton never was better, yet we shall not be behind our sister towns in responding to "Father Abraham's" call.

GROTON, Dec. 28th, 1863.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT AND TREE.—This annual festive occasion for the children, came off as usual on Christmas Eve, in the vestry of the Cong. Church. A large number of parents and friends were present, who were much interested, and the children performed their parts in a very creditable manner. The programme consisted of sacred, patriotic and humorous songs. Some of the young people made their first debut before a public audience, and done remarkably well. It would take up too much room to particularize the various performers. Suffice it to say, that the singing reflected credit not only upon the singers, but upon Mr. J. C. Johnson, who arranged the programme, assigned the respective parts and instructed the children in the performance of them. No one, as it seems to me, can attend these annual festivals, look upon the happy faces of childhood and youth, and hear their voices united in the singing of these songs, without being made better and having the holiest and tenderest emotions awakened within him. And then the distribution of the gifts from the tree is not less interesting to look upon.

May this annual gathering of our children at this eventful season long be continued, and their friend, Mr. Johnson, who labors so assiduously for their instruction and amusement, feel that his labors are appreciated by the parents and improved by the children.

WAR ITEMS.—Our respected fellow townsman, Capt. Young, arrived home last Sunday morning, from the Department of the Gulf, after an absence of about eight months. He is on a leave of absence for a short time, which it is hoped the authorities at Washington may extend for a longer period, and then assign him to some other department where his valuable services may be retained by the Government, to whose best interests he has, during his absence, devoted himself.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—As the Superintendent of our Railroad is generally very accommodating and ready to do anything reasonable that will promote the comfort and convenience of the passengers upon the road, and also ensure the safety of their lives and limbs in their travels, it is hereby suggested to him that certain matters require attention.

First, those who are compelled to use the steps leading to the Mystic Station from Bacon street, have been for some time in danger of injuring their limbs, to say the least, in consequence of the steps having been settled down one side and thereby rendering locomotion upon them difficult and unsafe, especially when snow or ice is upon them.

Again, passengers who take the cars to the city from the side of the track opposite the station, as they are requested to do, have no protection from the storm or wet as is the case at other stations, but are compelled either to wait at the station house until the cars arrive and then rush out to take them, or stand five minutes or more exposed to the weather whatever it may be. Now the passengers at this station are numerous enough to be entitled to these necessities. Further, in going out at night, in a long train, it almost invariably happens that many of the passengers, who get out at this station, find themselves landed on the other side of the bridge, where there should be safe and convenient steps to reach the main road. What then is wanted by the residents near this railroad station, is proper steps each side of the bridge, on the same side as the depot, and a roof over the landing place on the side opposite. These things justice and humanity require to be done, and it is hoped they will be promptly met. In this connection it may be intimated that no small amount of indignation has been expressed by passengers upon the 64 train from the city, who happen to get into the last car, that every other night they have been obliged to wait a car very poorly lighted, so much so, that it is impossible to read or hardly distinguish the occupants. Will our worthy superintendent give heed to these suggestions which are not confined to one individual, but are those of many others who feel that they have a right to have their claims upon these points receive due consideration and action.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Presentation to N. W. Frye.

MR. EDITOR.—It is generally known that we have at Groton Junction an extensive Tannery in full blast, under the firm of John B. Alley & Co., employing about one hundred hands; one member of the firm, Mr. Lund, being a resident of Woburn.

N. W. Frye, Esq., who has for ten years past superintended the works honorably and successfully, has purchased the Tannery in old Ipswich, where he will shortly locate himself.

The workmen in the establishment here, desirous of showing their regard for him, recently procured an elegant Silver Water Service at the celebrated warehouse of Newhall, Harding & Co., at an expense of \$170, with suitable inscription, accompanied by an elegant parchment, written by Mr. Boutelle, of your town, on which was an address, name of the donors, &c.

Mr. James H. Foss, in behalf of the employees, made the presentation speech, saying that his associates regretted to learn of his intended removal from town and the severing of social relations that had existed between them. They would ever hold in grateful remembrance his many acts of courtesy, and could not bid a last farewell until they had made manifest their hearty appreciation of his kindness, by presenting him with some suitable testimonial, adding their most cordial wishes for his welfare and prosperity.

Mr. Frye, evidently pleased as well as surprised at this grateful acknowledgement, responded in pleasant and appropriate remarks. He spoke with much feeling and earnestness, assuring his friends that he keenly felt the separation when he considered that his relations with them had ever been most pleasant and agreeable. He accepted the beautiful gift with the expression of a fervent desire for the future individual happiness and prosperity of all.

The loss of Mr. Frye is not confined to the operatives in our Tannery, but is shared in by the citizens generally.

GROTON, Dec. 28th, 1863.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

CHRISTMAS.—Every year the attention paid to this day increases. This year Christmas was one of the pleasantest days that was ever known for the 25th of December. It was moderately cold, but not uncomfortable, for the breezes were still. A larger portion of the community seemed to be pleasure seekers, and they were more than usually successful in finding the object of pursuit. Christmas trees by some of the schools, and surprise visits to friends, occupied the attention of one class. While others, not a few, with rapid teams and merry bells, coursed along the busy streets, and a multitude of others, fathers, sons, and buxom daughters, forgetting the toils of the past and the cares of the morrow, all joined in merry sport, and made the day joyous, "on sounding skates," in skimming over the frozen lake. In the evening, at a large mansion in an elevated portion of the town, a Mammoth Choir met to sing and laugh and joke, and make all "merry as Christmas" around. In the distribution of the gifts which this musical troupe carried in their hands, our Hero was not forgotten by the older maidens, though he had forfeited all claim upon their sympathy, by his persistent course in living in a single state these many years. May he yet find a loving heart to share his portion and his joys, "before he goes home to be here no more." But it is a difficult task for one alone, to follow the whole community in their day and evening recreations. These were a few of the variety of employments on Christmas, 1863.

LARCENY.—About the 20th of November, Mrs. S. T. Parker on Chestnut street, lost from her trunk, two valuable pieces of gold. Circumstances seemed to point to the Irish Servant girl as the guilty party, though the servants were slow to believe that she could commit such an act. On the morning of the day on which Mr. Parker's barn was burned, Dec. 16th, Mr. P. said in the hearing of the fact that he should come out of the city early that day in order to search for the lost treasure. He arrived home early in the afternoon, and about half an hour after leaving the stable to go upon the street to consult an officer, he was recalled by the report that his barn was on fire. Some days subsequent to this event, Wm. G. Skinner, Chief of Police of South Reading, and Dep. Sheriff Lovejoy of Reading, were employed to forget the matter out. After hours of investigation and examination of trunks and to no avail, by order of the officers, she was personally searched by Mrs. Parker, and a twenty dollar gold piece was found in each stocking. She was arrested and brought before Justice Upton for trial when she pleaded guilty, and was bound over to a higher court, and in default of bail was committed to Cambridge Jail. She protested as stoutly against having any knowledge of the origin of the fire, as she had done of her innocence in the matter of the lost money.

SOLDIERS' RELIEF ASSOCIATION.—Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone of Boston, lectured on "Camp Life," on Thursday evening of last week in the Universalist Church, under the auspices of this association. Rev. Dr. Neal lectures this week. There will be another Social Gathering at the Town Hall on Monday evening next, in aid of this association. Arrangements are being made for a more inviting entertainment than the former Gathering. The several Choirs have been invited to furnish music. A short poem is expected. Rev. Mr. Bullen has been requested to address the Gathering, and if time permit, others may offer remarks. Admission five cents.

RABID DOGS.—Some three weeks ago or more, a dog said to be mad, bit several other dogs, two swine and a boy. The swine died with hydrophobia about a week afterwards. No little excitement prevails in consequence, and the Selectmen have issued a hand bill, earnestly requesting all owners of dogs to keep them muzzled or safely confined, so long as the public safety shall require. Some valuable dogs thus bitten have been killed, others muzzled or shut up. Every precaution should be used to prevent the terrible disaster of being bitten by rabid dogs.

SPORTING.—In one of his sporting excursions on Tuesday, Dr. W. H. Lewis, of Greenwood, shot a Gray Owl, measuring from tip to tip of wing, about 5 feet. It was killed in one of our woods where the Doctor finds plenty of game.

CALL ACCEPTED.—Rev. G. Bullen, of Newton Center, late Chaplain in the United States Army, has accepted the cordial invitation from the Baptist Church and Society in South Reading, to become their Pastor, and he will enter immediately upon his work.

TO PHYSICIANS AND LADIES.—The cure of *Prostatae Uteri* and kindred diseases by MORTONIAN treatment, has now become an established fact, verified by the perfect restoration of several thousand cases in riding and hospital practice. It gives vitality and force to the functional powers, and controls obstinate organic weaknesses with ease and certainty. It acts in harmony with the natural functions; causes no pain or inconvenience, and the cure is so reliable as scarcely to admit a possibility of failure. No appliances of the day are resorted to; those brought on beds, even, are soon enabled to walk, and sterility itself yields to its vitalizing effects unless combined with some incurable malady.

It would be but reasonable to suppose that treatment, founded on principles which prove so life giving in one set of organs, if judiciously modified to the needs of other chronic diseases, could be but powerfully efficacious. Such it has proved to be in the cure of numerous stubborn complaints which had lingered without help for years. Its success in the cure of premonitory consumption, spinal complaints, paralysis and loss of the use of the limbs is without parallel.

Marked success has also been had in bronchitis, in restoring broken down constitutions, and in arousing torpid, nervous and debilitated systems to strength and activity. Physicians are cordially invited to call at the Round Hill Water Cure in Northampton, Mass., and test this practice and witness its results. A circular sent gratis, is particularly commended to their notice.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Merry Christmas has passed by, and the occasion was never more heartily enjoyed by the people of this town. Each of the four religious societies made extensive preparation for a good time, and a right good time they all had. It was pure rational enjoyment, well calculated to benefit society,—nothing whatever occurring, so far as I learn, to mar the festivities of the occasion. During Christmas Eve, it was frequently remarked "where did so many people come from," as at each of these four places there were as many as could be accommodated. Circumstances beyond my control, (a delegation from the committee of ladies of the "Old South," will very readily understand what is meant by the words in italics) prevented my visiting more than one of these four places, that of the "Old South" at the chapel, whither I wended my way and there found a motley crowd, all as busy as bees in the sunshine of summer. The Pastor and his lady were on hand evincing the greatest interest throughout, in fact they were the life of the thing. Trusting, in this connection, I may be pardoned in making a personal allusion, I will say, that Mrs. Barrows has for a series of years had special charge of the infant department in the Sabbath school, and those who have attended the Sabbath School Concerts will cheerfully attest their high satisfaction at the results obtained by her unceasing labors in their behalf. Again begging pardon for being thus personal, and for this digression, I return to my subject.

The Chapel was handsomely decorated with the red, white and blue, extending from the four corners of the room, and various other devices, while in front of the desk stood majestically the beautifully decorated Christmas tree, its branches teeming with choice gifts not only for the little children whose eyes sparkled like stars in the firmament, but for some, though larger, of lesser note at this time. After the well loaded tables had been lightened of their burden, and the way made clear, old Santa Claus descended a ladder, (come down the chimney of course) looking as though he had seen all of the world that he ought to see, and found no difficulty in making his way to the Christmas tree; but as he went along some of the little ones seemed somewhat startled to behold such an object, the like of which they never saw before and perhaps never desire to again. But it occurred to me that they would have committed little sin in falling down and offering worship, since it is safe to say that he appeared not in the "likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." It required some two hours to dispense the numerous gifts, which would require too much space to particularize. Near the close a sum of money, which the ladies saw fit to inflict upon the Rev. Mr. Barrows, was presented to him, and it is hoped











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII: No. 15.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Support under Suffering.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY MARY HOWITT.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,  
Nor sorrow dim the eye,  
Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismayed,  
And none shall ever die.  
Where is that land, oh, where?  
For I would hasten there:  
Tell me, I fain would go,  
For I am weary with a heavy woe!  
The beautiful have left me all alone,  
The true, the tender, from my path have gone.  
Oh, guide me by thy hand,  
If thou dost know that land!  
For I am burdened with oppressive care,  
And I am weak, and fearful with despair;  
Where is the land, oh, where?  
Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before,  
This desolate path of life;  
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,  
Sorrow, and pain and strife.  
Think how the Son of God,  
These thorny paths hath trod;  
Think how He longed to go,  
Yet tarried out, for thee, the appointed woe.  
Think of His weariness, in deserts dim,  
Where no man comforted nor cared for Him.  
Think of the blood-like sweat,  
With which His brow was wet,  
Yet how He prayed, unaided and alone,  
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"  
Friend! do not thou despair,  
Christ, from His heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.

## Select Literature.

### THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE. A DANISH TALE.

BY H. STEFFENS.

The north-western part of the island of Zealand has a very bleak and lonely appearance. No plant can grow in the quicksand. Moveable sandhills, the play of the winds constantly shifting their places, arise and disappear, to rise again at some distance. When travelling through the island, I spent an hour here, which impressed me with the idea of loneliness and desolation. While I slowly rode along on horseback, a storm arose in the north from the sea-shore. The river rose up, the clouds were driven along in the firmament, the sky grew darker and darker, the sand began to move in larger and larger masses under the hoofs of my horse, it was whirled about by the wind and filled the air. The horse sank deep into the loose sand. Sky and earth and sea were mixed up with each other, and everything was wrapped in clouds of dust and sand, so that I found it utterly impossible to see my way or to know in which direction to go. There was no trace of life or vegetation—the storm howled through the air—thunder rolling at a distance—and the flashes of lightning could scarcely penetrate the thick clouds of dust around me. The danger was apparent, when a sudden violent rain brought the sand to rest, and rendered it possible for me, wet to the skin, to find my way to the next little town.

In this dreary neighborhood there was, a hundred years ago, a village at a distance of about a mile from the sea-shore. The quicksands had buried the village; the inhabitants, most of whom were sailors or fishermen, have erected their cottages closer to the shore. Only the church, built on the top of a hill, is still in the same place, surrounded by the dreary moveable wilderness. It is in this church that the event took place which I am going to relate.

The venerable old country parson sat in his lonely room, being absorbed in pious contemplation. It was about midnight. The house was at the end of the village; its door was not locked, the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants being so great, that lock and key were almost unknown to them. The parson's lamp shone dimly, while the sullen silence of the house was only disturbed by the rushing of the waves. He heard that the door was opened, and heard many steps approaching on the staircase; he expected that he should be summoned to give spiritual comfort to a dying man in his agonies. Two unknown men, wrapped in white cloaks, stepped into the room. One of them said, while approaching in a civil manner: "Sir, you will be kind enough to follow us; you must officiate at a marriage." He and his companion were waiting in the distant church. This sum," said he, pointing to a filled purse, "will sufficiently make up for your trouble and for your being startled by the unexpected summons." The old man stared at the strangers, whose appearance seemed to him strange and fearful—nay, even ghostlike. The man repeated his demand in a pressing and commanding manner. After having recovered from his astonishment, the clergyman began mildly to remonstrate that his office did not allow him to dispense with the due formalities, or to perform the sacred duty without knowing the bridal couple. Then the second of the strangers stepped forth in a threatening attitude. "Sir," said he, "you can choose. You follow us, and take the offered sum of money, or you remain; but then you are a dead man." He raised a pistol to his forehead, and waited for the answer. The old parson grew pale, rose up in fear and silence, dressed himself and said: "I am ready." The strangers had spoken Danish, but in such a way that there could be no mistake as to their being foreigners.

So they crossed the village in the silence of a dark autumnal night. When leaving it, the clergyman perceived with horror, that his church was brilliantly lit up. And forth in silence marched his companions over the lonely sandy plain, while he, absorbed in his reflections, with difficulty followed them. When arrived at the church-door, they bounded up his eyes; he heard a well-known side-door opening with a creaking noise, and was pushed forward into a dense crowd. All around through the whole church he heard a whispering murmur; in his neighborhood, discourses in an unknown language, which he took for Russian. While thus standing in utter perplexity, with closed eyes, and pressed from all sides, his hand was taken hold of, and he was forcibly pulled through the crowd. At last the people gave way, the tie was taken off, and he found himself standing before the altar. It was adorned by a long row of wax candles, in magnificent silver candlesticks; the whole church was so well lit up by a great many candles, that the most distant matters could be distinctly recognized. The sullen silence of the great multitude filled no w his soul with horror, as shortly before had done their murmurs. Sideways and pews were occupied by the crowd, but the middle passage was clear, and the minister saw deep below himself a fresh dug grave. The stone, that had before served to cover it, stood leaning against a pew. The minister saw nothing but men, except one woman, whom he could dimly recognize in a distant view. The stillness lasted some minutes. No one stirred.

At last a man arose, whose magnificent garments distinguished him from the rest, and manifested his high rank. He stepped resolutely through the empty passage, his steps resounding through the church, while stared at by the multitude. The man was of middle size, broad-shouldered, his gait proud, his countenance of a brownish-yellow color, his hair black, his features hard and severe, the lips spitefully closed, a bold aquiline nose increasing his commanding appearance; his little black eyes burning with a wild fire, overshadowed by a long dark bushy eyebrow. He wore a green coat, trimmed with broad gold lace, and a star shone on his breast. The bride, who knelt at his side, was dressed carefully and magnificently. An azure robe richly trimmed with silver surrounded her slender figure. A diadem glittering with jewels adorned her fair hair. Her features were graceful and handsome, although distorted by anxiety. Her pale lips had a deathlike appearance, her eyes were dim with tears.

The clergyman, paralyzed by terror, remained for some time dumb in his position, when a savage glance of the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony. A new perplexity for him was his doubt whether the bride couple would understand his language. He composed himself, and asked the bridegroom what were their names.

"Neander, Feodora," answered he, in a coarse voice.

The clergyman began now to read the formula of marriage. His voice trembled. He was often obliged to repeat his words, but no one seemed to perceive his perplexity, whereby he was confirmed in his supposition that no one in his congregation perfectly understood his language, when he now proceeded to ask—

"Neander, will you recognize Feodora, who kneels beside you, for your lawful wife?" He thought that, from ignorance of the language, the bridegroom might not answer the question; but the answer, "yes," was given in a loud, shrill, yelling sound, which resounded through the whole church. Deep sighs coming forth everywhere from the surrounding congregation accompanied this terrible "yes," and a convulsion, like the flash of distant lightning, agitated for a moment the pale features of the bride. Directing his words to the bride, he said then—

"Feodora, will you recognize Neander, who kneels beside you, for your lawful husband?" She answered by a perceptible "yes." The half-veiled bride awoke, as it were, from a deep dream, her pale lips shivered, her eyes flashed with a momentary fire, her breast waved up and down, a violent shower of tears extinguished again the light of her eyes, and her "yes" was heard like the anxious moan of a dying person, and found a willing echo in the multitude, expressed in involuntary sounds of sympathy, that came forth from all parts of the church. Some minutes passed in dreadful silence. Then, seeing the pale bride kneeling in her place again, the minister finished the service. His companions came forth again, tied his eyes up, pulled him with some difficulty through the crowd, pushed him out of the church-door, which was bolted inside, and left him in the open air.

Standing there in the dark, lonely night, he was for a moment uncertain whether the horrible event, with all its dreadful particulars, had not been only an anxious dream. As soon, however, as he had torn the tie from his eyes, saw the church brightly lit up, and heard the murmur of the multitude, he could not help being convinced of the dreadful reality. In order to learn the issue, he concealed himself on the opposite side of the church. The murmur increased; a violent altercation followed; he thought he heard the rough voice of the bridegroom imposing silence in a commanding manner; then a long pause; a shot was fired, the cry of a woman's voice was heard; another long

pause followed; a noise like shuffling and digging ensued, that lasted almost a quarter of an hour. The lights were extinguished, the murmur rose anew, and the whole crowd rushed out of the church and hastened with a humming noise to the seashore.

The parson returned to his village, and, full of horror, told his friends and neighbors the wonderful and incredible things he had witnessed; but the simple fishermen could not be prevailed upon to believe in it. They thought that an unhappy accident had disturbed the imagination of their beloved teacher, and a few only, who were either curious or good-natured enough, could be induced to take a crowbar, a spade, and a shovel, and to follow him to the church.

Morning had dawned meanwhile; the sun rose, and while the parson, with his companions, went up the hill, they saw a man-of-war under all sail, leaving the shore and steering in a northern direction. Such an uncommon sight in this lonely neighborhood startled them; but soon they got still more disposed to waive their objections against the old man's credibility. They entered the church, full of curiosity. The parson showed the fresh grave to them; the tombstone was removed, and a new, richly adorned coffin was discovered. The lid was taken off, and the parson saw his dreadful forbidding confirmed. The murdered bride was in the coffin; a bullet had pierced her breast. The features of deep sorrow had disappeared from her countenance, heavenly peace glorified her face, and she looked like an angel. The old man threw himself upon the coffin, and wept over the fate of the murdered girl, while his companions were startled with astonishment and horror.

The clergyman sent a circumstantial written account of the event to his superior, the Bishop of Zealand, and prevailed upon his friends, until further notice, not to divulge what they had learned. A man of high authority in Copenhagen arrived soon afterwards in the village; he inquired for all particulars, caused the grave to be shown to himself, expressed satisfaction with the preserved secrecy, and ordered under a severe penalty, that no one should speak of the matter.

After the decease of the parson, a detailed written account of the event was found inclosed in the parish register. Some think that the event had some mysterious connection with the sudden and violent alterations in the Russian succession, after the death of Peter I and the Empress Catherine. To explain the deep mystery of this horrible deed, will, however, under all circumstances, be difficult, if not altogether impossible.

How far there may have been a historical foundation for the foregoing strange tale, we do not know. Many wild legends abound in the northern lands of Scandinavia, though few of them have been reproduced with the artistic effect of the Danish author Steffens. This tale has been immensely popular, not only in Denmark, but throughout Germany, and Schiller has given it to his countrymen in stanzas of terzine verse.

### HOW THEY MARRY IN GERMANY.

For all information about weddings—about marrying and being given in marriage—commend me to a lady. Participating in the wedding ceremony equally, a man somehow has not so nice a discrimination—so delicate a tact—so quick an eye for detail in all that relates to marriage as is possessed by members of the gentler sex. (I like that adjective better than *softer*, as being less ambiguous.) Ladies, I fancy, are endowed with a special talent for the study of marriage alliances, descents and pedigrees—such matters, in short, as pedantic individuals might call "the preliminaries, concomitants, consequences, and various relations of connubial life."

You will never remark (if not pay do—it is worth the while) the difference of style between a man's and a woman's study of history? A man will seize the broad philosophical traits of a period—will draw together in imagination contemporary rulers, comparing their political deeds, and endeavoring thus to convey to his mind a right impression of the influence exercised by each in moulding the characteristics of an age. Thus: Given, the reign of Henry VIII.; a vivid picture will be presented to the male mind, *in primis*, of the Reformation and its consequences; Venice waning in national importance because of the discovery of America; and of Turks elbowing their way into Europe, and of unfortunate Saracens fast being elbowed out of it; last, of contemporary monarchs and their doings.

To the female mind another set of memories would present themselves more vividly. To ladies, our British Bluebeard's unhappy wives would be the centre of attraction; and I suspect that some peculiarity of look or figure—something distinctive, whether of trait or gesture, about each one of Bluebeard's pretty halves—would be impressed on the memories of most female students of that portion of British history. For my own part, I remember, on this interesting topic, that Anne Boleyn was *pette*; that she had six fingers on one hand, if not on each (of which I am not sure); moreover, that she was somewhat pretty, in despite of uneven teeth. I have a distinct memory, too, that Anne of Cleves—peacock-like—had not the prettiest of feet; and that Catherine of Ar-

ragon introduced the fashion of wearing whalebone in stays. Beyond these slight, unsatisfactory, and meagre details, my memory has nothing more authentic to fall back upon in this department than the wax-work models of Madame Tussard.

These being my sentiments, the above my testimony, it is no wonder that, when the desire of knowing something about what in Germany are called "silver weddings," and "golden weddings," came upon me, that I should address myself for information to a German lady.

She sat down, and applied herself to the task of exposition, with the true gusto of one who is about to be employed on some highly congenial occupation. Some of my readers who are acquainted with Eastern romance may remember how, at the end of each day's march, little paunchy Fadladdin sat himself down, shut his little eyes—the better to favor meditation—and pronounced his opinions oracularly; all the while he did so, never ceasing to interlace his little fingers, and twirl his little thumbs. Whenever a "party" falls into this attitude, and adopts this bearing, it is a sure sign of some highly elaborate utterance speedily coming to pass—of the intention to deal with the case in hand from the beginning onwards, to exhaustion. Such was the attitude and bearing assumed for the occasion by my German lady informant.

"The silver wedding," said she, musingly, "the golden wedding. Oh, yes; but I will begin with the real wedding. No (after a pause) I must go back farther—must begin with the 'polterabend.' No; farther back still: in short, with the beginning."

Somewhat apprehensive that my fair informant would commence with the birth, rearing, and education of the two illustrious lovers that were in process of time to become two spouses (bride and bridegroom), lastly, husband and wife; not forgetting to expatiate on the little rufflings which disturb the current of all true love, I ventured to tell my fair friend that the very slightest notice of preliminaries would suffice for the occasion. She bowed assent.

"When, in Germany, a gentleman experiences a tender sentiment for a lady," (thus spoke my informant, *by the way*, she does it to speak to her mamma and papa. If mamma and papa look approvingly, then the gentleman asks consent to pay his addresses to the young lady; if not, there the matter ends."

I opened my eyes.

"Has the young lady nothing to say on her own behalf?" demanded I.

"Not much; 'tis not like in England. We do things differently in Germany. Our way is better—far better."

"Why better?" I somewhat hurriedly exclaimed; more hurriedly, perhaps, than might have seemed polite.

"Why better?" she echoed; "simply because it is."

I could not be otherwise than satisfied with the lady's logic of the answer.

"If the lady's papa and mamma see no objection, and if the gentleman's papa and mamma see no objection, the two young people exchange rings, become engaged, call themselves bride and bridegroom, and advertise their engagement in the newspapers."

"Pleasant," thought I.

"But if the lady should happen to see a gentleman she loves better," remarked I, deferentially.

Quick as quick could be, my last words were caught up.

"A woman never loves twice," observed my informant. "Woman are not like men."

I did not argue the point, but went on, quite deferentially, to suggest the hypothetical case of change of feeling and opinion on the gentleman's part.

"A German young gentleman is only too happy to get a good wife," said she. "He doesn't want to change his mind. He wants somebody to clean his pipes, cook for him, make his coffee, and bring his slippers. Germans are quite different from Englishmen."

"Different! How? Why?"

"Because they are," said she.

I could not be otherwise than satisfied.

"If engagements are thus irrevocable," I inquired, "why don't the young people get married at once?"

It was a stupid question; I ought to have reflected upon the pecuniary means. That was not, however, the point of view from which my fair questioner contemplated the marriage postponement.

"The bride and bridegroom wait a long time—years sometimes," she informed me—"occupied in studying each other's characters. Moreover, it is a pretty practice, at least, in some parts of fatherland, for the lady, however poor, to furnish the house and find all the linen."

It was explained to me that a lady's want of dowry did not prevent this, inasmuch as each of her friends would give a present—none of the tawdry trinkets such as people give in this country, but good, substantial household goods—one, a wheelbarrow of crockery, we may say; another, a stove; yet another, what shall we say?—a bed, perhaps, and thus to every detail. In Germany almost the majority of people are Government employees; and in this case a man's income is known to the farthest penny. A young lady does not expect to begin wedded life with all the luxuries owned by her parents.

"At any rate," continued my informant,

"early marriages are more frequent in Germany than in England; and inasmuch as the battle of life is more easily fought in Germany than here, I am disposed to think that, upon the whole, married life is happier. The wedding day being fixed, we come to the 'polterabend.'"

"If you consult your German dictionary," said she, "you will find that 'polter' means a great noise—what your English boys call 'kicking up a great row.' Well, bride and bridegroom, bride's friends and bridegroom's friends meet together on the evening before the wedding, and eat and drink and make merry together. As to amusements, they are a matter of taste, and vary, as you may suppose, with the rank of bride and bridegroom; but singing, dancing, music, and blindman's-buff are usual. Well, the next day comes the wedding, of which I need remark no more," observed my fair informant, "that what may seem to you, an Englishman, the peculiarity of an exchange of rings—one being given by the gentleman to the lady, the other by the lady to her husband. This exchange I consider fair," musingly, and a trifle dogmatically, remarked my informant.

"And next the honeymoon," began I, leading off into a new train of communications.

"Well, no," she said; "not a honeymoon, in your English sense, for the whole married life of a German couple is one lasting honeymoon" (if there be any exception fair informant leaves them inferentially); "they never bicker, never get tired of each other. Incomes are mostly small, but certain; hence there is no money anxiety. People, knowing what they have to live upon, live upon it. Everybody being aware of the extent of everybody else's means, there is no field afforded for the display of that sort of small pride which shows itself in living or dressing beyond one's means. German ladies make the best of wives," continued my informant, the German lady. "They pet their husbands more than is the custom with English ladies; are, in short, more solicitous. A German lady does not order husband's pipe and coffee, but herself fetches them. She brings his slipper, she makes his tea, she cooks his dinner, the cooking of it is sure to be at least superintended by the lady; still more probably she will have cooked a portion of it with her own fair hands; and there is none of that shabby evasion of cooking implied by cold meat—no yesterday's mutton bone—a thing so dreaded by some husbands. You have a custom here in England, they tell me, of presenting a filch of bacon to any married couple who can prove that they have not quarrelled for seven years, and that neither has desired to be unmarried. To carry out this practice in Germany would be impossible: pigs enough could not be laid hold of to supply the bacon. So you see if it should please God to grant twenty-five years of married life to a German couple (being an equal expression to twenty-five years of married happiness), it is strictly natural to suppose that some sort of rejoicing should take place. The ceremonial of that rejoicing constitutes what is known by the appellation of 'silver wedding.' Twenty-five years is a long span; people's tastes have altered in that time. Singing, dancing, blindman's-buff—'polterabends'—amusements, in short, would be out of place. There is a quiet meeting of friends, for that; and on the morrow there will be what you may call, if you please, another wedding. The couple go to church, where a service appropriate to the occasion is read, and this is called the 'silver wedding.' Oh, I forgot to tell you that the presents from friends come dropping down; presents of remembrance, more than of utility this time, as you might have inferred, considering the thoughtfulness of the people."

"And lastly now, about the 'golden wedding.' Alas! it falls not to the lot of many married folks to number fifty years of married life. Death, in most instances, has been laying his cold hand on man or wife ere then. It happens sometimes, however—the occasion for this golden wedding—and when happening, it is celebrated with all the visible ceremonials of tender regard and devout thankfulness, that you might have expected from a thoughtful and imaginative people."

"There, now, I have told you all about the silver and golden weddings," said the German lady.

I thanked her, and went away musing. Making all allowance for a certain exaggeration in the style of her recital, (an exaggeration, the product of strong national feelings,) I cannot but think that much that the German lady told me is worthy of our regard.

### Gossip on Dress.

In an English pamphlet, called "Gossip on Dress," we find some amusing chat, which we hope will please our readers. The opening remarks at first are sound and sensible: "We are all more or less desirous, on some ground or other, to win the respect of our fellow-creatures; and the ways of winning it are infinitely diversified. To obtain influence and position, the majority of mankind will labor an entire life, and continue to toil, in some particular trade or profession, long after their actual necessities are supplied. The merchant still speculates in the mart, the seaman still ploughs the deep, the gold hunter still digs the mine, and the scholar still

collects additional lore by the midnight lamp. With this object in view, men exert their best energies in their several modes; but there is one mode which, in addition to all others, is adopted, with rare exceptions, by the whole human race, namely—an attention to personal appearance, or an endeavor to produce favorable impressions by the fashion, or propriety, or becomingness, or neatness, or splendor of their habiliments. The effect of dress is indeed of unquestionable importance. It typifies a man's position in society; it indicates his taste. A perfectly suitable dress is a passport almost everywhere. Wealth or poverty ill-attired is usually ill-received. The man who dresses in a style below his place and circumstances must expect to meet many a mortifying rebuff. Some philosophers and men of genius have been great slovens, and have affected to consider attention to personal appearance as effeminate or foolish. This mistake is less common than it used to be, and most of our *littérate* now dress like gentlemen. A person dressed with propriety may save himself from the ridicule, and slights, and humiliations to which ill-dressed merit is hourly exposed. Amongst strangers, dress is the only criterion of a man's title to consideration. 'A man's appearance,' says Addison, 'falls within the censure of any one that sees him; his parts and learning few are judges of.' In strange companies, certainly, fine feathers make fine birds; and, at all times and in all places, a good dress adds something to a man's agreeableness and acceptability. When Gérard, the famous French painter, called on Lanjuinais (a leader of the Girondists), with a letter of introduction, his first reception was cold and discouraging; but, in the course of conversation, the artist's good sense and amiability dispelled the unfavorable impression produced by an ill-arranged and shabby attire. When he rose to take leave, Lanjuinais accompanied him to the lobby with marks of respect and good-will. Gérard could not help expressing his surprise. 'My young friend,' said Lanjuinais, 'we receive an unknown person according to his dress; we take leave of him according to his merit.'"

"We find, in the Spectator, an anecdote illustrative of the ill effects of a man's dress in strange company. An old gentleman, at a coffee-house in London, called for a cup of tea. The waiters neglected him until all others had been served, and when they at last condescended to attend on him, carelessly offered him a cup of cold weak tea and course brown sugar. The old gentleman waxed angry at the slight, and loudly inquired why he was treated with less respect than 'that fop there,' pointing to a well-dressed youth at the other end of the room. The youth on this approached the irritated complainant with an air of profound respect. 'Sir,' said the old man to him, 'I will pay off your extravagant bills once more; but will take effectual care for the future that your prodigality shall not spirit up a party of rascals to insult your father.' 'Though by no means,' observes the Spectator, 'approving of either the impudence of the servants or of the extravagance of the son, I cannot but think the old gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in masquerade. I mean, appearing in a dress so much beneath his quality and estate.'"

"Dr. Johnson did not exhibit in his dress the strong good sense which inspires all his writings. Miss Reynolds tells us that he might sometimes have been mistaken for a beggar; and Johnson himself related the fact, that when he once assisted a lady in crossing the street she offered him a shilling. We have read somewhere that Jeremy Bentham, resting himself on a door-step in the street, was offered a penny by a passer-by, and that, enjoying the mistake, he very good-humoredly pocketed the money. But it is not every gentleman who would like to be mistaken for a pauper, nor is it every gentleman who could afford it. What would be a joke to the well-to-do utilitarian philosopher would be painful and injurious to the pride of a poor gentleman, with no literary or martial fame as a set-off against his rusty and threadbare garments. Poverty, or the reputation of it, is a serious evil in a commercial country—'Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.'"

"I remember," says the Spectator, in continuation of the article just quoted, 'that Mr. Osborn (the author of 'Letters to his son') advises his son to appear in his habit rather above than below his fortune; and Lord Chesterfield, who understood the world, gave his son the most earnest instructions on the same point. Mr. Osborn observes, that a man will always find 'a handsome suit of clothes procure him some additional respect.'"

Then the writer discusses whether a man's condition and character are generally indicated by his dress:—

"Shakespeare puts the axiom in the mouth of Polonius—

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

A man of good taste in these times never attempts to outshine others in the mere splendor of his costume. He is neat, not gaudy; his clothes are of the finest material and the best cut, but not showy; he is careful in the choice of his tailor, for he knows how a bad one may spoil the best figure in the world. Johnson once said very judiciously to Mrs. Piozzi, that 'the essence of a gentleman's character in private life was to bear the visible mark of no profession whatever; and Beau Brummell, though no sage, was quite correct in his maxim, that 'you are not well-

dressed if people stop to stare at you.' Poor Goldsmith did not understand this matter, and became a sort of walking advertisement for his tailor, who had made him a plum-colored coat. 'Goldsmith,' says Boswell, 'to divert the tedious minutes while waiting for dinner, strutted about, bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. 'Come, come,' said Garrick, 'talk no more of that. You are, perhaps, the worst—eh, eh.' Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, 'Nay, you will always look like a gentleman, but I am talking of being well or ill-dressed.' 'Well, let me tell you,' said Goldsmith, 'when my tailor brought home my plum-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of you. When any one asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane.' Johnson: 'Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract a crowd to gaze at it, and thus see how well he could make a coat of so strange a color.'"

"Beau Brummell thought clean linen the indispensable requisite of a gentleman, and that it was the last luxury that he would resign. Dr. Johnson confessed that 'he had no passion for it.' Barry, the painter, used to go wretchedly ill-dressed in every other respect, but he was scrupulously careful that his shirt was clean, and 'genteel in point of texture.' His costume gave the idea of extreme negligence without uncleanness. As Goldsmith's plum-colored coat is so renowned, we may mention that Barry usually wore a claret-colored great coat that reached to his heels."

"Pope has the following excellent maxim in his 'Essay on Criticism':—

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold, Alike fantastic if too new or old. Be not the first by whom the new are tried, Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

"This is, indeed, a golden rule in composition, and may be made applicable also to dress. A gentleman should never be either before or behind the fashion, and never in extremes, and only so far in the prevailing mode as not to be remarkable."

He concludes, afterwards, with some good facts and reflections on the general subject of dress:—

"The men of every generation have had their laugh at the fashions of the ladies; but the ladies have had their opportunities of triumph in return. If the women once wore horned head-dresses that made them look like human cows, did not the men till very lately wear huge periwigs and long tails or queues that made them look like lions? If the women, with their hoops or farthingales or crinolines, have occupied a space in the world disproportionate to their real size, have not the men, with their bags and pusses and enormous trousers, stuffed out like mammoth bolsters with horse-hair or cotton, and doublets puckered and distended, looked four times their natural size, and scarcely like human beings? In Henry the Eighth's reign, a scaffold was erected round the Parliament house for the accommodation of such members as carried the fashion of magnitude in dress to an extreme. Even in point of cost, the dresses of the gentlemen have often been more extravagant than those of the fairer sex. Sir Walter Raleigh's doublet was embroidered with pearls. His buff shoes were covered with precious stones of the value of \$6,000. His armor blazed with diamonds, rubies and pearls. The Duke of Buckingham, King James's favorite, sometimes had his diamonds so loosely on his garments that when he pleased he could with a sudden shake sprinkle the ground with them, that the *Dames de la Cour* might pick them up. He had a suit of white velvet, embroidered with diamonds, the value of \$80,000. Some of the English nobles at the Field of the Cloth of Gold carried their whole fortunes upon their backs."

"When the taste for costliness in dress prevailed, it was at least impossible for the poor and vulgar to compete with the rich in external ornament; but in these days some aristocrats complain that there are no external badges by which one class can be distinguished from another. But the fact is, that it is still by no means easy for an ill-bred or even uneducated man to wear his dress like a true gentleman, so as to deceive a well-judging eye. In India the natives, who are extremely punctilious in the regulation and distribution of their compliments amongst the different ranks of their guests, express their astonishment at seeing our lords and great men dressed no better than mechanics on Sundays and grand occasions, and when unknown crowds of English attend the public Nauch of a Rajah, the host is puzzled how to receive them individually, fearing to make himself ridiculous by paying those marks of respect to a trader which he would wish to reserve for a nobleman. The dress of an oriental nobleman pretty obviously tells his rank and condition."

"Oriental and ancient costumes are undoubtedly more flowing and graceful than our modern English dress, but then the latter is more compact and convenient, especially for the working classes. . . .

"The effect of dress on a man's appearance or 'presence' is so potent—it imparts so much character, favorable or adverse—that it is ridiculous and unwise in any one to regard it as a matter of small moment. People, therefore, should be almost as particular in the selection of a tailor as in the selection of a



family physician. A bad fit may make a really well-formed man what boys call a "perfect Guy," and an object of ridicule wherever he goes. A general feeling of the importance of dress has in these days led the public to exhibit what, in a good sense of the word, may be termed favoritism, for when a really first-rate tailor is once known, there is a perfect run upon his house. He enjoys a sort of monopoly."

## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof to the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines type) one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square one year, 10.00  
Half a square one year, 5.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
Half a square three months, 2.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
Half a square six months, 3.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted FREE, otherwise out, and charged accordingly.

### AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stonham—E. T. WHITTELL.  
Winchester—J. H. HOBBS.  
Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETERLIN, & Co., Boston and New York; S. K. RILEY, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Southbury Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.  
We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.  
Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MMR. DEMORE'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF EASTMONT, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25 will receive the JOURNAL and Mirror for one year.

### QUOTA OF WOBURN.

The Quota of Woburn is full to overflowing, and great is the satisfaction thereto. To accomplish this, a very large amount of labor had to be performed, but it was done cheerfully and the result will more than repay in honor and glory. The number of Woburn men now enlisted under the last call of the President, is 56, which undoubtedly will be increased to above 60, as the Selectmen have assurances that several additional three years men will re-enlist. It must be gratifying to the town to know that every one of these fifty-six men were residents of the town at the time of enlistment. This is a record that will shine with increased splendor as time rolls on. It is an undisputed fact that Woburn moves slow at first in such matters, but when once she gets under good headway, the thing is sure to be successful in the end. It ought also to be gratifying to the town to know that she is able to send into the ranks of the noble defenders of the country, so fine and capable a set of men as those just enlisted, who, we feel assured, will uphold the honor of our town and the old Bay State, under all circumstances. To the Selectmen, and the different Committees, who have worked incessantly during the past four weeks, much credit is due for the tact and determination they have displayed in forwarding the good work. They have the gratification of seeing Woburn equal in patriotism to any other town in the State.

We are enabled to publish below the names of those enlisted, together with the Companies and Regiments, which they purpose serving in—

Robert M. Dennett, Co. K, 30th Mass. Regt.	George H. Hedges, " "
Charles H. Colegate, " "	Connelius O'Connell, " "
Julius F. Ramsdell, " "	Newell Z. Tabor, " "
George A. Sprague, " "	Alonzo L. Richardson, " "
Herbert J. Persons, " "	James Fitzgerald, " "
George W. Dean, " "	Michael Finn, " "
Thomas McCarthy, " "	Edward Hoskins, " "
George H. Reddy, " "	Lewis M. Walker, " "
James McGuffey, " "	George Murray, " "
Robert W. Westcott, 1st Mass. Cavalry.	James McGuffey, " "
George H. Cahill, " "	Robert W. Westcott, " "
John S. Fullerton, " "	George H. Cahill, " "
Edward G. Eastman, " "	John S. Fullerton, " "
Charles H. Clements, " "	Edward G. Eastman, " "
George L. Brown, " "	Charles H. Clements, " "
Peter O. Cole, " "	George L. Brown, " "
John W. Norton, Jr., " "	Peter O. Cole, " "
Horatio O. Tidd, " "	John W. Norton, Jr., " "
Stephen Barker, " "	Horatio O. Tidd, " "

W. H. Bancroft, (re-enlisted), 10th Mass. Regt.  
Benj. S. Cutter, " "  
Albert O. Cutter, " "  
John F. Murray, " "  
Thomas Kelley, " "  
Patrick Kelley, " "  
William Armstrong, " "  
George Bancroft, " "  
William S. Dean, " "  
George J. Morse, 59th (Vet.) Regt.  
Stephen Himes, " "  
Benjamin W. Perkins, " "  
Edward K. Willoughby, " "  
Henry Howard, " "  
Granville Parks, Co. C, 2d Regt., Heavy Art.  
Geo. H. Edgcomb, " "  
Omer H. Soule, " "  
Augustus W. Newbury, Co. I, " "  
Rbt. Pemberton, (re-enlist), Co. B, 32d Ms. Regt.  
James Reed, " "  
Charles Vallancourt, " Co. C, " "  
Charles P. Carling, 3d Mass. Battery.  
Edward M. Dudley, " "  
Henry G. Weston, Hancock's Div. Post Band.  
S. Everett Richardson, " "  
Patrick Toomey, 17th Mass. Regt.  
Aaron Butler, (re-enlist), Co. I, 2d Ms. Regt.  
Francis Wilson, " "  
J. L. Smith, (re-enlist), K, 19th Mass. Regt.

In connection with this matter, we have thought that it would not be uninteresting to the readers of the Journal, to learn a few particulars concerning what Woburn has done in furnishing men to the army and navy, since the commencement of the war to the present time, and accordingly have gathered a few facts as it is possible to have them. Whole number enlisted, 505; No. of three months' men discharged, 1; wounded, 2; re-enlisted, 23. No. of nine months' men re-enlisted, 4. No. of three years' men, discharged, 65; wounded, 42; died of disease, 19; of wounds, 5; taken prisoners, 14; killed, 5; accidentally killed, 1; transferred to invalid corps, 8; deserted, 10; re-enlisted for three years more, 11; re-enlisted, who had been previously discharged, 10. No. discharged in Navy for disability, 3; for expiration of service, 5; died, 1; enlisted in army, 4.

MELANCHOLY CASE OF SUICIDE.—Mrs. Ann Riley, wife of Philip Riley, residing on Galilee street, Woburn, committed suicide on Saturday evening last, between five and six o'clock, by cutting her throat with a razor. Coroner John T. White, of Medford, was called to view the body, and summoned a jury consisting of H. Collamore (Foreman), J. W. Hammond (Clerk), Jotham Hill, L. G. Richardson, L. W. Perham and C. Francis. From evidence taken before the jury we learn, that the windpipe and arteries were severed, and that the neck was cut to the spine. Her husband returned from work at five o'clock, and asked her for his bank book which she refused to give him. He then came up town, remained a few moments and returned, when he found her lying on the floor dead. He had given her at various times \$275 to deposit, but had some doubt in his mind as to whether she had done so or not; and for this reason wished to see the bank book. It appears, since the evidence was taken before the jury, that the deceased had drawn from the bank all the money belonging to her husband, and disposed of it unknown to him. This, probably, upon his questioning her concerning the book, was the cause for the rash act. The jury returned the following verdict:—"That Ann Riley came to her death by cutting her throat with a razor."

FATAL BURNING ACCIDENT.—Jefferson Reed, a non-com person, who has been an inmate of the Woburn Almshouse for nearly forty years, was fatally burned at that place on Thursday morning, about 11½ o'clock. It appears that he attempted to dry his clothes by a cylinder stove, and in doing so set them on fire, and before discovered the upper part of his body was burned so badly, part of it to a crisp, as to cause his death about five hours afterwards. His whiskers were burnt entirely off, and part of his hair. From the time he was burnt until his death he suffered untold agony.

SERENADE.—On Monday evening last, a large number of the friends of Mr. Prescott Marion of Burlington, (who by the way has lately committed matrimony) procured the services of the Woburn Brass Band, and called on him at his residence. The company were very cordially received by Mr. M., who during the evening set before them a bountiful supply of refreshments. The music was excellent, and all present seemed to enjoy the occasion. At an early hour in the morning, the company returned to their homes.

EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—It will be seen by a notice in next column, that a large number of our storekeepers have agreed to close their places of business, every evening, except Saturday, at eight o'clock, until April 1st. This will relieve a numerous class of persons, who usually are confined to their business until after nine o'clock.

WOBURN CURRENCY.—We have heard many persons complain lately concerning the "ticket" currency afloat in Woburn. There was a time when these tickets were very convenient and necessary, but that time passed away when coppers and the smaller denominations of postage currency became plenty, and there no longer exists any necessity for retaining them in circulation. Other communities do without local issues, and why cannot Woburn do the same?

SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.—The funeral of Private B. F. Warren, of Co. K, 30th Regt., took place from the Baptist Church, on Thursday afternoon last. It was attended by the Returned Soldiers in a body. The services were conducted by Revs. J. S. Kennard and J. C. Bodwell. At the grave, the customary salute was fired. Mr. Warren died at Culpepper, on Sunday, Dec. 27th, of Chronic Diarrhea.

BOX FOR THE RANGERS.—Mr. Gage will dispatch another box of comforts to the Rangers, on Tuesday next; and will be happy to enclose anything that may be left at his store, previous to that time. Let the gallant boys of the 39th, be well remembered.

PROPOSITION TO CALL OUT A MILLION OF MEN.—A proposition is before Congress to call out a million of men. We cannot imagine what these men are needed for, except it be to take Richmond; and if it is so, men will flock in, in thousands at the first bugle call. Anxiety will be felt until the matter is understood. "On to Richmond!" would make a glorious battle cry just now.

CAMILLA URSO.—We have the pleasure of announcing that Camilla Uro, the gifted violinist, will favor the people of Woburn and vicinity, with an exhibition of her great powers, at Lycium Hall, this (Saturday) evening. It seldom happens that we are privileged to listen to so accomplished a performer upon the violin, and we trust that she will be greeted with a full house. Our hall is commodious, and we will be glad to see a large delegation of the admirers of talent, from out of town, present on this occasion.

FINED.—Timothy Buckley was brought before P. L. Converse, Trial Justice, on Tuesday last week, on complaint of John W. Day, Policeman, for refusing to aid him, while endeavoring to arrest a person for disturbing the peace. It seems that Mr. Day attempted to arrest John Reddy, and a man by the name of Howard, who were fighting near J. S. Ellis's store, and called on Buckley to arrest him, but he refused, and on Tuesday was brought before the Court for this offense. Buckley was fined by the Court ten dollars.

RE-ENLISTMENTS.—Sergts. Wm. H. Bancroft and Benj. S. Cutter, and Private Albert O. Cutter, all of Co. E, 16th Mass. Regt., arrived home this week on thirty-five days furlough, having re-enlisted for three years more.

Private James O. Hovey, Co. D, 2d Vermont Regt., arrived home Wednesday, having also re-enlisted for three years more.

The following have also re-enlisted, but have not arrived home:—Privates Thomas Foley, John F. Murray, and Patrick Kelley, all of Co. F, 16th Mass. Regt.; Sergt. J. Leonard Smith, Co. K, 19th Mass. Regt.; Private Aaron Butler, Co. I, 2d Mass. Regt.; Privates Robert Pemberton, and James Reed, Co. B, 32d Mass. Regt.

REHEARSAL.—The public rehearsal by the Woburn Brass Band last Wednesday evening, was very largely attended. The next will occur on Tuesday evening, January 19th.

ALMANACS.—Old Farmer's, Brown's, Christian, Lady's, and Boston Almanacs, for sale at Woburn Bookstore.

ICELAND MOSS CANDY.—A supply of this excellent remedy for Coughs and Colds, can be found for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

HORN POND AND ENVIRONS OF BOSTON.—Copies of this picture can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore, at \$3 and \$5 each, including key.

BOSTON AND LOWELL RAILROAD CORPORATION.—The stockholders of the Boston and Lowell Railroad held their annual meeting at the depot in Boston, on Tuesday, the President, F. B. Crowninshield, in the chair. The annual report of the Directors was submitted by the Treasurer, Hon. J. T. Stevenson. From this document it appears that the business of the road for the year ending Sept. 30, 1863, was as follows:

From passengers.....\$208,291 86  
From freight.....258,082 51  
From mails and expresses, 12,675 66  
Expenses have been.....\$470,050 03  
Profits of transportation.....\$150,639 59  
The net income from the traffic of the road has been \$150,639 59; which is \$23,081 32 more than that of the previous twelve months. The net profits for the twelve months have been \$130,169 81—711-100 per cent. The sinking fund amounts to \$161,088 29, and has been increased during the year by payments to the Trustees of \$18,300 and by accumulation endorsed upon the policies \$6367 92—\$24,667 32, and will be further increased on the 31st inst. by the amount of a semi-annual deposit of \$9150 and of one year's accumulation to that date. The whole debt of the corporation is \$44,629 05.

Mr. Richardson of Lowell offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, approving the action of the Directors in giving notice of their intention to apply to the Legislature for authority to unite the Lowell Road with other roads in this State and New Hampshire, and authorizing them to take such further measures in the premises as may be necessary.

The following were chosen Directors: F. B. Crowninshield, George W. Lyman, Josiah G. Abbott, Isaac Hinckley, and William Minot, Jr., and they were elected.

The meeting then dissolved.

WOBURN, JAN. 7TH, 1864.  
We, the undersigned, traders of Woburn, wishing to relieve ourselves and our assistants from the confinement of store life, during the winter evenings, commencing Monday evening, Jan. 11, and continuing to April 1st, agree to adopt the 13 hour system, by closing our stores at 8 o'clock, P. M., Saturday evenings excepted, at which time we shall remain on duty as late as usual.

MEASLES ARE PROSTRATING THE VOLUNTEERS BY HUNDREDS, the hospitals are crowded with them. Soldiers, be warned in time. Holloway's Pills are positively infallible in the cure of this disease; occasional doses of them will preserve the health even under the greatest exposure. Only 25 cents per box.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

#### "O! Why?"

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

As I walked at sunset one eve, you see,  
A curious incident happened to me;  
A hunter quite slowly by the lake  
Rode here and there through the grass and brake.  
Yet he heeded not the bounding deer  
That crossed his path afar and near,  
But he wound his horn right clear, I trow—  
O! why did he do it? Tell me, now!

As I walked still further on, you see,  
A stranger incident happened to me;  
A fisher, girl, on the quiet lake,  
Rowed slowly near the margin brake.  
Yet she heeded not the leaping fish,  
Nor thought how pretty they'd look in a dish,  
But she sang so sweet—of Love, I trow—  
O! why did she do it? Tell me, now!

I returned in an hour or two, you see,  
And tarried a moment beneath a tree.  
A riderless horse came prancing along—  
I saw the skiff with no maid or song—  
I—threw—near some willows, growing hard by,  
A huntsman and maid talked secretly.  
Something gleamed—was instant—a ring, I trow—  
Way—I'll not ask you to tell me now!

I departed as soft as I could, you see,  
When a vision of yore appeared to me—  
A youth and maid—whom I knew full well—  
Nesth the Moon's best light tale did tell.  
—they—heeded not the passing hour,  
But rejoiced in Love's peerless dower;  
And a diamond's ray flashed gaily, I trow,  
On the delicate hand of—tell me who!

WOBURN, AUG. 8TH, 1863. R.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

#### A word about Organs.

So much was said about the large Organ in Boston Music Hall before its arrival, and so much more has been written in its praise since, that the impression upon the public is that all other instruments in this country, are eclipsed by it in every point. It is truly a very large Organ, and the case is an exquisite piece of workmanship, which is all very well as far as the eye is concerned; but let one hear it played without seeing it, and the expectation of the listener will be disappointed.

The beautiful Organ built by the Messrs. Hook for the First Congregational Church in this town, is equal, if not superior to the one in the Music Hall in reference to quality of tone. It is not of course so powerful, nor does it possess the variety of combination, but it is better balanced as a whole and better voiced. The mechanical part is perfect, and it has stood the test of three years without repair. The reeds cannot be excelled; every register is in order, and the voicing of each pipe as smooth as the ear can desire. Especially when the full organ is used does the proper balancing of the heavy pedal bass support the whole volume of tone, and the effect is not so harsh and repulsive to the hearer as in the great one.

Let the people of this town hear the one in the Music Hall, and then listen to our own, and they will begin to prize the treasure which we possess as an attraction to our town. It is a work which will be appreciated for years to come, as the sweetness and grandeur of its tones become more impressed upon the mind.

Had the directors of the Boston Music Hall, placed at the disposal of the Messrs. Hook the same amount of time and money which they have expended, there would have been a better instrument in that place, than has been constructed in a foreign land.

WOBURN, JAN. 7TH, 1864. Com.

### Letter from the Rangers.

CAMP NEAR MITCHELL'S STATION VA. }  
January 1st 1864. }

DEAR JOURNAL.—Once more we are at work on huts for the winter, and the woods resound with the merry sound of the woodman's axe. We are located on a side hill, in a pine grove from which we can see the famous "Cedar Mountain" and the Blue Ridge, the tops of which are covered with snow. Saturday the 26th we were ordered to march, and at 3 P. M. moved down the Railroad about 2 miles and bivouacked. Our brigade alone made this advance. The following day it stormed and such a camp for mud I never saw. We were once ordered into line on account of a rumor from the pickets that the enemy's Cavalry were hovering about us. The excitement soon subsided and all was quiet. Orders have been received from the War Department and Gen. Meade which put an end to granting furloughs to any but "Veterans," those whose term of service expires during the coming spring and summer. They are allowed 30 days furlough and large bounties to re-enlist, while we cannot have the privilege of re-enlisting or any furlough at all. Yesterday we were mustered for two months pay (Nov. and Dec.) as soon as the rolls are ready we shall come face to face with the "green back" man.

The hand of death has visited us and taken from our circle one whose departure we mourn. Benjamin F. Warren died at the hospital at Culpepper, Saturday Dec. 26th, of Chronic Diarrhea. He was a good and faithful soldier, one whom all loved and respected. His remains have been sent home.

I hope to be better housed the next time I write and I will try and do better, but my fingers are too cold to prolong this.

### Letter from New York.

New York, Jan. 1, 1864.  
Editor Journal—I wish your readers a "Happy New Year,"—an old and time honored wish, extending far back into the history of the past. January derives its name from Janus, a Roman god with two heads and two faces, the one looking to the past, and the other to the future—symbols of the old and new year. The opening of the new year was a time of great rejoicing and celebration by games, feasts and public feasts in Rome in which all engaged, with mingled mirth and pleasure. There is little or no evidence of its celebration in early Greece, but in the Eastern nations, particularly Persia, its coming was hailed with the most wild and extensive glee, from the royal throne down to

the lowest cot. From all time, most nations have regarded it as the opening of a new volume in the great library of life. In modern Europe—England, and especially France and Germany, have made it a day of joy and congratulation, when care must be forgotten, business suspended and unbridled liberty given to heart, head and hand. In this city, owing to the large foreign population, it is made a general holiday, where appetite, passion, fun and social enjoyment find no limits. Business wholly forgotten; places of amusement in full play; eating, drinking, frolicking, riding, dancing and singing uncontrolled.

This city is full of people, a hundred thousand strangers are here on business and pleasure, including a large number of women and children who have left Seceasia and turned up here before the grand tumbledown of Confederate slave pens and rebel castles, that are now crumbling with certain decay.

Strong efforts are made in this city to raise soldiers. Great sums of money and ingenious schemes are brought to bear. Substituted brokers are reaping fortunes out of poor victims picked up from dens of crime who get but a fraction of the sums appropriated. An instance has come under my eye where the soldier got but \$100 and the broker \$400. But the armies of the republic must be filled, and if good men can't be had, poor ones must be taken. All that is needed is men, and the war will be closed with a rush. We have got the men, and why will not the Government bring them out?

Since the war commenced one million and a half of men have been called into the field; two thousand battles and skirmishes have taken place; two hundred and sixty thousand men have been killed, disabled and discharged; while in the meantime, four hundred and sixty-five thousand young men have arrived at the age suitable to bear arms. Contemplate it for a moment; what an army of young men; what vitality and recuperative power does this nation possess. Well has Henry Ward Beecher said, that in fifty years, this nation will walk amid the nations of the old world, like an "elephant among mice."

To-day I have taken a stroll down to "Webb's Wharf" to see the monster steam ram being built for government. It is much larger than the "Dredger," which in the Danish language, signifies "Thunder Mountain," and it is a thunder mountain indeed; in length, 480 ft.; in width, 100; in height 50 ft.; with sides of solid oak 7 ft. thick, covered with iron plates 30 inches wide, 15 ft. long and 6 inches thick, fastened on with screw bolts 2 inches through and 3 feet long, screwed into the solid oak. It is the most powerful monster ever built: with bolts, braces, timbers and cross ties, that would seem to defy a thousand cannon and challenge the wrath of a thousand waves; while its ponderous iron prow would crush all opposing force. The guns upon the upper deck are protected from above, by a roof of oak timber and iron 6 feet thick, with side openings for them to vomit forth their missiles of death and destruction. Three years from the beginning, will be required to finish this ram and a force of 300 men are constantly employed upon it. In looking from the upper deck into the hold of this monster, its strength and power is seen in full view, and a dizzy maze fills the head as if one were looking down into the deep bowels of some great Titanic creation. None of the machinery is yet in, but is being built at the "Novelty works," near by. I paid a visit to this establishment, where 1200 men are employed building engines, boilers, cylinders and cranks, that fill the beholder with the wonders that science and skill can accomplish.

Your readers have doubtless read of the recent robbery and recovery of two millions in value of diamonds belonging to the Duke of Brunswick now living in Paris. The collection is the richest private one in the world. The particulars of this robbery have been told in the papers so I will not enlarge upon it, but will say what is not generally known, that the Duke is an uncle to Queen Victoria. His wealth is unbounded. He is about 65 years old, but has the looks of a man of 40. He wears a wig made of silk floss, moustache and imperial colored with the deepest black. His face is filled with deep wrinkles which are all filled up with "flesh paste," so that his cheeks are as smooth as a youth of sixteen; while all that taste and money can procure to rob age of its frosty trophies, he showers with profuse magnificence.

A few days ago, died in this city, in a low grocery, covered with rags, Wm. H. Graham, for many years proprietor and editor of "Graham's Magazine." He was once one of the most cultivated of gentlemen and accomplished of writers. His contributions to literature were extensive and popular. He was highly connected by marriage, once moved in the most refined society; but the demon, strong drink, captured him; and against the pleadings and tears of friends he has sunk into a drunkard's grave.

I give you an incident of how the wicked are sometimes caught in a snare. A few days ago, a Mrs. Emma Goodwin, of Ohio, started from her home to go to Pennsylvania, leaving a husband and two small children at home. About the same time a Mr. George Taylor of the same town, and who also had two small children and a wife, started off "on business," but somehow he took the same road and arrived at Wheeling in the train with Mrs. Goodwin. They put up at one of the hotels over night, and "booked" themselves as man and wife. The next morning they took the train for Pittsburgh, but at the end of three days found themselves at Cleveland, arriving just before tea time. After nicely adjusting their toilet, they passed to the supper table, where Mrs. Goodwin found herself seated directly in front of her husband, whom she had left at home; and Mr. Taylor found himself opposite his wife, whom he had also left at home. What must have been their consternation on so meeting face to face? It seems that a day or two after the unfaithful pair started off, the two remaining at home concluded to strike a bargain, clope, and pass themselves off as man and wife, not for a moment dreaming that their partners had preceded them in a like way.

The scene that followed at the table after a mutual recognition, did not end in a tragical or ridiculous set to, as might be imagined, but with philosophy and good sense finding that each was in the meal tub, they withdrew to a private room, exchanged partners, each man taking his own wife, went back, finished supper, and the next morning went home to their children, like sensible people.

N. A. R.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SURPRISE VISITS.—On New Year's Eve a few friends of Mrs. Josiah Stratton, whose husband is supposed to have been killed in one of the battles in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged some time ago, as nothing has been heard of him since, united in making her a surprise visit, and in presenting her with a cloak, bonnet and other articles of wearing apparel and some money, of the value in all of some thirty three dollars. A supper was prepared from the contributions of the visitors and the occasion was a pleasant and profitable one to all parties. The widow's heart was cheered by this kind remembrance of her at this season of the year, and also will not soon forget the generous donors. On the next (New Year's) evening, a party of friends paid a visit to the residence of Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Pratt to unite with them in the observance of their "Silver Wedding."

Unexpected to the worthy couple who have reached this important period in their wedded life, the friends called at the house and took possession of it. The good lady had been temporarily allured from home by the daughters to make a brief call near by, before the arrival of the visitors, while the paternal families had not arrived from the city. Imagine their surprise when on reaching home to find so many of their neighbors and friends ready to greet them with the salutations of the season. Music, singing, dancing &c., occupied the time very agreeably until a late hour, when the company partook of the collation which had been generously contributed. After disposing of these, it was proposed that the silver couple should again go through the form of marriage, as is customary upon such occasions and a Justice of the Peace who was present administered the sacred obligation to the happy pair. It was an interesting sight to witness this re-union and this renewal of the covenant, vows taken upon themselves a quarter of a century since. May we be privileged as well as they, to greet the golden period of their wedded life, and may much happiness be in store for them in the future years of their pilgrimage.—After singing "Auld Lang Syne" the company broke up and retired to their respective homes, feeling assured that such anniversary celebrations are worth of being remembered and that they serve a worthy purpose.

THE LAND OF NOD.—We have often heard it said of persons who were asleep or dreaming that they were in the land of nod, but were not aware that there really was a locality in this vicinity designated by such a title.—Among some old papers and records is found a copy of "the draught of the land called the land of Nod, between Woburn, Billerica, Andover and Reading, in the County of Middlesex, granted to several persons by the town of Charlestown, and now surveyed and divided by the order of the Proprietors of the said Land of Nod and every Grantee his name sent in the Lot."

The land was laid out by Capt. Joseph Burnap of Reading to the twelve original Grantees, according to the vote of the Proprietors, October 8th, 1718. The lots were drawn by John Allen, Richard Russell, Thomas Allen, Francis Willoughby, Capt. Robert Sedgewick, Zachariah Syme, the three hundred acre lots; Thomas Graves, William Sifton, Robert Cook, two hundred fifty acre lots; Mr. Barnard, Ralph Woory, William Phillips—two hundred acre lots.

Will some of our historical friends inform the readers of this paper where the present location of this land of Nod is? It seems to have been within the boundaries of Woburn.

### EXERCISES.

#### SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

QUOTA OF SOUTH READING.—By about the first of January the quota of this town was filled, and the recruits are all in camp or in depleted regiments. Take them as a whole they are a fine set of fellows, and will do credit to themselves and the town that sent them, whenever opportunity presents. They all hail from town, as residents—and have volunteered without any extra inducement from the town or their military committee. Some weeks ago it was thought that the quota was nearly full, when several of those who had enlisted and were examined and accepted, failed on the final examination and were returned to us again. The number being thus reduced, at a meeting of the enrolled citizens, the canvassing committee appointed by the military committee for the different parts of the town pledged their respective districts to furnish each man, which would make the required number. The citizens of these districts offered slight additional inducements in the way of presents, to obtain their men, and the quota was immediately filled. The military committee, consisting of the Selectmen and three others, from first depending upon the liberal offers of the government, and the patriotism of the people, to respond to the call for 31 men, and the number would have been raised before the 6th of January, without any other inducement. There are men left, who stood ready to offer their services if they were really needed to fill the quota—and we have half a mind to believe that some were disappointed, because the opportunity to enlist so suddenly ceased. We have said that our quota is full. It is more than full. It's number was 31, and we have returned to the State House the names of 36 men who

have been accepted. 32 of these were new volunteers and 4 who have re-enlisted, now in the 16th Regt. Others may have re-enlisted from whom we have not yet heard.—We give the names of our brave volunteers, and may in a future number make further reference to them. Horace M. Warren, Benj. F. Barnard, Thomas W. Coombs, James Collins, Rodney Edwards, Geo. W. Townsend, Geo. Carter, Geo. W. Clark, Wm. C. M. Howe, Jacob H. Eaton, Geo. E. Holmes, Edmund Nichols, Henry Williams, Wingate Garland, Stanley H. Sweetser, Wm. Judson Mansfield, Edward B. Dearborn, Thomas Willis, Benj. Townley, Nathaniel Horn, Joseph McQuillan, Alexander Flinders, Wm. Wallace Bryant, John E. Robinson, Chas. L. Simpson, John H. Simpson, Wm. F. Howe, Peabody Gowin, Barnard Freeman, Wm. B. Brown, Nathaniel Cowdrey, and Augustus L. Walton, of the new recruits. Those now belonging to the 16th Regt., and have re-enlisted, are Joseph F. Wright, James F. Mansfield, John F. Allen, and Hiram Woods.

SOCIAL GATHERING.—One of the pleasantest social meetings of the season took place at the Town Hall, on Monday evening, in



## Why is Cristadoro's hair dye popular?

Read the universal answer to this question.

## BECAUSE

It imparts a soft brown color. It does not crisp or burn the hair. It does not soil the skin. It is applied in ten minutes.

## THEREFORE

The Man of Taste approves it. Those who value Silken Hair use it. The Ladies everywhere prefer it. Those to whom time is valuable patronize it.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 4 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, \$1.45, and \$3 per box, according to size. 11-4w

## Special Notices.

## Phalanx Associates.

The Phalanx Associates are requested to meet at Amory Hall, on Monday evening, Jan. 11th, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Per order,

J. F. BARRETT, Clerk.

Woburn, Jan. 6, 1864.

## Pulmonary Consumption a Curable Disease!!!

## A CARD - TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, and after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, &amp;c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information to which he conceives to be invaluable; he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address—REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

Williamburg, Kings County, New York.

## To Horse Owners.

## DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR HORSES

is unrivalled by any, in all cases of Lameness, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain. Har- nesses or Saddle Galls, Scratches, Mange, &amp;c., it will also cure speedily. Spavin and Ringbone may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the possi- bility of a radical cure. It is, however, in no de- gree to be despised or hopeless, but it may be al- leviated by this Liniment, and its faithful appli- cation will always remove the Lameness, and en- able the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will prevent the necessity of resorting to dangerous remedies, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many other valuable horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

## Married.

In Woburn, Dec. 21st, by Rev. Mr. Bod- well, Mr. Jefferson J. Shedd, of Charlestown, to Miss Lucy M. Hellen, of Woburn.

Jan. 7th, by Rev. J. S. Kennard, Dr. Samuel Warren Abbott, surgeon of U. S. Gun- boat Catalina, to Miss Martha W., daughter of the late Capt. T. V. Sullivan, of Woburn.

In Woburn, Dec. 29th, by Rev. Mr. Swal- low, Mr. Bradley, of Woburn, to Miss Almira Shedd, both of Burlington.

In Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 24th, by Rev. J. L. Hodge, D. D., Mr. Henry H. Linnell, of New York City, to Miss Anna A. Swaney, of Brooklyn.

In South Reading, Dec. 31st, by Rev. E. A. Eaton, Mr. Hoyt Parker, of Boston, to Miss Laura Matilda Mansfield, of South Reading.

In Acton, Jan. 2d, by Rev. Geo. W. Col- man, Augustus B. Clarke, Esq., of New York City, to Miss Helen E. Clark, daughter of Harris Cowdry, M. D., of Acton.

Also by the same Jan. 2d, Mr. Nelson Holman, of Harvard, to Miss Charlotte Con- ant of Acton.

## Died.

In Woburn, Jan. 2d, Ann Riley, aged 32 years.

Jan. 3d, Alpheus Merriam, aged 64 yrs., 11 months.

In Winchester, Jan. 1st, Mrs. Lucy John- son, aged 87 yrs., 6 months.

In Culpeper, Va., Dec. 27th, Private B. F. Warren, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., aged 24 years, 11 m., 11 days.

In Wilmington, Jan. 6th, Joshua Jaquith, aged 70 years, 2 mos.

In Burlington, Jan. 3d, Mary F., wife of N. J. Simonds, aged 28 years, 10 mos., 10 d.

## LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the

Woburn Post Office, Jan. 9th, 1864.

Connors, Mathew Parker, T. H. K.

Fitzgerald, John Pierce, Edward A.

Hanson, Mary A. Mrs. Riendeau, Charles

Lapham, L. W. Taylor, Samuel

Munroe, J. S. Tatro, Paul

March, Arthur B. Whiting, Sarah J.

O'Brien, P.

NATHAN WYMAN, P.M.

## WANTED.

Wanted, from six to ten Girls to work in a

Stiffening Shop in Woburn. None but English

and American need apply. Apply to K. L. Flint,

Hill's Court.

## FOUND.

On Thursday, Dec. 24th, in the Woburn

Centre Depot, a Portmanteau, containing a

small sum of money. The owner can have

this advertisement. Apply at the Middlesex

Journal office.

## NOTICE.

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent

of the MIDDLESEX MUTUAL FIRE IN-

SURANCE CO., for the town of Winchester, and

respectfully solicits a share of the public patron-

age. The Middlesex is a solid, well established

and safe Company, and persons insured in it, are in-

sured indeed, and need have no fears of future ac-

cidents. A. N. SHEPARD.

Winchester, Jan. 5th, 1864.—15-2 mos.

## P. S.

IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS!

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

It is well known to the Medical Profession

that the Vital Principle, or Life Element of the

Blood, is IRON. This is derived chiefly from the

food we eat; but if the food is not properly digested,

or if, from any cause whatever, the necessary

quantity of iron is not taken into the circulation,

it becomes reduced, the whole system suffers.

The bad blood will irritate the heart, will clog up

the lungs, will stifle the brain, will obstruct the

liver, and will send disease-producing elements

to all parts of the system, and every one will suf-

fer in whatever organ it is trying to destroy. It

is, therefore, of the greatest importance to take

medicines to cure disease occasioned by a deficiency

of IRON IN THE BLOOD,

without restoring it to the system, is like trying

to repair a building when the foundation is gone.

It is only by the recovery of that valuable

element known as PRUVIAN STRIP, that the

great power of this VITALIZING AGENT over

disease has been brought to light.

This is the secret of the wonderful success of

this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver

Complaint, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhea,

Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills and

Fevers, Humors, Loss of Consti- tutional

Vigor, Diseases of the Kid- neys and Bladder, Female Com-

plaints, and all diseases origi- nating in a BAD STATE

OF THE BLOOD, or

accompanied by Debility or a Low state

of the system.

Being free from Alcohol in any form, its energiz-

ing effects are not followed by corresponding re-

action, but are permanent, infusing strength, Vig-

or, and new life into all parts of the system, dis-

solving up an IRON CONSTITUTION!

It is an excellent substitute for Wine or Brandy

where a stimulant is needed.

The following names are taken from our pamph-  
let of testimonials, which will be sent free to any

address.

Rev John Pierpont, Lewis Johnson, M.D.,

Rev Warren Burton, John Kinney, M.D.,

Rev Arthur B. Fuller, S. H. Rensselaer, M.D.,

Rev Gordon Robinson, W. R. Chisholm, M.D.,

Rev Sylvanus Cobb, Jose Antonio Anchales,

Rev J. Starr King, Marcelino Aranda, M.D.,

Rev Ephraim Nutt, Jr., A. A. Hayes, M.D.

There can be but one stronger proof

than the testimony of such men as the

above, and that is a personal trial. It has cured thou-

sands where other remedies have failed to give re-

lief, and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.

For Dyspepsia and all Chronic Diseases, charac-

terized by debility, it is a Specific.

Prepared as heretofore by N. L. CLARKE &amp; CO.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE &amp; CO., 18 Tre-

mont street, Boston; J. P. DENSMORE, 491 Broadway, New York, and by all Druggists. 14-6m

## WINTER CLOTHING.

THE subscriber has on hand a large assort-

ment of

CLOTHS

FOR

WINTER WEAR.

Which he is prepared to make up at short notice,

in the best manner. His stock of goods comprises

Dark and Light French Cassimeres,

Trieots, Meltons, Silk Mixtures,

Black and Colored Cloths,

Doeskins, &amp;c., &amp;c.

Also, a full assortment of SILK AND CASH-

MERE VESTINGS.

FURNISHING GOODS

of all kinds, and of the best qualities, constantly

on hand.

G. R. GAGE,

Wade Block, Woburn.

## MILLINERY GOODS!

Fall and Winter Styles 1863.

MRS. M. E. FIELD,

has received since her removal to New Bank

Building, would respectfully announce that she has

just received a large and carefully selected stock of

goods suitable for

Fall and Winter Wear,

consisting of the latest styles of

Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers,

Plumes, &amp;c.

She has also added to her previous assortment of

various qualities and prices, all of which she

offers at the lowest cash prices.

Cloak Making

promptly attended to. Also, PINKING done to

order.

MOURNING BONNETS

Ready made, constantly on hand, and made to or-

der at the lowest cash prices.

MRS. M. E. FIELD,

New Bank Building, Woburn Centre.

## COLLECTOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the under-

signed, Collector of Taxes for Winchester,

will sell at Public Auction, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1864, at the Selec-

tion men's Room, in Lyceum Hall Building, Winches-

ter, on non-payment of the taxes hereinafter men-

tioned, the several lots or parcels of land hereinaf-

ter bounded and described, and severally belong-

ing to, or in possession of, the several persons

hereinafter named, on the first day of May, 1864.

One lot of land belonging to W. L. Dyer, and

others, described as follows: Bounded West-

on Main street; Southern by land now or former-

ly of W. L. Dyer; Eastern by land of Wm. C. Boon's

heirs; and Northern by a private street. Said

lot contains about seventy thousand square

feet of land; and the sum of nine dollars and thirty

cents is assessed on said estate for the State, County

and Town tax of 1863; and the sum of ten

dollars and eighty cents for 1864, which is un-

paid.

One lot of land belonging to J. L. Goldsmith, of

Medford, described thus: Beginning at the corner

of Bacon and Church streets, thence running North-

westerly one hundred and fifty feet on Church at,

thence by land late of Francis Harding North-

westerly two hundred and twenty feet; thence

Southeasterly by a thirty foot street, one hundred

and twenty-three and three-fourths feet; thence

Southwest on Bacon street, two hundred and thirty

six and one-half feet. Said lot contains about

three-fourths of an acre; and the sum of three

dollars and twenty cents is assessed on said estate

for the State, County and Town tax of 1863, and the

same is unpaid.

One lot of land with the buildings thereon, be-

longing to Philip Kelly, of Charlestown, described

as follows: Westerly on a private way; Northern

on land of Francis Harding; Eastern by land of

son Parker's Mill Pond; Southern on land of

Summer Richardson. Said premises contain about

one-eighth of an acre of land. The sum of nine dol-

lars and eighteen cents is assessed on said estate

for the State, County and Town tax of 1863, and the

same is unpaid.

One lot of land with the buildings thereon, be-

longing to Thos. McLaughlin, of Charlestown, de-

scribed thus: Bounded North by a private street,

Eastern by land of the Town of Winchester; South-

westerly by land of Stephen Nichols; being the

lot numbered twenty-six on the plan of 1849.

Said premises contain about three-eighths of an

acre of land; and the sum of nine dollars and

twenty cents is assessed on said estate, for the

State, County and Town Tax of 1863, and the same

is unpaid.

One lot of land belonging to Frederick Kidder,

of Boston, described thus: South by land now or

formerly of Church Lane, bounded by a Private

and East and West by land unknown. Situated in

the Northern part of Winchester; No. 14 and part

of 15, Winchester Park. Said premises contain about

five-sixths of an acre of land; and the sum of two

dollars and seventy cents is assessed on the same

for the State, County and Town Tax of 1863, and the

same is unpaid.

MIAL CUSHMAN, Collector.

Winchester, Dec. 24th, 1863.—13-3w.

## Administratrix' Sale of Real Estate, in Winchester.

BY virtue of a license from the Probate

Court for the County of Middlesex, will be

sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on MON-

DAY, the ELEVENTH day of JANUARY next,

at three o'clock, in the afternoon, all the right,

title and interest, of which the late John W. Woburn,

deceased, died seized and possessed, in and to the fol-

lowing Real Estate, viz:

625 ACRES of LAND, situated in Winchester,

about 60 rods East of Washington street, and

bounded Westerly by lands of N. A. Richardson

S. H. Roy, North by the lands of S. H. Richardson

and Daniel Stevens; and Southern by lands of

J. O. Prince and Joseph Adams.

Also 14 ACRES of LAND, situated on Forest

street, in said Winchester, and bounded Southernly

by said Forest street, Eastern by the lands of Wm.

and William Richardson and others; and Westerly

by land of Nancy Gleason and others.

Terms and conditions made known at the time

and place of sale.

NANCY WYMAN, Adm.

WILLIAM WYMAN, Adm.

Woburn, December, 26th, 1863.—13-3w.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the Heirs-at-law, and others interested in the

estate of ELBRIDGE WYMAN, late of Woburn,

in said County, deceased: GREETING:

WHEREAS the estate of said deceased, has been

presented for allowance, the second account of his

administration upon the estate of said deceased—

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate

Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County,

on the second Tuesday next, to-wit: on the 19th

of January, in the forenoon, to show cause, if any

you have, why the same should not be allowed; and

the said William F. is ordered to serve this citation

by publishing the same once a week, in the Middle-

sex Journal, a newspaper printed and published in

this County, successively, for three consecutive

weeks, successively, the first publication to be two

days at least before said Tuesday.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this

13th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred

and sixty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.







# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII: No. 16.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### To the White Chrysanthemum.

Lovely white Chrysanthemum!  
I bid thee joyful welcome.  
In this wintry gloom!  
Beauteous in thy presence,  
Most delicate thy fragrance,  
In thy sunny room!  
Pure as is a maiden's love!  
Teaching me to look above  
To its source and thine,—  
I hail thee, my Monitor  
Eloquent, of the Author  
Of thy life and mine!  
Like my Zoe, thou dost seem,  
To be offering of a dream,  
When an Angel slept!  
Or the fruition of a tear,  
Springing from the Earth so dear,  
When our Saviour wept!  
Chrysanthemum, I pray thee to  
When my darling sooth you,—  
This short lesson teach,—  
That, though Love may oft, in youth,  
Embellish its avowal. "Truth  
Needs no flow'ry speech!" R.

WOBURN, Dec., 1863.

## Select Literature.

### THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Some years ago two gentlemen and a lady had taken their places in the diligence from Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M. Mallaquet, a merchant of the capital, as indolent in mind as in body, slept profoundly from the commencement; the other, M. Lussac, a commercial traveller, a person of a very animated character, did not allow his tongue to rest a single instant. Among other things which he mentioned, he let it escape that he had on him fifteen thousand francs in bank-bills, and that the greater part of the sum was intended for the purchase of colonial productions, and the rest as a present for his wife.

M. Mallaquet, on the contrary, during the rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake to speak, said simply that he was going to Havre.

The diligence arrived at Pontoise, where the horses were changed. As the road from that point ascends, the conductor proposed to the travellers that they should walk up the hill. Lussac embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Mallaquet, from politeness, affected to be no less delighted, though, in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in movement.

They both started up the hill, then, and the diligence followed them.

Soon darkness came on. But the travellers continued to hear the diligence rolling behind them. At the end of some time they both remarked that they had wandered from the right road. They wished to return thereto, but the sound of the wheels no longer reached them. The indolent Mallaquet grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths, he began to march at a more rapid rate, and this sudden change gave birth in the soul of M. Lussac to a sombre presentiment. Remembering his imprudent avowal about the fifteen thousand francs which he had with him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his mind. He asked himself in terror whether this suspected companion had not plotted with the conductor to rob him in some solitary place. Perhaps, he also thought, another accomplice might be lurking in some spot near, ready to pounce on him. In truth, poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man; he determined, therefore, to be on his guard.

With regard to Mallaquet, when he saw Lussac become suddenly silent, he at once conceived similar suspicions to those of his companion. He had not, it is true, like Lussac, been guilty of any indiscretion endangering his own interests, but his pockets were filled with important papers, and the avowal of his companion appeared to him now only an adroit trick to inspire him with confidence. Keeping at as great a distance as possible from each other, the two travellers watched each other's movements. At last, a marsh coming in the way, forced them into immediate contact on a narrow path. Mallaquet raised his hand to wipe his brow, bathed with perspiration. Lussac then stopped, thinking that he saw in his companion's hand an instrument of murder. However, to brace his courage a little, he likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of snuff. Mallaquet, seeing this stooped down to the muddy ground to escape the expected pistol-shot.

After some time passed in the anguish of these mutual suspicions, Lussac determined to give utterance to his dread in words. "We must," said he, "be thoroughly on our guard here. It is the very demon himself who has thrown us thus on the high-road in the middle of the night. Fortunately it is not with any misfortune or attack there is nothing to be found on me but empty pockets."

"Indeed," replied Mallaquet, "you surely forget the fifteen thousand francs which you have with you."

"Oh! that was all nonsense," cried Lussac; "my words on this point were the merest wind; of course I was only joking." This speech did not fail to increase the terror of Mallaquet.

"Well, whatever happens," he said, after a few moments' hesitation, "I am determined not to yield till I have fired my pistol as often as I can."

"Pistol!" exclaimed Lussac; "but do you not know that it is forbidden to carry arms?"

"Forbidden, do you say?" continued Mallaquet, assuming an air of great courage; "there are resolute fellows, however, who do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at—such prohibitions."

This conversation was interrupted by the trot of a horse; the rider was a postillion, who told our travellers that they had gone astray, and that they had, at least, a walk of two hours to the nearest posting-station. Both, more alarmed than ever, sought relief in furious onsets.

Presently a carriage passed; Mallaquet and Lussac rushed towards it. Lussac wanted to get up behind, but the coachman struck him so fiercely with his whip, that he was forced to let go his hold. Behold our travellers, then, dragging their weary limbs anew along the highroad.

A light gleamed in the distance. Our travellers, drowned in perspiration and crushed by fatigue, marched towards the spot where the light was shining. It was a village; everybody had gone to bed; but they at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mishap! All the rooms were occupied; but the landlord, yielding after awhile to their passionate requests, gave them the room which he had reserved for himself. Hungry and weary, however, the two companions felt the irresistible need for some food. The delay caused by the repast was marked by an absolute silence; and in nearly the same silence Mallaquet and Lussac prepared with their exhausted frames to taste the sweets of repose.

"The moment I am in bed," thought Mallaquet, "I shall pretend to be asleep. I shall even snore with tolerable emphasis if needful; but I shall keep myself alert for whatever may occur."

As for M. Lussac, after having slipped his portfolio under his pillow, wished his companion good night, and blown out the candle, he placed himself as easily in the bed as he could, but kept his eyes fixed in the darkness on the corner of the room where the brigand was.

Two hours passed away, marked by the most complete immobility on both sides. The first feeble light of dawn was beginning to peep through, when M. Lussac perceived his neighbor rising with precaution, and approaching his own bed on tip-toe. Mallaquet then stooped down over M. Lussac's face. M. Lussac's heart beat like a steam-engine. Fortunately, however, he had his knife opened and ready under the bed-clothes. He asked himself whether he ought not to be beforehand with the assassin. But a little cowardice, and the excess of his emotion, forced him to wait, without stirring, the development of events. M. Mallaquet again gathered some assurance from the air of tranquility which he, who deemed himself a victim, simulated. He went back to bed with contented heart. And the result was, that neither of the travellers having slept, but neither of them also having suffered any greater harm than a good fright, they set out in the course of the morning arm-in-arm for Rouen, became intimate friends, and ended by forming a commercial partnership. The house Mallaquet and Company still prospers at Paris, and each of the partners amuses himself with telling the singular circumstances which led to their business relations. It is never, however, without emotion that M. Mallaquet hears M. Lussac speaking of the moment when the knife was kept ready under the bed-clothes for a fatal stab.

A CASE OF CURIOSITY.—Some people have very inquiring minds; but few, we think, carry their curiosity so far as the fellow who rang the bell of a fashionable residence the other day, and when the servant girl made her appearance, politely inquired, "What are you going to have for dinner to-day?" The girl, thinking the man was one of their tradesmen, and had made the inquiry in a business capacity, innocently replied, "Mutton, sir." "Mutton—with sauce?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, well? I was passing by, and thought I would inquire. Good-morning." The servant was indignant when she came to comprehend the man's motive, but he was too far up the street to hear her angry denunciation.

BILGE WATER.—The mariners at sea count it the sweetest perfume when the water in the keel of their ship doth stink. For hence they conclude that there is but little, and long since leaked in; but it is woful with them when the water is felt before it is smelt, as fresh flowing in upon them in abundance. It is the best savor in a Christian soul when his sins are loathsome and offensive unto him. A happy token that there hath not been of late in him any insensible supply of heinous offences, because his stale sins are still his daily sorrow.

At Saxe's lecture, in Cohoes, the other evening, a prize was offered by the managers to the gentleman who would bring the largest number of ladies. An individual named William Moore received the reward, having brought forty-eight fair damsels to the lecture.

IRISH EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—Some of the English papers are quite sore and frightened at the wholesale way in which the Irish are leaving for our shores. The London Times, however, takes a sensible view of the matter. This is what it says on the subject:—"Some years ago a West India-man had discharged her cargo in one of our docks at home. The ship was plagued by rats as never ship had been plagued. Their devastations, their noise, their odor, their destructions, had been beyond mortal endurance, but there was no remedy. The captain, who was still on board, was waked at midnight by his mate, and asked to step on deck as quietly as he could. A fruit ship had arrived in the course of the day from the Mediterranean, and on coming alongside had passed a hawser to the West India-man. 'Look there!' whispered the mate, pointing to the rope, which in the darkness seemed to be moving slowly toward the fruit ship. It was alive with rats, which in a continuous stream were migrating from the empty ship to the stranger, whose fragrance told the tale of its delicious freight. Before sunrise there was not a rat left on board the West India-man. How it fared with the stranger it is needless to say. That is the very spectacle we are now witnessing on a world-wide scale. The hawser is across the Atlantic, and in one incessant, endless train, hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens are passing to a richer continent. Its fragrance comes in letters full of good tidings, and containing often the substantial earnest of golden promises in the shape of notes or orders for pleasant round sums. Could we take the same view of human affairs that the skipper and the mate did of their little world, we should tread softly, and think the less said the better. But we cannot, quite do that. It is part of our crew that is leaving us in this strange multitudinous fashion. They are passing generally to another allegiance, to other laws, to other institutions, to rival interests, to a jealous policy, and, as they think, to assist in founding an empire far above even our heads. But, as they are consulting their own material interests, and certainly sparing us some trouble, they are welcome to go where they please, and to marry a better sort than that from which they have been divorced. We are disposed to take a philosophical view of the movement, and are glad to find that for once we may be both scientific and kind. The man who suddenly re-appears in an Irish cabin with his pockets full of notes and gold, distributing handsome presents, sleek, comely and well dressed, asking the girl of his early choice to share his new home, is a vision that conquers all our sentimental scruples, as it appears he has once the remaining patriotism of Ireland. Every such man is a Columbus in Connaught. There is no resisting him. The odds are tremendous against Queen Victoria and temperance day, the Established Church and potatoes, the Union Workhouse and yellow meal—even supposing we can always answer for our side of the comparison."

TREATMENT OF WOUNDS IN HORSES.—A correspondent recommends the following remedy for the healing of wounds upon horses:—"Saltpetre should be dissolved in warm water, in such proportions as to be moderately strong to the taste, and blue stone added until the solution is slightly tinged. This, and nothing else, is to be used as a wash, two or three times a day. It purifies the wound, destroys the proud flesh, produces granulations immediately, and heals the wounds in a surprising short time. I have had a horse badly kicked, and otherwise hurt, in mid-winter and midsummer, and their cure was equally rapid, and afterwards no scar was visible. The wound requires no covering—flies will not approach it, and dressing it with a mop of rags tied to a stick is a very little trouble. Wounds do not require to be sewed up under this treatment; at least I never saw any advantage from it, as the stitches have uniformly torn out."

THE CROW A PINE PLANTER.—J. Thomson, of Leeds, says, in the Gardener's Chronicle, that "in one of the pine-clad straits of the Highlands of Scotland I have frequently seen great numbers of crows pass over my head, carrying in their bills to a neighboring hill something resembling a potato. I first thought that they did actually carry potatoes there for convenience of eating them, but on a closer observation I saw them dig a hole in the ground with their beaks, and then deposit what appeared to be a potato, but which, on examination, proved to be cones from fir-trees. For what purpose they planted them there I am unable to say, but the result was that in a few years young firs began to spring up in all directions. A beginning thus being made, the hill was planted and enclosed, and is now covered with a beautiful and thriving plantation of firs."

MANLY WOMEN.—We are told that fashion abroad, is compelling the women to put on the appearance of men to such an extent, that it will be difficult, by-and-by, to distinguish your sister, in the street, from your brother, or your mere from your papa. It is the mode now in Paris, for ladies to wear high-topped boots and artificial moustaches, to smoke cigars, and carry a cane!

They have a "home for destitute dogs" in London.

### On the Death of a Favorite Cat.

She died when earth was fair beyond all price. When hearts were warm as her own coat of silk;

When people's houses seemed the homes of mice And when life's cup, for her, o'erflowed with milk.

Rear'd tenderly, she spent her few brief years, Like cats in Egypt—sated, free from fears— Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's had a peaceful time; A fiddle, a fiddle-string; but to her prime She hath arrived with an unruffled brow; Shielded as if she had but one sweet life Instead of nine—kept from all care and strife— Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's now a cat with wings; Perhaps a dweller in the Milky Way; Purring with joy amid all purring things; No longer blinded with the light of day; Where boys are not, nor stones, nor tears, nor sighs— All dogs forever banished from her eyes— Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! her memory is the shrine Of pleasant thoughts, pure as a kitten's dream; Calm as her own washed face at day's decline; Soft as the scent of catnip—rich as cream. Then lay her under ground all snug and nice, For, like the "Puss in Boots," she'll catch no mice— Weep not for her!

### The Monster Organ.

[The Washington Star contains the following amusing account of the great organ, over—or rather under—which our Boston friends have been glorifying of late.]

Boston has been greatly excited lately over the inauguration at the Music Hall, in that city, of the largest organ in the world, built expressly for "the hub" by Welcher of Wurttemberg.

The pressure of war news has prevented us heretofore from noticing the Organ of organs in appropriate terms, but we now propose to give the readers of the Star some idea of the powers of the "GREAT INSTRUMENT." We make up our account from the Boston papers and magazines, taking the precaution, of course, to prune down their garbled and doubtful high-colored statements to the bounds of credibility.

This monster organ, then, is equal in power to a choir of six thousand throats. Its longest windpipes are 235 feet in length (requiring the erection of a tower for their special accommodation,) and a full-sized man can crawl readily through its finest tubes. Eight hundred and ninety-five stops produce the various changes and combinations of which its immense orchestra is capable. Like all instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals or hand keyboards, and two pedals or foot keyboards, command those several systems—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ, and the great organ, and the piano and forte pedal organ.

Dr. Holmes (O. W.) says it was at first proposed to move the sixty-five pairs of bellows, designed to fill the monster instrument, by water-power derived from the Cohobate reservoirs, but it has been found more convenient to substitute two nine-horse power self-regulating Ericsson engines as motive power. Dr. Holmes states that these engines keep an even stroke and work admirably. He adds that no description will do justice to this stupendous instrument.

It requires six able-bodied organists to manipulate this immense musical machine, and those engaged at the inauguration at the Boston Music Hall, were J. K. Paine, organist of West Church Boston; Eugene Thayer, of Worcester; B. J. Lang, of the Old South Church; Dr. Tuckerman, of St. Paul's Church; J. H. Wilcox, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; and G. W. Morgan, of Grace Church, New York. They were selected with reference to avoidupois as well as musical qualifications, their weight ranging as follows:—

Paine	180 pounds.
Thayer	220 "
Lang	175 "
Tuckerman	213 "
Wilcox	192 "
Morgan	245 "
Total	1,225 "

When in the grand crescendo passages, these six organists rose simultaneously from their seats, and receding a couple of paces, rushed forward in line, throwing their collective weight of over two hundred pounds upon the pedal, the musical explosion—for by no other name can it be designated—was terribly grand.

Through inadvertence, the roof trap-doors of the Music Hall had not been raised, and the first effect of this great detonation of sound was to lift the heavy tin roof from the wall-sockets some fifteen feet into the air, holding it suspended there until the immense volume of sound had forced a passage beneath it.

It is proposed to avert similar accidents by placing an immense sound-escape chimney over the Music Hall, after the style of the draught chimney to a furnace, but Dr. Holmes who has given much attention to acoustics, suggests—perhaps not altogether seriously—that the condensed sound thus vented may fall upon the city in solid chunks, doing great damage.

Outside the building the effects were quite

as remarkable. It was noticed that the spires of the different churches in the city vibrated over an arc of several degrees, the weather-vanes upon them dipping and oscillating in the most singular manner, from the same cause. The walls of houses throughout the city were sensibly shaken, furniture displaced, &c., caused many timid persons to rush to the street, thinking it an earthquake.

In the towns immediately adjoining Boston, the concussion also was supposed to be an earthquake. At Newburyport it was thought that the sound indicated a heavy naval engagement off Boston harbor. At Salem a jarring concussion and report was experienced resembling in sound a heavy burden train passing over a trestle-work bridge. At Jamaica Plains it was thought to proceed from a thunder-storm in the direction of Boston, and, curiously enough, the barometer fell several degrees at that point; and the same fact was noticed at Natick, Lynn, and as far distant as Taunton.

The water receded from Boston harbor in a wave of considerable magnitude, and in its retrograde and return, swamped, stranded, and keeled over several vessels, doing no little damage to the commercial interest.

Gold fish in globes, and fish of all kinds in aquariums, were instantly killed; and what, for a time, was unexplainable was the fact that they sank immediately, until it was ascertained by Dr. Holmes that their bladders had been burst by the concussion, when, of course, being minus their floating-apparatus, they went down like lead. Dr. Holmes states also the remarkable fact that numerous dead bodies of drowned persons were brought to the surface in the harbor and in Charles River by the same concussion. A singular effect was produced by the pulsation of sound from the crescendo detonation passing along the telegraph lines from Boston in various directions, and which travelled a distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles over wires, or until considerable bodies of running water were encountered, over which, from some unexplainable cause in acoustics, the eolian tone—would be described as a wild, uncanny wail—in no instance pass. Dr. Holmes humorously notes that the same fact is recorded of witelices—i. e., that they cannot pass over streams of running water! Another curious feature of this phenomenon was the fact that the musical tones swelled and contracted in regular crescendos and diminuendos at equal intervals along the wires. Thus at Worcester, which is forty-five miles from Boston, the sound was barely perceptible, while at Springfield, just double the distance, the tone approached to a shriek in volume.

Dr. Holmes thus explains this interesting fact. It is well known among musicians that the vibrations upon the strings of a violin, harp, or any stringed instrument, do not take the shape of a single pulsation with its maximum expansion at the centre of the string; but are divided along the string, its numerous smaller pulsations or crescendos crossing each other at regular diminishing intervals, at which latter points the string is nearly or quite motionless. The knowledge of this curious law of vibration readily affords a solution, says Dr. Holmes, to the mystery of the telegraphic crescendo freaks noticed.

Dr. Holmes, who, in company with Mayor Lincoln, a delegation of the Boston City Councils, and a body of leading savans of the Harvard persuasion, made an interesting pedestrian tour through some eight or ten miles of the main pipes of the monster organ before it was set up, has written a graphic description of the trip, and of the organ as a whole. The party found no difficulty in walking quite erect through at least six miles of the major pipes, and got through the smaller Eolian tubes quite comfortably on their hands and knees. His description of the great instrument has appeared in book form under the *apropos* title of "Soundings from the Atlantic."

A little boy of three summers had gone to bed with his parents, tired, cross, and crying, from romps of the day, and on into the night kept up his peevishness, until the father was satisfied that the difficulty had degenerated into sheer ill nature. Having exhausted moral suasion, he gave the youngster a thorough "slapping." The little fellow lay sobbing a few moments, and then turning and throwing his arm about his father's neck, he said, in a new found tone of cheerfulness, "Pa, you do know what's good for me, don't you?"

FEMALE BRAKEMAN.—A Mlle Micois has invented a new railway brake, which completely satisfies the Continental engineers, as it brings up a train at a speed of forty miles, within four hundred and fifty metres. It appears that the principle is lifting the wheel a trifle off the rail. No doubt it will find its way to England, where the directors of railways are proverbially so careful of the lives of their passengers.

FEELING FOR THE POOR.—On going home last night, we came across a young man standing well braced against a lamp-post so-loliquizing thus:—"What will the poor (hie) do this hard (hie) winter? Gin is (hie) ten cents a (hie) glass, and brandy (hie) fifteen cents a glass! Lord (hie) help the poor (hie)!"

Napoleon says that "bayonets think." Yes, and few thinkers have so much keenness, point, and penetration as they.

BRANDY STATION, VA.,  
Dec. 31st, 1863.

DEAR EDITOR:—  
"Man proposes;  
God disposes."

Many days before this I had proposed to myself to send to you the particulars of the advance over the Rapidan, and, in fact had filled two sheets in commencement of a letter, when illness came in the way to its completion, and until now has not permitted a continuance. Fearful then lest I may be tedious upon a subject now so old I will only append a short summary of the aforesaid events. The advance was made in several columns, it being carefully guarded against, lest any column should outstrip the other. Gregg's cavalry division constituted the extreme left column which crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, at noon on Nov. 26th. Taking a south-east course straight out from the river toward the rear of Fredericksburgh and Spottsylvania C. H., we bivouacked that night some 13 miles from the Rapidan. The next morning continuing the same course for some hours, we then turned sharp to the right and shortly after noon reached the Fredericksburgh and Orange C. H. plank road, which we had crossed the preceding night before dark, only four miles below. Here we found the 6th Corps in column awaiting us to take the advance. Our whole column wheeled into the road in front of them and moved on slowly. The road was straight and broad. The cavalry formed in broad platoons filling the whole road as far as the eye could reach. It was a bonny sight. Advancing about 4 miles to a church called New Hope, the enemy was at length found, as was proclaimed by some smart firing at the front. The column halted in the road to await conclusions. The noise of the fighting swayed hither and thither, now forward, now backward. There seemed to be an open field in front. Ever and again would come to our ears the well-known scream, which the rebels use in action, as their skirmishers pressed back by ours, rallied with their reserve. Aid-de-camps momentarily dashed down the column or orderlies with written orders in their hand. Occasionally the skirmishing party at the front would be strengthened by a squadron from some regiment in the column. The firing had died away, and the column was once more in motion, when suddenly came to our ears the report of cannon, then immediately the whistle of a shell and its bursting in the woods 50 yards to the right. The column again halted and the right section went off at a smart trot. In a few moments we heard the sharp, piercing crash peculiar to their calibre and rifling, and in expectancy we awaited events. Shortly the whole column moved up and we entered upon a large open space which had been the scene of fighting only 30 minutes before. Even the fire was still smoking in the middle of the road where had been the post of the rebel picket which had just been driven in.

On the further side the field close up against the woods and on a little knoll, were our other two guns in battery and firing over the trees at the rebel artillery beyond. Gen. Gregg's aid riding up for another section, off we went without the cannon, pell-mell along the road into the woods, our support following close behind. Arrived at a little knoll in the road where the trees were somewhat less thick, we went into action, receiving orders to fire to the left of the road. Right before us again about a dozen rods, rose another little hillock and beyond that stretched the road in a straight line for nearly a mile, when it disappeared from view, taking a short bend either to the left or right. Just beyond the second hillock an open field stretched far away to the left. From the further extremity of this field their artillery opened upon our two pieces hardly before we could get loaded. All around and about us they dropped their shell which exploding threw the ground and iron about our ears in a manner unpleasantly suggestive. Most of their shells struck about a rod in front of the pieces, exploding almost at the instant of striking. To this storm we replied as fast as possible, aiming at the smoke of their guns. Continuing thus for sometime the left section was brought up and went into action on the right. This was altogether too hot for the rebels, and they soon withdrew their artillery. All this while brisk skirmishing was going on about quarter of a mile in front of the guns, and where I stood in the middle of the road could be seen either skirmish line as they swayed backwards or forwards, and the blue wreath of smoke as they puffed from the shining barrels. As far as I could see down the line of the road a rebel on a grey horse was constantly riding backwards and forwards across it.

Limbering to the front we quickly gained the second knoll and went into battery again distributing our shell with strict impartiality along the whole length of the rebel line. Our skirmishers gained ground. At length the rebels bring forward two pieces almost in the same place as before. Knowing the exact distance from having previously gone over it they made beautiful shots. They stirred the dirt under our very noses, which vexed us the more that they did not seem to mind our practice in the least. The rebels grew bolder and pressed our men harder. Prisoners are brought by the pieces, and we open our eyes when we see the knapsacks and bayonet sheaths. *We were fighting infantry!* The cavalry who are dismounted skirmishing in front, bravely stand to their duty till they are pushed back from failure of ammunition.

After night fall on Dec. 1st, the army commenced to retreat, pouring down the broad road in one mighty stream, that made a roar on the heavy planks like the flow of a torrent. Even before the head of the column reached our post, I could hear it as the dash of a mighty waterfall. At daylight we fell into the extreme rear of the column, and at noon we were safely across the Rapidan, no pursuit being attempted.

Dec. 12th, we were relieved from further duty with the cavalry by a battery of the 2d Brig. H. A., and we returned once more to reserve. We now are situated about 2 miles from Brandy Station, and between that and the Rappahannock. As yet we have been treated to only three inspections, quite moderate in way to the manner in which they dozed us at Culpepper in the middle of the summer. The fellows have all completed their shanties, and spacious habitations many of them are I can assure you. They were built at cost of much and hard labor, for the wood was distant and of oak. Your correspondent rejoiced with four others in the possession of a magnificent mansion, 11 feet by 9, and 7 feet in altitude. According to the custom of soldiers we have named this spacious palace, "Hotel Egalite." To be erudite and stylish, and at the same time to be republican. The edifice proper has been completed a fortnight, but the fireplace and chimney were not sufficiently tutored to their duty until a day or two ago, for the smoke like that in Mrs. Bouncer's attic would come down. We take a deal of comfort in more ways than one. I hope to send you scribbles of a better quality in future, as I expect nothing less than inspiration from these walls which must get classical in the course of three weeks. All the boys are well.

HOPKINS.  
Goon Girls.—Some kind little milliners have, out of their scant earnings, subscribed, we observe, in aid of the victims at Warsaw. This is indeed a pretty illustration of the Needle being true to the Pole.

While we distribute a few rounds of case shot among the rebel "doughboys" to keep them quiet, two more regiments came up and deploy coolly and steadily to relieve our tired fellows on the skirmish line. They push the rebels back until their artillery transfer their fire from us to the advancing line. Just at this moment our ammunition fails, and regretfully we limber up, yet stand waiting the coming of another section. Our fellows losing their artillery support, are again pushed back a little, while the rebel artillery again pays its devoirs to us. How the shells did rattle around us, tearing the ground up all about. I looked back on the road and my eye caught a joyful sight. The road was alive with bayonets. The 6th Corps had come up and were deploying into line of battle. We were relieved by an Ohio battery of light 12 pounders, and went to the rear. The rebels still kept up a furious cannonading. Although we had been under their fire two hours, not a man or horse was hurt, but scarcely had our relief got into position before five men were hurried to their last account by the explosion of one shell. Was it Providence or was it chance?

We did not stop in our rearward progress until we reached the place where in the morning we had struck the plank road. Here there were some houses and what had once been a store. The vicinity was called Parker's Store. We halted there for the night just as the 1st Corps was passing on their way to the front. That night we were disturbed by the guerrillas thrice. The succeeding day we proceeded 4 miles further to the rear to the vicinity of Wilderness Tavern. On the 25th, the two regiments, which were left behind at the store to keep the communication open, were surprised by rebel cavalry and rather roughly handled. One of Buford's brigades relieving us at the tavern, we returned to the store next day, where we remained until the falling back, which commenced on the night of the 1st of Dec. As we rode across the street in front of the store my eye fell upon dead bodies lying on the floor, and some undelivered feeling prompted me to look upon them. There they lay, poor fellows, one of them was shot through the head. 'Twas not a fascinating sight those still frozen forms. "Killed in a cavalry dash," yet who shall know how many hearts in northern homes mourned for them, none the less fondly and none the less despairingly, that on their shoulders shone not the gold lace of military rank. Some sad life cherishes itself in bitter repining no less for him, who lies there having lost his life in a simple cavalry foray, which neither fame or the papers will fix in remembrance, than for others more numerous, who have fallen in the battles of this war. Folks shudder when they read the summaries of great engagements, and pass lightly over the item in their daily paper of "killed—wounded, in such, or such a cavalry skirmish." It does not affect them, but oh! the world of sadness it must bear to some. It does not come home to the mass of the people because they can not experience that great shiver of terror which comes to them from the great southern battlefields.

Death is none the less hideous thus, alone, stiff and frozen in an empty barn, than among thousands others on some lonely contested field. Let not then the sympathies of those at home be alone for the dead patriots on the battle fields, but let them once at least call to mind the lonely killed.

After night fall on Dec. 1st, the army commenced to retreat, pouring down the broad road in one mighty stream, that made a roar on the heavy planks like the flow of a torrent. Even before the head of the column reached our post, I could hear it as the dash of a mighty waterfall. At daylight we fell into the extreme rear of the column, and at noon we were safely across the Rapidan, no pursuit being attempted.

Dec. 12th, we were relieved from further duty with the cavalry by a battery of the 2d Brig. H. A., and we returned once more to reserve. We now are situated about 2 miles from Brandy Station, and between that and the Rappahannock. As yet we have been treated to only three inspections, quite moderate in way to the manner in which they dozed us at Culpepper in the middle of the summer. The fellows have all completed their shanties, and spacious habitations many of them are I can assure you. They were built at cost of much and hard labor, for the wood was distant and of oak. Your correspondent rejoiced with four others in the possession of a magnificent mansion, 11 feet by 9, and 7 feet in altitude. According to the custom of soldiers we have named this spacious palace, "Hotel Egalite." To be erudite and stylish, and at the same time to be republican. The edifice proper has been completed a fortnight, but the fireplace and chimney were not sufficiently tutored to their duty until a day or two ago, for the smoke like that in Mrs. Bouncer's attic would come down. We take a deal of comfort in more ways than one. I hope to send you scribbles of a better quality in future, as I expect nothing less than inspiration from these walls which must get classical in the course of three weeks. All the boys are well.

HOPKINS.  
Goon Girls.—Some kind little milliners have, out of their scant earnings, subscribed, we observe, in aid of the victims at Warsaw. This is indeed a pretty illustration of the Needle being true to the Pole.



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square one month, 5.00  
One square six months, 25.00  
One square one year, 40.00  
Half a square one month, 3.00  
Half a square six months, 15.00  
Half a square one year, 25.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements, by special arrangement.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Readers, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—J. M. MANSFIELD.  
Stoughton—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Winchester—J. M. MANSFIELD.  
Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PITTSFORD & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), 30 Wall Street, New York, are the agents for the Journal in the towns that surround Woburn, and all in the vicinity of the Journal, and are empowered to take advertisements for the Journal, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The Journal, circulated largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all in the vicinity of the Journal, and are empowered to take advertisements for the Journal, at the rates required by us.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MMR. DEMOREST'S QUARTERLY MIRROR of FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance.

Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$5.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country.

The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

## Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission.

It is with pleasure we publish the first report made by the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission. It will be seen that the amount of good done by the Commission has been very large, and reflects much credit upon their perseverance and industry. We wish to call especial attention to the paragraph in the report commencing, "In this as in other places, the work is done by the few." Here we find in a concise form a true statement of the case. "The work is done by the few," not the many, who stand aloof and satisfy their consciences by applying the "flattering unctious," that there are enough others to do all that is to be done. Not so; there is work for all to do, and if all do not help to do it, it will not be done, and our brave and patient soldiers will suffer in consequence. Every man, woman, and child, too, for we know of a little girl of only six years, who made two soldiers' shirts without any assistance, can find something to do that will help the noble cause along. It is to be hoped that every one will ponder upon this matter for a moment, and conclude to do more than ever before to comfort the defenders of our homes and liberties; so that when another report is made the figures will be very much larger than those in the one to which we now beg to call the close attention of our readers.

The Executive Committee of the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission would present a brief statement of its receipts and expenditures for the past year. The experiment of uniting the different societies in town as a Branch Commission, at its commencement, was regarded by some of our friends as hardly practicable;—as we have advanced, obstacles have been removed, doubts have vanished, and we can now, without boasting, pronounce our year's work a success. Grateful are we to our citizens whose liberality has afforded us the privilege of ministering to the necessities of those who are laboring and suffering for all alike. While the attention of the Commission has been mainly directed to the invalids in hospitals, the wants of our soldiers in camp have not been forgotten, as the report of the secretary of the Donation Committee will testify.

It will be recollected that the first contribution to the Commission was furnished from the proceeds of a series of Entertainments in Jan. 1863. After paying for use of the Hall, and defraying incidental expenses a balance remained of \$663.18.

Subscription in July 615.50

Ref. of Chairman Flag Com. 25.00

Collection in Baptist Society 27.75

" Cong. " 35.88

" Unitarian " 30.00

Sundries 7.81

Interest on note 2.98

1498.10

EXPENDED.

For material 1184.17

Presented to San. Com. 100.00

Incidental expenses 9.60

1293.77

Balance Jan. 1, 1864. \$114.33

From material purchased by the Com. have been made 143 flannel shirts, 114 cotton shirts, 62 flannel drawers, 398 cotton drawers, 149 dressing gowns, 91 sheets, 240 pairs of

ton socks, 73 pairs woolen socks, 81 towels, 3 caps, 1 quilt. From material donated, 104 pairs hospital slippers, 1 pair mittens, 67 quilts, 10 of which were album, 36 sheets, 49 cotton shirts, 104 towels, 15 pillows, 6 pillow-cases, 10 pairs socks, 3 doz. handkerchiefs, 3 pairs linen pants, 1 bed-sack, 3 barrel bandages, 3 barrel lint, quantity dried apple, packages of compresses and old linen.

At the first glance it may be surprising that a larger number of articles has not been furnished from the amount expended, but it must be recollected that owing to the great advance on the material, \$1200 in 1863 would hardly purchase as much as \$400 in 1864. Although every facility has been afforded the Com. by our townsmen for purchasing at the lowest wholesale prices, yet the number of garments has decreased in an exact ratio to the advance on the cost of the goods. We have at all times been able to furnish employment to all applicants;—would that the number could be largely increased.

In this, as in other places, the work is done by the few. An exciting emergency, like a great battle, will be sure to stimulate a large number of workers; but these spasmodic efforts do not wear, they die out with the occasion which called them forth: they will not avail to supply the constant demand which is being made on the Com. Let every loyal woman—not trust there is no one among us who does not merit the appellation—ask herself, if she is doing all in her power, by word and deed, to comfort and sustain those who have gone forth to defend our country in its hour of peril. Let her not shuffle off her personal responsibility by imagining that her share of the work will be done somehow, by somebody;—this excuse will never furnish comforts for the sick, or garments for the convalescent. The inquiry often arises, (How long are we to continue thus to work? We are volunteers, not for three months, neither for three years, but "until the last battle is ended, yes, longer than that even until the last sufferer is restored to health, or comforted in his dying hours as far as human aid can help him.")

Ere we close we would tender our grateful acknowledgements to the proprietors and employees of W. B. Express for their efficient service in gratuitously transmitting packages for the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission.

One word to our friends. The balance on hand at the commencement of the present year will furnish us work for one month. Shall we go on?—Justice to the past will not allow us to despond for the future.

Respectfully submitted by the Executive Committee.

Woburn Jan. 14, 1864.

The following report of contributions made through the Donation Committee, appointed Oct. 14th, 1861, is respectfully submitted by the Secretary:

Articles furnished the Army and Hospitals from Donations—60 blankets, 70 quilts and comforters, 63 pillows, 109 linen and cotton pillow-cases, 297 sheets, 642 rolls bandages; barrels of old and new linen and cotton cloth, muslin, linen and cotton for bandages and lint; 2 rolls of flannel, 2 feather cushions; 36 linen and cotton pocket handkerchiefs, 611 towels and napkins, 1 shawl, 1 pair pants, 2 vests, several dozen soldiers' caps; 618 linen, cotton, flannel and merino shirts; 95 pairs woolen, cotton and merino drawers; 465 pairs socks, 121 pairs mittens, 9 dressing gowns, 17 pairs slippers, 1 pair shoes, 2 pairs gloves; quantity of sponge, oil and silk; 1 doz. court plaster, quantities of castile and scented soap, packages of pins; packages of stationery, pens, pencils and penholders; quantities of buckles, buttons, needles, thread and yarn; 1 chess-board, 1 box dominoes, 10 books, 140 papers (frina, corn starch, maize, cocoa, brown and chocolate; 4 boxes sugar, corn starch, chocolate and Irish moss; 2 boxes arrowroot, 2 boxes dried currants, 3 boxes mustard, 1 box figs, 1 box ginger snaps, 35 lbs raisins, quantity of tapioca, dried apple, 54 lbs. tea, 9 balls boiled flour, lot nutmegs, 27 lbs. white sugar, 4 bbl. crack-crack, 1 tub butter, 25 jars jelly and preserves, 1 jar tomatoes, 27 doz. eggs, 8 bottles wine, 1 bottle olive oil, 7 bottles lemon, barberry and kumquat syrup; 5 bottles tamarinds, quantity oranges and lemons, quantities of Harper's, Putnam's and other magazines, papers and tracts.

From the Town Appropriation—63 flannel shirts, 53 pairs mittens, 15 pairs socks, 60 towels, 10 handkerchiefs.

Donations to the Contrabands from June 4th, 1862—70 hats and caps, 83 coats, 112 pairs pants, 102 vests, 37 shirts, 4 pairs stockings, 2 cravats, 1 pair overalls, 30 jackets, 3 pairs drawers, 1 pair gaiters, 15 pairs shoes, 3 boy's suits, 2 girl's suits, barrel containing 116 articles of women and children's clothing; 75 dresses, 45 bonnets and hats, 9 bangles, 8 shirts, 6 aprons, 18 socks, 1 roll ribbon (by P. M.), 1 talaria, 1 opera, 1 scarf, 2 pairs rubbers, 4 handkerchiefs, 2 pairs sheets, 2 pairs pillow cases, 800 books, quantity of papers and tracts.

WANTED.—We are in want of copies of the Middlesex Journal for Oct. 17th, and Jan. 2d and 9th. Any one who has either or all of these issues, will confer a great favor by sending them to our office; and we will gladly pay all necessary charges.

LYNCH AND FAIR.—The Baptist Society of Winchester, hold a Levee and Fair at Lyceum Hall, in that place, on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week. The proceeds are to go toward furnishing their new place of worship. For particulars see advertisement in another column.

PATENT.—Hon. Stephen M. Allen, of this town, has received a patent for improvement in treating flax, &c., to produce a short fibre for spinning.

WE have a large quantity of coffee-powder on hand, which will find a place in our columns at the earliest possible moment.

CAMILLA URSO'S CONCERT.—Very seldom is Woburn favored with good music, yet those whose tastes led them to Lyceum Hall, on Saturday evening last, were entertained with right good music by artist's of rare ability. For this town it was a decidedly successful concert, for a goodly house, and enthusiastic, greeted the performers. The programme was most excellent, well executed, and received with frequent applause.

Without reflecting on the performances of Mrs. Cary, who was in fine voice and sung admirably, and Mr. Hamann, who played with his usual fine skill and nice perception, I can but devote a few lines to the playing of Mdle. Urso. To those who had previously seen and heard her, her entrance was an index to rare joy and delightful music, to those who then made her acquaintance for the first time she was, at least, a novelty, and therefore welcome.

The incomparable skill and manner with which she handled her instrument, the grace of her movements, her gentle and sweet face—which seems the mirror of the music within her soul—all contributed to make her performances full of interest and provocative of applause. During the evening she was repeatedly cheered and once responded by a beautiful selection. Had she been a magician and were her bow an enchanted wand, they will not avail to supply the constant demand which is being made on the Com. Let every loyal woman—not trust there is no one among us who does not merit the appellation—ask herself, if she is doing all in her power, by word and deed, to comfort and sustain those who have gone forth to defend our country in its hour of peril. Let her not shuffle off her personal responsibility by imagining that her share of the work will be done somehow, by somebody;—this excuse will never furnish comforts for the sick, or garments for the convalescent. The inquiry often arises, (How long are we to continue thus to work? We are volunteers, not for three months, neither for three years, but "until the last battle is ended, yes, longer than that even until the last sufferer is restored to health, or comforted in his dying hours as far as human aid can help him.")

Ere we close we would tender our grateful acknowledgements to the proprietors and employees of W. B. Express for their efficient service in gratuitously transmitting packages for the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission.

One word to our friends. The balance on hand at the commencement of the present year will furnish us work for one month. Shall we go on?—Justice to the past will not allow us to despond for the future.

Respectfully submitted by the Executive Committee.

Woburn Jan. 14, 1864.

The following report of contributions made through the Donation Committee, appointed Oct. 14th, 1861, is respectfully submitted by the Secretary:

Articles furnished the Army and Hospitals from Donations—60 blankets, 70 quilts and comforters, 63 pillows, 109 linen and cotton pillow-cases, 297 sheets, 642 rolls bandages; barrels of old and new linen and cotton cloth, muslin, linen and cotton for bandages and lint; 2 rolls of flannel, 2 feather cushions; 36 linen and cotton pocket handkerchiefs, 611 towels and napkins, 1 shawl, 1 pair pants, 2 vests, several dozen soldiers' caps; 618 linen, cotton, flannel and merino shirts; 95 pairs woolen, cotton and merino drawers; 465 pairs socks, 121 pairs mittens, 9 dressing gowns, 17 pairs slippers, 1 pair shoes, 2 pairs gloves; quantity of sponge, oil and silk; 1 doz. court plaster, quantities of castile and scented soap, packages of pins; packages of stationery, pens, pencils and penholders; quantities of buckles, buttons, needles, thread and yarn; 1 chess-board, 1 box dominoes, 10 books, 140 papers (frina, corn starch, maize, cocoa, brown and chocolate; 4 boxes sugar, corn starch, chocolate and Irish moss; 2 boxes arrowroot, 2 boxes dried currants, 3 boxes mustard, 1 box figs, 1 box ginger snaps, 35 lbs raisins, quantity of tapioca, dried apple, 54 lbs. tea, 9 balls boiled flour, lot nutmegs, 27 lbs. white sugar, 4 bbl. crack-crack, 1 tub butter, 25 jars jelly and preserves, 1 jar tomatoes, 27 doz. eggs, 8 bottles wine, 1 bottle olive oil, 7 bottles lemon, barberry and kumquat syrup; 5 bottles tamarinds, quantity oranges and lemons, quantities of Harper's, Putnam's and other magazines, papers and tracts.

From the Town Appropriation—63 flannel shirts, 53 pairs mittens, 15 pairs socks, 60 towels, 10 handkerchiefs.

Donations to the Contrabands from June 4th, 1862—70 hats and caps, 83 coats, 112 pairs pants, 102 vests, 37 shirts, 4 pairs stockings, 2 cravats, 1 pair overalls, 30 jackets, 3 pairs drawers, 1 pair gaiters, 15 pairs shoes, 3 boy's suits, 2 girl's suits, barrel containing 116 articles of women and children's clothing; 75 dresses, 45 bonnets and hats, 9 bangles, 8 shirts, 6 aprons, 18 socks, 1 roll ribbon (by P. M.), 1 talaria, 1 opera, 1 scarf, 2 pairs rubbers, 4 handkerchiefs, 2 pairs sheets, 2 pairs pillow cases, 800 books, quantity of papers and tracts.

WANTED.—We are in want of copies of the Middlesex Journal for Oct. 17th, and Jan. 2d and 9th. Any one who has either or all of these issues, will confer a great favor by sending them to our office; and we will gladly pay all necessary charges.

LYNCH AND FAIR.—The Baptist Society of Winchester, hold a Levee and Fair at Lyceum Hall, in that place, on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week. The proceeds are to go toward furnishing their new place of worship. For particulars see advertisement in another column.

PATENT.—Hon. Stephen M. Allen, of this town, has received a patent for improvement in treating flax, &c., to produce a short fibre for spinning.

WE have a large quantity of coffee-powder on hand, which will find a place in our columns at the earliest possible moment.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—The first afternoon train from Boston, on the Boston and Lowell road, when near Tufts College, in Somerville, on Saturday, met with an accident which, so far as damage to property is concerned, was rather serious, but very remarkable for the slight injury done to persons on board, who were tumbled about very unceremoniously. The cause of the accident is supposed to have been the breaking of the front axle on the baggage car, as that end suddenly dropped, and plunging into the earth and sleepers, brought the train to a sudden check. The next car in the rear plunged against this, and its body was detached and thrown from the trucks on the right side of the track. Upon these trucks came the third car, which was thrown off the track on the left side, and forced eight or ten feet up a sand bank. The furniture of one of the cars was broken badly, and the stove tossed up on the embankment, where it alighted in no correct position as to enable the passengers to warm themselves by it afterwards. The engine became detached from the baggage car when the latter first fell, and went ahead without sustaining any damage. The track was torn up in places, and the running gear of the cars sustained the most serious damage. Mr. Drew, of Lowell, had his knee severely strained, but was not aware of it until he had walked a short distance. David Nichols, Esq., also of Lowell, received some injury, not serious, it is hoped. Mr. Thynge, of Woburn, had his hand burned. Some half dozen other casualties of a similar nature occurred, but no persons were seriously or fatally injured. Those who were hurt received prompt medical and other assistance. The fact of the accident was immediately telegraphed to Boston by Conductor Locke and superintendent Winslow, and a surgeon immediately went out. The train reached Lowell some two hours behind time.

The Lowell and Nashua freight train, which left Boston at a quarter before two o'clock Tuesday morning, met with a serious accident near Mystic station in Winchester. The train consisted of twenty cars, principally laden with coal and iron, and by the breaking of a draw-rod the entire train was thrown from the track, two of the cars demolished, and the contents of some others scattered about rather promiscuously. By dint of hard labor by a large force of hands the tracks were cleared so that the first Woburn and Lowell trains effected a passage through and arrived in the city about nine o'clock, after which the cars ran with usual regularity.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last, about noon, Miss Betsy Titcomb, while passing a shaft in Chase's woolen mill, in the vicinity of Whipple's water power, became entangled in the shaft, revolving at the rate of 150 times a minute, and was carried around it. Before she could be extricated one of her arms was broken, and nearly torn off, below the elbow. The other was dislocated and broken at the elbow, and her left leg badly dislocated at the ankle, and otherwise injured.

Drs. Allen, Gage, and Burnham were called and rendered her every assistance in their power, without avail. She died from the effects of her injuries at about six o'clock last evening. The only wonder is that she could have lived thirty hours after the occurrence. She had been at work in the mill but a short time, has relatives residing at Sanborn, N. H., and her body was sent there this morning for interment.

A few minutes before the occurrence of this accident, an Irish girl employed in the mill was caught by the apron on the same shaft, but released herself by tearing the garment. She remarked at the time that some one would be injured in the shafting-room, and but a very short time elapsed before her prediction was verified.—Lowell Citizen.

[Miss Titcomb was a sister of Mrs. E. W. Nichols, of Woburn, and was a young lady of estimable character.]—Ed. JOURNAL.

MORE RE-ENLISTMENTS.—Since our last issue, the following men have re-enlisted: Orderly Sergt. John E. Tidd, Sergt. Joseph S. Wyman, and Private Charles Wyer, the two former of Co. B, and the latter of Co. F, 32d Mass. Regt.

By advertisement in another column it will be seen that Adkins' Periodical Store, is well supplied with Stationery, Periodicals, &c.; in short everything usually found in such a store.

REHEARSAL.—Next Tuesday evening, the Woburn Brass Band will give another of their popular and pleasant public rehearsals in Lyceum Hall. They will continue them on alternate Tuesday evenings, until further notice.

SWEETNER'S ICELAND MOSS CANDY AND TROCHES are for sale at the Woburn Book-store. Both these medicines are effective in curing Coughs and Colds. They are also excellent for Whooping Cough.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The box of shirts sent out in June last to Co. B, 32d Regt., has been received, and duly acknowledged.

FURLOUGH.—Private Patrick Kelley, of East Woburn, of the 48th Co., 2d Battalion, Cavalry Corps, is at home on a furlough.

The following is given as a certain remedy for fleas on dogs:—"Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set fire to him. The effect is instantaneous."

ALARMING SITUATION OF GOV. ANDREW.—In his Excellency's Address to the Legislature, speaking of the cattle disease, Gov. Andrew says:

"This supposed contagion has also been made matter of personal communication to the Executive Department by numbers of eminent farmers."

Should not the "Executive Department" and these eminent farmers be immediately opened up till the nature of the disease is better understood and the supposition of contagion verified? Who takes next? Is not this a serious matter? or is it a joke?—Walsham Press.

The enormous sum of \$500 was paid for the insertion of an advertisement on the back page of the Christmas number of a London weekly.

## Organs and Organ Music.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR—I am a constant reader of the Middlesex Journal, and always give its weekly issue a welcome greeting, seldom failing to derive benefit or pleasure from its perusal. For years, each Saturday has seen it on my table, and I have read many communications in it—right able ones, too—upon music and musical matters, but I was never more surprised than when I read "A word about Organs" by "Com." in yesterday's issue. In sooth, surprised is a very mild term to apply to my feelings on that occasion, for I can hardly conceive that a sane mind could prompt a steady hand to write the "word"—subscribed by "Com." in regard to Organs and Organ music! Really this criticism on the Organ in Music Hall is most unjust and prompted by prejudice undoubtedly, for I cannot believe it possible that a person with the love of music in his soul and the understanding of it in his brain, after hearing the tones of the Music Hall Organ, deliberately take upon himself the responsibility to write such a critique upon it and pronounce it inferior—in any respect—to the one in the 1st Cong. Church in Woburn, unless he be prejudiced strongly in favor of the latter.

Would that my eyes deceived me, for the nonce! I would, even that a "mis-print"—beg pardon, Mr. Editor, that would reflect on you I could, Sinbad-like, bear off the asseration on its shoulders!

But no! no! it is no illusion and I can not rid myself of a very strong desire that this "word" should not take root in good ground—or, in any, in fact—but by addressing you "a word about Organs" myself, whom it has pleased Heaven to grant the facilities of having the "Grand Organ" fully illustrated, both by artists and amateurs as well as an acquaintance with Organists of this city who have both touched its keys and pedals and explored its hidden mysteries, as well, they will, of course, be allowed to be judges of its merits and peerless excellence!

I shall, at least, be free from the charge of prejudice, I trust, as I am neither a member of the Music Hall Association, the Organ Committee, nor an Organist, nor am I interested, pro or con, in the Society or the Organ of the 1st Cong. Church, of which, from the tenor of his "word," I judge that "Com." is a member, and an interested one, which, in a certain degree, commendable.

Indeed, it really seems to me that there must exist a very enduring relationship between your correspondent, "Com." and the Brothers Hook and their handiwork, especially with the specimen above referred to, who seems to have heard the "Grand Organ" with obstructed ears and in "diagnostic pains and the Messrs. Hook's with an artificial acuteness and before his after dinner wine had been wiped from his lips.

Be this the case or not, I neither know nor care, but do think that the musical taste that gave birth to the "word" in discussion is sadly deficient in refinement, acuteness, and appreciation, and is not so well "balanced" or "voiced" as it should be for one attempting so much.

Much has been written, I admit, about the Organ in the Boston Music Hall—and much more will be written, by able pens than my own—but it has not yet developed itself fully,—its relationship to the lovers of Music is as the babe-in-arms, daily developing its beauties and qualities to a perfect growth and goodly youth. To-day hailed with rejoicing enthusiasm, praised—admirably—to-morrow it will be better appreciated, more fully understood—more calmly delighted in. Unbounded enthusiasm will merge into a more sober and classic joy—as esthetic yet not as emphatic. Familiarity in this case will not breed contempt or disgust—it will elevate, ennoble and intensify a purer love for and delight in classical and sacred music, as illustrated on the Organ erected by the generous and whole-souled lovers of the "Heavenly Art" of this city, in the Music Hall, which has already become the Musical Mecca of America!

An attempt to add to the full and adequate descriptions, already published, of this superb instrument would be vain and superfluous therefore I abstain. I am glad that "Com." admits, however, that "all is very well as far as the eye is concerned," had he failed to do this I should consider his senses fast failing him.

Can it be that he deems it "a whitened sepulchre" of harsh and inharmonious sounds? So it would seem for, after declaring that "the case is an exquisite piece of workmanship," he asserts that "the listeners will be disappointed" if he hears it "played without seeing it."

Alack-a-day! poor ear, how harsh a judgment is this!

It was my fortune to "hear it played" previous to its being unveiled, and I was not "disappointed"—far from it! I have heard Masses, Symphonies, Sonatas, Oratorios, Fugues, Variations, Ballads, all, and they never seemed so exquisitely beautiful, so grand, so sublime as when played on the Grand Organ. I have sat, for hours, seemingly—with closed eyes listening to its wondrous and witching tones which seemed to personify all heavenly grace and beauty. I need, and I think this the vox populi in regard to the subject—no opera glasses to enhance the unrivaled music which it produces. Sooth! I will not object to be blindfolded while I listen and admire!

I have heard, with unalloyed pleasure, the Organ in the 1st Cong. Church—have seen it tested (privately) by an Organist and Composer of no mean repute, whose knowledge of Classical and Church music—by Church I mean the Episcopal, Roman and Protestant—more fully qualified him to be a judge of its adaptation and excellence, than the common and Cong. music, and who has interested himself in Organ schemes in this country and Europe, who pronounced it most excellent, praised it, in fact, quite enthusiastically, but who would, to-day, no more compare it with the Organ in the Music Hall, than he would the common fiddler with the gifted, the in-

comparable, the charming Mdle. Urso who favored Woburn with her dulcet strains so recently.

I consider the Brothers Hook the most successful and skillful Organ builders in this country. They have produced many fine Organs and I am glad that Woburn possesses one of the best bearing their trade-mark, but it is incomparable with the Teutonic Grant, by Walker & Co.

Does "Com." indeed, intend to doubt the discriminating taste and the musical culture of the Organ Committee who procured, with so commendable endeavor, the instrument which Boston is, and well may be, justly proud of? It may be that he is unacquainted with their ability to discern and secure the best! However, if so, he will do well to remember that Boston produces more Odes than Hides, and its air is fuller of music and its best influences than of the "thrum and thwack" of Tanneries and their pestiferous exhalation! Hence he that lives where music is, and is its loving disciple, is a better judge of its excellencies than he who bides where it is not often, nor is fully, appreciatively recognized if haply it comes for a season!

It may be that "Com." is an amateur or professional himself, if either I am glad—but if he loves music, his love and admiration of it "Urish Heap-like," is "unble." Let me entreat the readers of your "Journal," Mr. Editor, who love music, good music—and he is to be pitied who does not!—to enter its temple—the Music Hall in this city, and listen to the tones, which seem "not of Earth" in their power and harmonious sweetness, produced from the Grand Organ by a skillful hand, and judge if I have written true!

I will close with a "word" from Pope—"Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill, Appear in writing or in judging ill; But, of the two, less dangerous is the offense, To tire our patience, than mislead our sense."

Fearing that I have done the former, but fervently trusting that I have been fortunate in leading your readers' "sense" aright, I will subscribe myself

R.

Boston, Jan. 10th, 1864.

## Letter from Virginia.

BRALTON, VA., JAN. 8TH, 1864.

All quiet along the Rappahannock. Will you come in and warm by my fire. Blazing logs of oak and hickory, and a nice warm bed of coals. Better and more cheerful than anathracite. Plenty of wood and only to rake open the ashes in the morning, throw on the wood and you have a good fire. A palace 9 by 11 of mud and logs, with door and mantelpieces, floor, bed, and table, all the result of industry, and my house till we move.

Very comfortable and very different from camping this cold weather, for it is cold indeed, even in this land of sunshine and mud. Last night water brought from the spring after dark froze 2 inches thick. The ground has been covered with snow for several days and looks as bleak as the hills of New England. Only two weeks since I was among those same hills visiting the home scenes, renewing remembrance of the faces of the friends of long ago. How quiet and Sabbath like everything seems to him who has seen so little of the Sabbath during the past two years. A very few brief winter days and then good-bye,—perhaps for the last time, who knows?—to home and friends, back to duty,—to the desolation and bleakness of war-worn Virginia. The only remnants of civilization in sight of camp are two old gate posts, too hard, too firmly fixed to be made use of in any way. But aside from this outward desolation, the same cheerful faces greet you and warm earnest hands congratulate you on your return. Youth and health, and vigor surround you. The earnest workers, the true hearts, with all their faults, and but for the letters of mothers, sisters and friends there would be more,—the best blood of the country veterans, too. After 24 years of toil, march and exposure, during which time but few have been home, this little band scarcely a fifth of those who left the State, renew their allegiance and volunteer for three years more. The battle torn flags must be upheld. Stay at home if duty calls you, but if with no real duties you can stay there perhaps it is better for us that you should. Your quotas will be filled, from the field. War will not come nearer you than a slight draft on your pocket and the life blood of your distant relations. To be sure the soldiers may have mothers, sisters, friends, Ah! There are many who ought to have the privilege of following the old flag, day after day, through sunshine and storm, toil, fatigue and battle to learn its worth and to appreciate the principles it represents. How many life lessons have been learned since this war began, what changes, at home and here. We are cheerful, hopeful in the speedy triumph of the right. With the spring will open a campaign with an army of Veterans. My logs are now bright coals and throw a genial warmth around the room. Does not the comfort of these open fire-places make the soldiers think of home? What but the soldiers could induce them to re-enlist? Bounty would be but little inducement, 30 days home, is worth liberty six months hence, with the risks of disease and battle between. But friends



## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**RECRUITS.**—In giving the names last week of our Volunteers under the last call of the President, we remarked that as a whole they were a noble set of men. Of the number, eighteen have in some way been in the service, either in the ranks, with the band, or in some capacity, and served out their term or were honorably discharged. Twelve of the number are between the ages of 18 and 21 years, and six between 25 and 30. Making one half of them under 30 years. One of the youngest has been detailed as Clerk to Capt. Dyer, United States Paymaster. One, (H. M. Warren) is Adjutant of the 59th Regiment, and one, (B. F. Barnard) is Quartermaster in the same Regiment. We understand that other promotions have been made from our number. Of the Volunteers five are from Sabbath School (Baptist), and we believe the other Sabbath Schools are also represented. And it is believed that the instruction which they received in these Schools, will not be forgotten when they face the moral dangers of the Camp. We were pleased with an account given us of some of them by a gentleman who visited Long Island soon after our first recruits reached that place. He said that some of the boys from South Reading, (they were under 20 years of age) had taken a tent together and had agreed that no vulgar, profanity, drinking, gambling, or any disorderly conduct should be allowed in their tent. Soldiers, young or old, who rigidly regard such rules—may be relied on as the best defenders of the flag and the free institutions of our country.

**SURPRISE VISIT.**—Among the pleasing incidents of Christmas and New Year's day, were the little offerings of Sunday School pupils to their teachers. We notice those that came particularly under our observation. Mrs. Horatio Dilliver was visited by her class of young Ladies and presented with a beautiful Photograph Album. Miss Lydia Perkins by her received a daguerreotype likeness of each of her nine pupils neatly set in a frame. Miss Hannah O. Perkins by hers with an elegant little Bible, the offering of nine little boys. The cost value of these tokens was trifling compared with the influence of the kind words and sympathetic feelings which accompanied them. What teacher will not more cheerfully devote herself to the preparation for the duties of the school, if she feels that she is kindly remembered through the week by those whom she meets to instruct on the Sabbath?

**SOLDIERS' RELIEF ASSOCIATION.**—Last week E. W. B. Canning, Esq., of Boston, lectured in the Town Hall. This week we are to hear from Rev. Dr. Huntington. Next week from Prof. Stowe of Andover.

Next Monday evening there will be another Social Gathering at the Town Hall. Efforts will be made by the Committee to ensure a pleasant entertainment. Music by the choir may be expected in good measure.

**FURLOUGHS.**—Several of our Soldiers are now at home on furloughs. Among them are those who have been re-enlisted, and are now members of the 16th Regiment. One of them, John F. Allen, was long ago reported as killed, and his friends mourned for him as dead. Many of our citizens never heard of the contrary until his arrival in town a short time since.

**HORTICULTURAL.**—The members of the Horticultural Association had a very interesting discussion at their Meeting on Monday evening, at the residence of Hon. Lily Eaton. The subject was the "Apple." "What variety should be recommended to one who has a small garden and wishes to cultivate a few of the best kind for family use." (The list recommended is not at hand.) The meeting was adjourned for two weeks, to be held with H. F. Eaton Esq., to discuss the "Pear." At a former meeting "Pruning" was the subject for consideration.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## A Happy New-Year.

Reader, may you have a happy new-year. But allow me to inquire, how have you begun it? Have you this day entered your closet and offered your prayer to Him who seeth in secret and who alone can give you a happy New-Year and a happy eternity? What has not prayer done? "It brings every blessing from above. Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers of their poison, arrested the Sun and Moon in their courses, burst open iron gates, recalled departing souls, overcome devils, raised legions of angels for defence, raised one man from the bottom of the sea and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven." If you would be remembered of God in his rewards hereafter, remember here to pray unto Him who seeth in secret.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air, His watch-word at the gates of death; He enters heaven with prayer." V. JANUARY 1st, 1864.

Lines to be written on the fly leaf of your Bible and on the tablet of your heart.

**especial use it is intended.** The fact that its originator, Dr. Jno. L. Lyon, is now, and has been for the last twenty years, a regular practitioner in the city from which the remedy comes, is of itself a guarantee of its efficacy and abundant proof that it is no humbug. All those who are suffering from long standing diseases which it is warranted to cure, would not find the expense of a trial burdensome, and if as assured a cure is effected, restoring and regulating suppressed nature, the simple expenditure of a single dollar would be but a trifle, compared to vigor, strength, and health regained.

The quarter from which the article emanates, endorsed by one of our most reliable eastern Drug Houses, gives it an importance worthy of your attention. While the proprietors are aware that such articles are often used wrongfully, and for purposes entirely at variance with the laws of nature, and their own explicit directions, yet the misuse by it one, should not prevent the proper use of it by another, and it is their earnest wish that a thousand bottles may be consumed for a good and honest purpose, and one is not improperly and wrongfully applied.

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

## Special Notices.

Y. M. L. A.

The Fifth lecture of the evening course will be delivered on THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 21st, at 7 o'clock, by EDWARD KIRKE, Esq., of New York.

Subject—"The Southern Whites—their Characteristics, and their Relations to the future of the Union."

Geo. H. COX, Sec'y.

Woburn, Jan. 15th, 1864.

## Pulmonary Consumption a Curable Disease!!!

A CARD.—TO CONSUMPTIVES. The undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information, and he conceives to be invaluable; he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address—REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

## HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

The Great Diuretic.

## HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

The Great Diuretic.

## HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

The Great Diuretic.

## HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

The Great Diuretic.

And a positive and Specific Remedy for Diseases of the Bladder, Gravel, Organic Weakness, Kidney, Dropsy, and all diseases of the Urinary Organs.

See advertisement in another column. Cut it out, and send for the Medicine at once.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

## QUERY.

Why is it that CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE is the best in the world? Because it contains no caustic compounds! Because it contains no mercury! Because it operates instantaneously! Because it does not stain the skin! Because it nourishes and strengthens the Hair! Because it corrects the bad effects of other dyes! Because its presence cannot be detected! Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price \$1.50, and \$1 per box, according to size.

## Married.

In Newbern, N. C., Dec. 25th, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, Hospital Chaplain, U. S. A., Mr. Abner Grimes to Miss Susan Owen, Nurses in the Contraband Hospital. Also, in Beaufort, N. C., Dec. 29th, by the same, Sgt. Abraham H. Galloway, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Martha Annes Dixon, of Portsmouth, N. C. Also, in Morehead City, N. C., Dec. 31st, by the same, Mr. Henry Small to Miss Mary Robinson, all of Morehead City. In Melrose, Jan. 2d, by Rev. George Prentice, Mr. Augustus L. Walton, of South Reading, to Miss Sybil G. Tenney, of Melrose.

## Died.

In Woburn, Jan. 7th, Jefferson Reed, aged 62 yrs., 2 mos. Jan. 11th, Dolly Weston, aged 70 yrs., 25 days. Jan. 11th, Annie E., daughter of Patrick and Mary Rooney, aged 6 yrs. 11 mos., 16d. In Billerica, Jan. 9th, Mr. Hosley Patten, aged 80 years.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Woburn Post Office, Jan. 16th, 1864. Converse, E. S. Corder, Henry O. Donagan, John Jordan William S. Munroe, Diantha C. Mrs. NATHAN WYMAN, P.M.

## LESSONS IN MUSIC.

MRS. MARTHA J. WALKER will give lessons in SINGING and on the PIANO, at her residence, No. 10, South Reading, Jan. 16th 1864—16.3m.

## C. S. ADKINS,

DEALER IN

Books, Stationery, Periodicals,

CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.,

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a new assortment of Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Saps, Marcella, sealing Wax, and all articles usually found in a Stationery Store. Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental. Violin and Guitar Strings. Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best quality. Assorted and Perfumery.

Also, HOOVER'S HAIR BALM, one of the best preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

## WANTED.

Wanted, from six to ten Girls to work in a Stiffening Shop in Woburn. None but Americans need apply. Apply to K. L. FLINT, Hill's Court.

Killiknick! Killiknick!!

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM

## FAIR AND LEVEE

AT WINCHESTER.

THE LADIES OF THE FIRST BAPTIST SOCIETY, in Winchester, will hold a FAIR AND LEVEE, at LYCEUM HALL, in that place, on the

Evening of Thursday, Jan. 21, and

Friday, Jan. 22, day & evening;

The proceeds of which are to be expended in furnishing their new house of worship.

Music will be furnished by the Woburn Brass Band, who have kindly volunteered their services.

MAGNIFICENT LANTERN AND STEREOGRAPHIC exhibitions, together with an AMUSEMENT, will serve to make a pleasant and profitable entertainment.

Our omnibus will be ready to conduct passengers from Winchester to Bedford in season to connect with the horse cars for Boston.

16-1w.

## SENSATION IN BOSTON

S. S. HOUGHTON'S

ANNUAL

CLOSING OUT SALE!

Goods all marked down to close them out!

H. Marked down to close our Bleached Cottons!

U. Marked down to close our Brown Cottons!

G. Marked down to close our Colored Flannels!

H. Marked down to close our Colored Flannels!

T. Crashes all marked down to close!

Q. Linen Table Covers marked down to close!

N. Linen Napkins all marked down to close!

H. Hides for Ladies all marked down to close!

C. Hosiery all marked down to close!

H. Gloves all marked down to close!

H. Scarfs and Mufflers marked down to close!

P. Hoods all marked down to close!

S. Linen Hdkfs 6c to \$1, all marked down!

P. Paid Cambrics, Brilliant, &c., marked down!

O. Book and Swiss Muslins, &c., marked down!

L. Lace Goods all marked down!

E. Embroidered Collars all marked down!

H. Cambric Edgings all marked down!

O. Cambric Handkerchiefs, &c., marked down!

U. Black Malta Edging marked down!

G. Thread Edging all marked down!

E. Laces for Neckties marked down!

T. Bobinet Laces all marked down!

O. Gents' Hdkfs 12c to 75c, very cheap!

N. Hdkfs for Ladies all marked down!

S. Gents' Linen Collars, also Paper Collars, cheap!

O. French Flowers and Roses marked down!

N. Straw and Felt Bonnets marked down!

E. Ribbons and Ties marked down!

P. Ribbons for Bonnets all marked down!

R. Ribbons in Rich Plaids, very cheap!

G. Ribbon Velvet Trimmings marked down!

H. Ribbons in Plain and Fancy, every width!

S. Velvets for Bonnets in every color, cheap!

O. Bonnet Silks, Lining Silks, &c., at cost!

T. Black Capes marked at cost!

E. Dress Trimmings, Ornaments, &c., at cost!

H. Balmoral Skirts at \$1.25 to \$3.00, all at cost!

S. S. HOUGHTON having made arrangements with Freeman Baker & Co., will be found at the old stand where he will be happy to meet his former friends and customers and serve them with bargains as heretofore.

Store 72 & 74 TREMONT ST.

Opp. Tremont Street, Boston.

FREEMAN, BAKER & CO.

16-1w.

## WISTAR'S BALM

—OR—

WILD CHERRY

Has been used for nearly

HALF A CENTURY!

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,

Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup,

Liver Complaint, Bronchitis,

Difficulty of Breathing,

Asthma, and every

affection of

THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION!

There is scarcely one individual in the community who does not say in justice to Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, that it is a remedy of superior value for Pulmonary Diseases, and it has been used for nearly half a century, and it has proved to be a very reliable and efficacious in the treatment of severe and long-standing coughs. I know of one patient now in our family, who has taken this remedy, and who, but for its use, I should not now be living.

R. FELLOWS, M. D.

From E. T. QUIMBY, M. A., Principal of the "New Ipswich Appleton Academy."

NEW IPSWICH, N. H., Oct. 4th, 1860.

S. W. FOWLE & Co.,

Gentlemen.—This certifies that for more than fifteen years I have frequently used Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, and Sore Throat, to which I am in common with the rest of mankind, an ardent admirer, and it gives me pleasure to say that I consider it the very best remedy for such cases, with which I am acquainted. I should hardly know what to do without it.

Respectfully yours,

E. T. QUIMBY.

From the Depot Master at South Royalton, Mass.

SOUTH ROYALTON, Jan. 4th, 1860.

"Messrs. SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston."

In the spring of 1858 I was most severely afflicted with a hard dry cough, with its usual accompaniments of night sweats, and a most annoying prostration of my nervous system, and producing such a debilitated state of health, that after trying medical aid to no purpose, I had given up all hope of ever recovering, as had also my friends. At this stage of my illness, a friend of mine, who had been using Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, for several years, and who had been cured of his cough, advised me to try it. I did so, and in a few days I was enabled to get up, and in a short time I was completely cured. I have since used it frequently, and it has always given me the most reliable and efficacious results. I have since used it frequently, and it has always given me the most reliable and efficacious results. I have since used it frequently, and it has always given me the most reliable and efficacious results.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJ. WHEELER.

From GEORGE A. KIMBALL, Esq., Druggist,

HAYMARKET, Nov. 30th, 1860.

Gentlemen.—It is now about eleven years since I took the agency for the sale of Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, and I can truly say that as far as my observation extends it has proved a most valuable medicine for the cure of Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the Lungs. My sales for the year are increasing. I herewith send you an order for more of the Balm, which you will please send me soon.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE A. KIMBALL.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale by all druggists.

## COLLECTOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the under-

sign, Collector of Taxes for Winchester,

will sell at Public Auction, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23rd, 1864, at the Select-

men's Room, in Lyceum Hall Building, Winches-

ter, for non payment of the taxes hereunto re-

turned, the several lots or parcels of land hereun-

der bounded and described, and severally belong-

ing to, or in possession of the several persons here-

inafter named, on the first day of May, 1863.

One lot of land with buildings thereon, belong-

ing to John Carter, described thus—Northwesterly

of Johnson's lane or Forest street; Easterly by land

of Bishop and Private street; Southerly by a Pri-

vate street; Westerly by Stevens street. Said lot

contains about 1 1/2 acres of land, and the sum of

\$20.24 is assessed on the same for the State, County

and Town tax for 1863, which is unpaid.

One lot of land belonging to Warren Coffin, on

the Western side of the old road, now known as

Winchester to Stoneham containing about 1 1/2 acres,

bounded Easterly and Southerly on said old road,

Westerly by new road. Another lot on the West-

ern side of said new road containing about seven

acres with buildings thereon, commencing at the

Northerly corner of land of the late Zachariah

Richardson, and at said new road, and thence

Southerly by said new road to the corner of the

wall of land of the widow Elizabeth Richardson;

thence Northerly, as the wall stands, by land

of said Elizabeth to a corner in the wall; thence

Westerly by land of said Elizabeth to the corner

of said Zachariah Richardson; thence Northerly

by land of the late Zachariah Richardson to the

corner first mentioned. Third lot—about 2 1/2

acres, bounded Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller

and Obed Hilditch, and Southerly by land of

Richardson and 32 links; to a stake on Southerly side

of said st. Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller and

Obed Hilditch, and Southerly by land of

Richardson and 32 links; to a stake on Southerly side

of said st. Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller and

Obed Hilditch, and Southerly by land of

Richardson and 32 links; to a stake on Southerly side

of said st. Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller and

Obed Hilditch, and Southerly by land of

Richardson and 32 links; to a stake on Southerly side

of said st. Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller and

Obed Hilditch, and Southerly by land of

Richardson and 32 links; to a stake on Southerly side

of said st. Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller and

Obed Hilditch, and Southerly by land of

Richardson and 32 links; to a stake on Southerly side

of said st. Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller and

Obed Hilditch, and Southerly by land of

Richardson and 32 links; to a stake on Southerly side

of said st. Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller and

Obed Hilditch, and Southerly by land of







# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII: No. 17.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### The Soldier's Psalm.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."—PSALM 138: 4.

The starry skies were hid by battle-smoke and cloud,  
And the heavens were rent with war notes, wild and loud,  
When at Lee's Mills, vivid on our country's story,  
The brave Green Mountain Boys charged for God and glory.

'Mong the faithful, fearless, of that firm hero band,  
Storming the rebel foe, on old historic land:  
There was one of young, and most gallant soldier tread,  
Advancing for the Right, through hours of doom and dread.

Pressing slow, with his comrades through the swelling wave,  
He felt the leaden storm that swept them to the grave;  
And knew that soon a bubble on the turbid stream,  
Might darkly, briefly, mark for him life's finished dream.

But above the din and clangor of the war blast,  
There came, with o'erwhelming memory of the past,  
Sustaining courage, more than song of martial ring,  
The sweetly, trusting words, of Israel's Psalmist king.

And the patriot hero grew strong, with faith in Him,  
Till he could say, though walking through the valley of death,  
Of death's shadowing darkness—night, and long despair—  
"No evil will I fear, for Thou art with me there."

He had read it long ago, on the Northern hills,  
In his peaceful, distant home, by the wood-land rills,  
But he felt it now, as he never thought of then,  
"Mid conflict's rush and roar, and shouts of fighting men."

And when they raised the True Old Flag, o'er danger's post;  
And sternly, fiercely charged on treason's entrenched host;  
Yet nearer to the Christian hero, seemed the Psalm,  
Pointing through the ghastly gloom, to eternal calm.

For the strength God promised, was given for the day,  
And 'mid the ranks His cause had marshalled in array,  
Christ's soldier bravely trusting for a crown at last,  
When the long resting came, and life's campaign was past.

M. W. C.

## Select Literature.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

To everybody: I am sure I hope it may be. The sentence is a very old friend; there is no necessity, of course, for me to say how old in my own case, but it has long ago ceased to be associated with any New Year's "tips," saving, indeed, such stry pence as I may now and then hand to a street urchin who grins up into my face and says, "Happy New Year, sir." Of course, I know what he means, and he knows what I mean, when my hand goes down towards my pocket; it is a matter of speculative barter, a commercial success on his part; on mine—but he doesn't trouble himself about my part. The four little words were a simple, safe investment, and they turned out well; they once indeed moved me to replace the penny, already between my thumb and finger, and to substitute for it a smaller but more valuable coin. I hardly know why I did it. The speculator was smaller, thinner, more squidly ragged and pinched than others of his tribe; he had large, melancholy eyes, and probably appeared to my organ of poetical philanthropy. Anyhow, I gave him the coin. His behaviour on receipt of it was disappointing, inasmuch as it took away rather from the poetry of the thing. He recoiled a step or two in readiness, I fear, for a bolt, in case I had made a mistake and should manifest any desire to rectify it. As, however, I stood quite still, he took courage, examined the coin, tried to bite it, found he couldn't, and executed a step from an Indian war-dance.

"Hoary! It ain't a medal this time. Happy New Year to you, govnor, and many on 'em!"

So that if I enlarged my gift, he extended his wish in proportion. To him I owe my reverie of to-night. What significance would the words he uttered so glibly have to him? Probably none, because he never thought about them; but if he had thought about them, what would be his idea of a Happy New Year? What would it mean to him? What does it mean to the thousands who utter it? In the city, in the country, all over the world, the lips of men, and women, and children, take it up and echo it, and greet each other with it. I feel that it has, somehow, got into the room with me. If I were to raise my head, I am convinced that I should read it on the painted lips within the picture frames, and the monkey's heads which I discovered long since in the paper on the wall. The silver-branded mistletoe would say it, and the prickly points of holly leaves would nod it out and say, "Here again, old

fellow! Another wrinkle on Time's forehead, eh?"

I put down my book, turn my back upon the lamp, and my face to the fire. I prefer not to look round at present, because there are ghosts in the room. Ghosts, I mean, not of the dead, but of the living; a great miscellaneous, shadowy assemblage of people whom I have seen; whose faces have struck me in the crowd, or with whom I have had some dealings in the every-day business of life.

What does that sentence mean to all these? It is on their lips, of course; some say it hurriedly, impatient of the hindrance, and eager to get on to something more important; some say it with a cadence of mournful earnestness—the last year has not been a happy one; may the next be brighter—but they all do say it; and to all of them it means something.

"Come forward, then, out of the crowd, Mr. Portly—excuse me, but if your name is not Portly, it ought to be—I used to know you years ago. Not an alderman? I fancied you had been. I dined with you once, I think? What is that you say? *Dindon aux truffes*? Very likely; I don't remember. A Happy New Year to you! And now, will you oblige me by stating your impression as to the meaning of those words: telling me what, in your estimation, I have wished you. Your voice is a little husky and indistinct—Did I understand you to say Cricket? Clucker—thank you."

"Yes," murmurs Mr. Portly, "I must have that cook about whom Mr. Pate was so enthusiastic, and the new receipt for a *fricandeau*, and the lobster *rissolles*. Yes, yes, and to secure some more of that port at twelve guineas per dozen—dirt cheap, only they haven't the sense to know it. Mem.: To get the entrée at Waldon's. He does know how to give dinners; but then his cook is a Frenchman and an artist. Mem.: To obtain Mr. Prawn's new book, 'Crustacean Cookery a Science.' Mem.:—"

"A thousand pardons for interrupting, but my time is short. Is there nothing else, Mr. Portly—nothing to anticipate in your new year but the pleasures of gastronomy; none of the happiness of making others happy; no higher object?"

I am unable to proceed. The unwieldy form of Mr. Portly moves away, his purple face grows more purple, his swollen lips assume an expression of scorn, as he repeats, "Higher object! higher than gastronomy! Why, sir, the science is in its infancy!"

Pass on, Mr. Portly. Who comes next? Little feet dancing merrily over the floor; little fingers on my knee; childish eyes of shining brown upturned to mine; carmine-tinted lips, through which the tiny teeth gleam white as ivory in the laugh that breaks over the face of the beautiful childish vision.

"Little lad, a few hours since I wished you a Happy New Year? What did I mean?" "Lots of presents. A big red wagon with wheels to play music when they turn, and a white horse with a real tail; and a ball as big as my head—a blue one. And let there be no holidays."

"No holidays! That's odd."

"I mean, let Miss Briggs go home to nurse her sick brother, and then, if there's no school, there'll be no holidays, you know."

"Exactly. Nothing more?"

I see the laughing eyes grow grave and speculative; the lips close over the white teeth.

"Mamma says boys can't be happy if they aren't good; so let us be good. And let poor Tommy Darke get well, and have plenty to eat, and a new frock like mine."

Dance away, bright eyes, and give place, for here comes Tommy Darke himself. A pallid woman carries him. She does not look at me, but always at the poor, sickly little burden that lies so helplessly in her arms. "He is so thin," she says. "Look at the bones in his shoulders, and the black hollows under his eyes."

What do the four words mean to her? A faint and distant spark of hope lights up her eyes, dull with weeping and watching.

"We have no fire on the hearth to warm his poor, pinched feet; no food to give him, if he could eat it. But if—if his father would turn again and repent; if the curse of drink could be removed, then tiny Tommy might get well; then we might have a better home, more like it used to be—then, oh! then it would be a Happy New Year. God grant it!"

What am I doing? Have I forgotten that this is, after all, only the shadow of a reality, that my fingers are fumbling in my pocket? Oh, friends and neighbors, shall not we who are clothed, and fed, and warmed, who know the spectre Want only by name, thank God for the means He has put into our hands of helping his poor?

But Tommy has passed on out of sight, and here comes—why, there are two of them! Dressed in white, both alike, yet not alike—sisters evidently. There are bridal flowers in their hair; there is a veil falling down over one face, and a veil lifted with haughty grace from the other. Let the unveiled answer my salutation first.

"A Happy New Year? Of course. What is to prevent it? I meant to marry well, and I have accomplished it. I shall be rich, titled. My husband will bow to my lightest fancy. No jewels shall shine with brighter lustre than mine; my carriage, my horse, my parties, the elegance of my appointments, shall be the envy of all beholders."

I would have hinted that there was a husband to please; I might have dared to say even more, but a smile of superb contempt was on her lips, and she passed on.

"Yes, I shall reign a queen in my own house. Henceforth I obey no one."

"A Happy New Year!" echoed the lips from under the white veil. "Oh, I hope so: I do hope it. If my dear love can make him happy, he will be so. If he will but let me share his troubles, and help to lighten them; if I can learn to read his heart, and make him also; if I can school myself to forbearance, and not to look for too much. All these thoughts are before me, and my heart is very full."

"Nothing else?" I say softly. "Is there room for nothing else?"

I bent the curtain fall over her; for as she passes I have a vision of a white-robed figure kneeling, with hands clasped over a veiled face.

Suddenly something cold comes into the air. I shiver; I would creep closer to the fire if I could, but an object, or rather a shadow, interposes between it and me. A lean, cadaverous ghost, with hungry eyes, and fingers pecking restlessly at each other, as though they would add up an imperceptible column of never-ending figures.

"Yes," he says, "fifty per cent is not high interest perhaps, but it is a safe spec. Then if that young sprig in a red coat will only want to renew again, and if he will bring his greenhorn friend from the country a few more times, I shall make a tolerably good thing of it. I don't object to post obits myself. Some people have a prejudice against them, but I was always an easy man—too good natured. It's against myself. A Happy New Year? Oh, certainly; same to you, sir! So that rascally clerk of mine wants his salary raised, eh? Then I shall just lower it. I pay him too much; it's ruinous. I have to pinch, and so ought he; grind him down! Fingering the gold pieces; feeling them slip through my hands in a great sparkling, shining heap; mounting high and higher with every merry chink; that's happiness for you! And here's a piteous appeal from a rascally tradesman, is there? Pay him double his due, because everything is so dear? I dare say. Isn't everything dear for me, I wonder. And money is dear; may be dearer in the good year coming! Fight on, worthy people, it's good for trade. Yes, I flatter myself I shall have a pretty fair year of it."

"I hope so, I'm sure, sir," I say, timidly, for I hardly know whether he would mind eating me, he looks so hungry. "But don't you think—I mean, of course, with all due deference—that out of your large income you must give away a great deal in charity?"

"Charity! Large income! What do you mean? Charity begins at home, and ends there too, as far as I'm concerned. No, no, you won't find me wasting my substance on scamps."

"But—the struggling poor, the—"

"The impostors and gluttons! Why don't I want charity? Why did I never want it? Why am I never poor? Because I held fast—aha! Charity! I work for my living. Why don't other people work?"

"But," I venture to say, "you can't take the money with you when you die; and considering that it is, after all, only lent to you—"

"Lent to me! Die!" shrieks out the lean man, gasping horribly. "I'm not going to die that I know of. There's nothing the matter with me. I'm as strong as ever I was. Lent to me? Who dares to say my money isn't my own? Why, I've saved night and day to screw it out of 'em—that is to say, to earn it honestly. Lent!"

I put my hands over my eyes, and he is gone. How many more are there, I wonder? It grows late; the fire is low and the lamp dim; let them pass on, a swift and silent stream, and leave me; I have seen enough, for the meaning of those four little words only spreads itself out, and grows more complex as a question. To each heart it has its own significance, and comes laden with the blossom of a different fruit. One thing remains for me to do, and that is to turn the light of my ghostly lantern full upon myself. What do the words mean for me?

O shadows out of dream-land, so I will. Only, as the answer I pick out of my own conscience will not be a fancy answer, it is not yours, but mine, to ponder over and purify, as best I can, from the selfish element that troubles us all. The year is dead. We fold him up as we did the written leaves of our schoolboy copybooks. He is strangely blurred and blotched; and we are sorry we did not better him by him. We turn over a new page, clear and fair; we take up the pen hopefully. May the handwriting we print upon it be fair also, God helping us. And so we say farewell to the accomplished time, and a Happy New Year to everybody! *Churchman's (London) Magazine*.

The first white person born in Ohio is still living—Johanna Maria Heckewelder. She is the daughter of a Moravian Missionary; is eighty-three years of age, and resides at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

CHANCE.—What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster.

The following song was sent us by our correspondent "Hoplite." He says—"I have taken the pains to collate it from dictation and reduce it to correct verse. It gains much in the singing, as it is adapted to very beautiful music. I never saw, or heard it before in any collection of songs whatever. It is sung with much applause to guitar accompaniment."

### The Minstrel's Return.

The minstrel returned from the war With spirit as buoyant as air, And thus on his tuneful guitar He sang in the bow'r of his fair; He sang in the bow'r of his fair. The noise of the battle is over, The bugle no more calls to arms, A soldier no more but a lover, I kneel to the power of thy charms.

Sweet lady! Dear lady! I'm thine, I bent to the magic of beauty; The helmet and banner are mine, But love calls the soldier to duty.

But fame called the youth to the field, His banner waved high o'er his head, He gave his guitar for a shield, And soon he laid low with the dead; And soon he laid low with the dead.

While she o'er her young hero vended Received his expiring adieu, "I die while my country defending, 'With heart to my lady-love true."

"Oh Death! Then she cried, I am thine, I'll tear off the roses of beauty; The grave of my hero is mine, He died true to love and to duty."

BRANDY VA., Dec. 21st 1863.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### By the Camp Fire.

[SCENE IN HOTEL BOALITE, NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., JAN. 8TH, 1864. Present Sergeant Master, Guidon, Wax, and Hoplite.]

Wax—The question, which now agitates the assembly, is what shall be for dinner.—Beans, or no beans! That's the question! Guidon—There he goes again. No sooner is his breakfast finished than his mind takes up the subject of dinner. Alas! What gluttony.

Wax—And why not? In such a dearth of subjects for interest as must inevitably be the case in the soldier's life, why should not the matter of meals be an important one?

Sergeant Master—Let me assure you, Cornelius, that the subject of gastronomy, the consideration of which with us has degenerated to "what shall be for dinner" and the slight cookery which results from a decision thereon, has attracted great attention in all ages of society.

Hoplite—Very aptly said, Jimmy. Man's gluttony equally with all his other sensualities has occupied a great space in his life. Cookery has thriven faster than the true religion, and tastes have been and are as diverse as the various doctrines of salvation.

In ancient times beyond a doubt, gastronomy had arrived at a pitch of perfection such as has never been attained since. Emperors at ruinous rates sent to distant portions of the globe perhaps only to furnish some unusual dainty such as the tongue or roe of a certain fish. Birds and fishes were introduced alive at the dinner table, killed in some prescribed manner to preserve a certain peculiar flavor, and immediately cooked. Fabulous sums were spent sometimes on one article of food such as would astound even the most extravagant cooks of the present day.

Neither was gastronomy neglected in the middle ages, except perhaps in Saxon England. And at the present day has not the business of catering become a science? Nor is it a science that is devoid of a higher element than sensuality. There is needful a sense of the beautiful which if it is not poetical, yet begots for the eye, a pleasure that speaks as well to the mind as to the body.

Attention to methods of cookery can not always be termed gluttony. He is a glutton, who careless of quality, rejoices in quantities of common and poorly cooked food, but it is not unbecoming the character of a temperate man to have a care that his food is good and well cooked. Beyond this, again comes the gluttony, the every care of which is not to lose one titillation of the palate, and the highest thought of which is the invention of some new provocative to appetite. There is the gluttony of vulgarity, and the gluttony of gentility, and between the two, lies the wise man's careful temperance that inclines to neither. There is no need of imputing Wax's very natural interest in his victuals to the score of gluttony.

Sergeant Master—Truly even gluttony is not without a certain portion of benefit at least to others than the entertainers of that failing. Man's appetite encourages the agriculturist to perfection in the cultivation of his produce, and by consumption furnishes the spur to the mariner for the bringing of luxuries from beyond the sea. The preparation necessary to place these delicacies, domestic and foreign, before the epicure in their most enticing form extends employment to others. And thus do even the vices of one portion of mankind give a livelihood to another. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Wax—All of which is a plea in my favor, that I may not be called a glutton, is it not? Hoplite—Most assuredly.

Guidon—Behold me then, morally at your feet. Wax, I beg your pardon.

Wax—My son, thou hast it. Pax volucrum.

Sergeant Master—But to return to our muttens, as the French say. What shall be for dinner? Shall it be beans?

All—It shall.

Sergeant Master—Baked or stewed?

Guidon—Baked.

Wax—If so be as how a dutch oven can be borrowed whereby baking may be accomplished.

Hoplite—It's a whack, as very pertinently remarked Cornelius, the centurion.

Sergeant Master—"Or words to that effect." Ah! me! Baked beans! "A dish I do love to feed upon." Methinks I see them smoking enticing, garnishers of the Sunday table! You are indeed the very prop and corner stone of Yankee land. But the white livered mass, which we are obliged here to content us with, is about as much like the browned and crispy beans of New England as—

as—

Guidon—"Hyperion to a satyr?"

Wax—Shakespeare!

Hoplite—Those same satyrs, that Shakespeare would have us believe to be so ugly, were not as bad as they are portrayed. Some of them at least, have even made pretensions to gentility. One engaged in a musical contest with Apollo in a cave of Phrygia. Poor fellow, he was worsted and Phoebeus Apollo flayed him alive, which was indeed shocking, considering the prejudice which is generally maintained in favor of an intact cuticle. Certainly a creature thus alive to the power of music, and to some extent an adept thereon could not have been so entirely repulsive.

Guidon—Talking of music, suppose, Jimmy, my favor us with something light and pleasing.

Wax—Yes. Let us have the "Spanish Retreat."

Hoplite—Or rather the last original.

All Three—Hear! Hear! The last original!

Sergeant Master—(Taking guitar.) Well as you like. (Sings to guitar accompaniment.)

Soldiers let us merry be, Life is short, pleasures fleeting. Let us never chary be, When thus together meeting.

By the watch fire's ruddy glare, Of healthful mirth as light as air.

Longer marches may await, Weary hours hours bestriding, Rising early, riding late, But never from duty hiding.

Future toil ne'er shall scare us, Future danger ne'er deter us.

Fill high the jovial bowl, And pass it right merrily— Enlivener of the soul!

Take it, pass it cheerily, Ruby wine to the we drink, In the all weary we sink.

Let's then forget war's alarms, Turn to other, gentler thoughts, Wine has many sparkling charms Waiting only to be sought.

Wine! Red Wine! Hurrah for wine, Care's soothing produce of the vine!

(Applause.)

Guidon—A pleasing fiction of the imagination it is, Jimmy, to represent the soldier as drinking wine, but it would be much truer to nature if you had made it commissary whiskey. But I suppose something must be allowed for poetic license. What poet ever sung the praises of "Old Rye" or "Jersey Lightning?"

Hoplite—Whiskey and wine may both be very good in their way, but to obtain a draft of the true life elixir that sends the blood tingling through all your frame, and conveys a sense of pleasure even to the ends of your toes, you should have accompanied us in our gravel-seeking expedition, to Beverly Ford. The route at first skirted this huge plain of Brandy. Across it's broad surface the wind came nippingly though lightly, it's edge somewhat softened by the bright morning sun. The slight depth of snow crunched under our swift feet. My eye wandered far away over the plain which glistened whitely beneath the sun's rays, a plain of shining silver. Far to the South and East rolled up into the frosty air the steam from a train passing on the railway. What beautiful shapes the smoke warped itself into, beautiful blue wreaths momentarily disappearing into the crisp air. The morning breeze brought a bodily enjoyment of the scene.

Turning sharp to the left in the direction of the river, the teams struggled through a narrow belt of oaks where the ground was thickly strewn with brush. I feel certain that those mules can go through places with loaded wagons where horses would balk with empty ones. For draught purposes, mules are much the more superior animal I think.

At length free of the woods, we came out upon a range of hills overlooking the valley, through which runs the Rappahannock. On every knoll to the right and left, as far as could be seen, the rebels had built redans to command Beverly Ford, and the river. Far up to the left and north, the valley stretched until it gradually expanded into a snow clad plain. As a background and relief to this picture, a belt of dark pines intervened between the plain and mountains. The Blue Ridge looked truly magnificent. Rising from a gloomy forest of pines, the ridge towered loftily far away from us northward, it's blue sides and pinnacles bossed here and there with plots of silvery shining snow.

For the last six months have we, as it were hovered in the very shadow of these mountains, and I have seen them in all their phases, but not one so grand as this winter view.

At the close of the long summer days, I have sat and watched the sun's red light, as it faded out behind their hazy heights. Each ridge and towering mountain was as distinctly outlined in purple mellowness against the ruddy evening sky, as though some godlike limner had drawn them on the fading day. I have seen the lightning of the gathering storm play about their lofty tops lighting their sombre brows with fierce fiftal glares, which faded as the storm clouds rolled down the piney sides. I have seen the Ridge in all its moods, but none so beautiful as that of yesterday. "The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces—"

Sergeant Master—When did you say you would be down?

Hoplite—Hey, what? Down? Where? Sergeant Master—Why were you getting so far up into the clouds that I began to doubt very much whether you would ever get down again, leastways in season to get any of these beans for your dinner.

Wax—Haw, haw, haw!

Guidon—Appropos of beans, did you taste any of those beans which some of the fellows forged the other side the Rapidan, as small as peas?

Sergeant Master—I did, and they were indeed delicious. Did not our brigade do some extensive foraging in that expedition. I nearly experienced an apoplectic fit with laughing to see how affairs fell out while we laid in position at Parker's Store. One wagon, you will remember, was sent out foraging with a squadron of cavalry. In a few moments we heard some shots from the vicinity of the pickets and it was laughable to see the dragons lurking about that nearest house skurry around for their horses, mount, and dash for the main body. Shortly after two of our fellows came galloping in saying that a party of guerrillas had attacked the wagon. For a few moments all was bustle and there we were ready to receive them. We stood to the guns. Before long the party returned and then we learned that the shots were accidental by our own pickets. There were no end of jokes cut upon the two fellows who saw a guerrilla party in the smoke of three cartridges.

Wax—There seemed to be a plenty of victuals of all kinds, except bread stuff. One old farmer had nine hogs killed and dressed in an upper chamber. Our foraging party took possession of three of them. No matter what scarcity of food there may be in the rebel army, there never seems to be any among the citizens of Virginia. It never appeared to me that we were going to subdue the rebels by starvation, although the newspapers have so much to say on the subject. I only speak from my own observation, it may be different farther South.

Guidon—Well I am inclined to believe that we are able to whip them without calling in the aid of starvation, and it is not altogether impossible during the coming season. If not—

[Bugle sounds water call without. Excuse omnes.]

es, but not one so grand as this winter view.

At the close of the long summer days, I have sat and watched the sun's red light, as it faded out behind their hazy heights. Each ridge and towering mountain was as distinctly outlined in purple mellowness against the ruddy evening sky, as though some godlike limner had drawn them on the fading day. I have seen the lightning of the gathering storm play about their lofty tops lighting their sombre brows with fierce fiftal glares, which faded as the storm clouds rolled down the piney sides. I have seen the Ridge in all its moods, but none so beautiful as that of yesterday. "The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces—"

Sergeant Master—When did you say you would be down?

Hoplite—Hey, what? Down? Where? Sergeant Master—Why were you getting so far up into the clouds that I began to doubt very much whether you would ever get down again, leastways in season to get any of these beans for your dinner.

Wax—Haw, haw, haw!

Guidon—Appropos of beans, did you taste any of those beans which some of the fellows forged the other side the Rapidan, as small as peas?

Sergeant Master—I did, and they were indeed delicious. Did not our brigade do some extensive foraging in that expedition. I nearly experienced an apoplectic fit with laughing to see how affairs fell out while we laid in position at Parker's Store. One wagon, you will remember, was sent out foraging with a squadron of cavalry. In a few moments we heard some shots from the vicinity of the pickets and it was laughable to see the dragons lurking about that nearest house skurry around for their horses, mount, and dash for the main body. Shortly after two of our fellows came galloping in saying that a party of guerrillas had attacked the wagon. For a few moments all was bustle and there we were ready to receive them. We stood to the guns. Before long the party returned and then we learned that the shots were accidental by our own pickets. There were no end of jokes cut upon the two fellows who saw a guerrilla party in the smoke of three cartridges.

Wax—There seemed to be a plenty of victuals of all kinds, except bread stuff. One old farmer had nine hogs killed and dressed in an upper chamber. Our foraging party took possession of three of them. No matter what scarcity of food there may be in the rebel army, there never seems to be any among the citizens of Virginia. It never appeared to me that we were going to subdue the rebels by starvation, although the newspapers have so much to say on the subject. I only speak from my own observation, it may be different farther South.

Guidon—Well I am inclined to believe that we are able to whip them without calling in the aid of starvation, and it is not altogether impossible during the coming season. If not—

[Bugle sounds water call without. Excuse omnes.]

The Prophetic Drawings.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning, that the poor dewdrops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dewdrops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning, onward to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father, pointing upwards, said, "See, there stand the dewdrops gloriously reset—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clowish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven."

Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like the innocent dewdrops, from earth into heaven.—*Old English Magazine*.

The Saturday receptions—by invitation—at the White House, are said to be brilliant affairs, although the ladies say that "daylight is trying to some complexions."

Peach trees are in blossom at St. Augustine, Florida; garden flowers are in full bloom and bouquets grace the officers' tables.

Mr. Geo. D. Prentice denies that the Louisville Journal has passed out of his hands.

A young and pretty maiden's kiss brought a five dollar bill to the Cincinnati Fair's treasury. A soldier was the sufferer.

There may be counsels too weighty for women to bear; he knows little who tells his wife all.

We should, in the great sea of the world, rise like a living man by swimming, and not like a drowned one by corruption.

FAST PEOPLE.—If husband and wife are fast, there is danger in their case, as in that of a fast team, that the coupling will break.

The musician who can make his hearers forget time may be excused for not keeping it.

## How to Cure a Smoky Chimney.

For hard lying the following can't be beat. A correspondent, who lives in New Hampshire, states that in those parts resides a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies he can tell, and as a sample relates the following:—

Joe called at Holton's one day, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested—

"You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do,















# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 18.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### "ADSUM."

December 23-4, 1863.

"And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar, sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said 'Adsum!' and sat back."—[The Newcomes.]

The Angel came by night,  
(Such angels still come down?)  
And like a winter cloud  
Passed over London town;  
Along its lonesome streets,  
Where Want had ceased to weep,  
Until it reached a house  
Where a great man lay asleep:  
The man of all his time  
Who knew the most of men;  
The soundest head and heart,  
The sharpest, kindest pen.  
It passed beside his bed,  
And whispered in his ear:  
He never turned his head,  
But answered, "I am here."

Into the night they went,  
At morning, side by side,  
They gained the sacred place  
Where the great Dead abide;  
Where grand old Homer sits,  
In godlike state benign;  
Where broods in endless thought  
The awful Florentine;  
Where sweet Corvantes walks,  
A smile on his grave face;  
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,  
The wisest of his race;  
Where Goethe looks through all,  
With that calm eye of his;  
Where—only seen but light—  
The little Shakespeare is!  
When the new spirit came,  
They asked him, drawing near,  
"Art thou become like us?"  
He answered, "I am here."

—Round Table.

## Select Literature.

### THE MAIDEN OF LUNEBURG.

In the spring of 1813 the French occupied a large portion of the north of Germany. The spirit of the nation was roused against the invaders, and a determined effort was made to drive them from the country. Allied with those German powers who dared to oppose Napoleon, Russian troops fought side by side with the soldiers of the Fatherland against the hated French.

Early in March, the Russian Colonel Tettentborn was sent from Berlin to expel the French from Hamburg and to protect Lubbeck. He found the enemy retreating towards the west, and that, among other places, they had evacuated the little town of Luneburg. Tettentborn continued his march. Meantime the French General Morand, reinforced by St. Cyr, turned back to Luneburg. The Allies sent General von Dornberg to protect the town. Within three hours' march of Luneburg, he learnt that Morand had re-occupied the place the preceding day with a force of three thousand men.

Von Dornberg waited a day for reinforcements, and advanced on the 2d of April, at noon, to the attack. Believing the assaulting column stronger than it really was, Morand hastily retreated from the town by one issue—the New Gate—as the Allies entered it by another. The opposing forces encountered in the streets, and after a sanguinary skirmish the French were driven out. After the fight Morand learned the real weakness of the victors, and determined to retrieve his error. Detaching portions of his force to penetrate the town at other available points, with gallant but rash impetuosity, the French commander in person attacked the New Gate at three in the afternoon. The post was defended by Russian and Prussian guns, with a few Cossacks, while Prussian Jagers and Fusiliers were thrown out in advance.

The engagement was hotly sustained, and the Gate gallantly held. Though the Prussian loss was heavy, the French made no sensible impression for upwards of an hour. After that time the fire of the defenders began to slacken, then nearly ceased. A murmur ran through the ranks. Their ammunition was fast becoming exhausted, and by some unaccountable oversight no more cartridges were at hand. Skilled soldiers like the French soon perceived something was wrong, and prepared to take advantage of the fault. Their fire grew hotter than ever. The skirmishers hardly deigned to avail themselves of the shelter of the trees that lined the road, but picked off the Prussians with impunity. The eyes of the men turned in mute appeal towards their officers, who were gradually making up their minds to check further advance by a desperate charge of the bayonet, then slowly to retreat.

But the German mind, generally, takes a long time in making up, and before the worthy Prussians had accomplished the task, help came to them from an unexpected quarter, as the sequel will show.

When the alarm was beaten in the town before Von Dornberg's advance, the inhabitants hastily closed their shops and houses, and took up safe positions. Their hearts beating with mingled fear and hope, they heard the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry come nearer and nearer,—bullets struck into the walls and roofs, bricks and tiles began to fall, rockets hurtled past, troops thronged into the town.

A tradesman in the main thoroughfare allowed several of his neighbors to take refuge in the vaulted cellar under his shop. Among these were a widow, named Stegen, and her daughter Johanna. The latter is described

as a girl of twenty-two,—tall, strong, and active; of fair complexion, with handsome features, and the auburn hair appears seamed with threads of gold. Like most of her countrywomen Johanna was an ardent patriot and a vehement enemy to the French; but, unlike others of her sex, she was an utter stranger to fear. She had intended joining the Jagers, disguised in men's clothes, upon the previous day, and had gained her mother's consent; but the widow had lost several sons in the war, and her heart failed when the time came.

Had Johanna Stegen carried out her intention, she would have done no more than other German women in that stirring time.

History tells of a girl of twenty-one from Potsdam, Eleonora Prochaska, who joined the Lutzow regiment of foot in the name of Renz, and fell bravely fighting in September, 1813, in an engagement on the Gohrde. Dorothea Sawoch entered the West Prussian Landwehr cavalry, exchanged into the infantry after a fall from her horse, and served in its ranks until the close of the war. Charlotte Kruger fought in the Kolberg regiment, and gained promotion in a non-commissioned officer. A lady, known subsequently as Frau Scheinmann, served with Helwig's Hussars throughout the War of Liberation. A native of Stralsund, the wife of a ship-captain, made the campaign under the name of Karl Peterson, because a sergeant, was twice wounded, and decorated with the Iron Cross of the first class.

Unable, as she thought, to participate actively in the defence of Luneburg, Johanna's whole heart went out towards her countrymen and their allies. As soon as the tumult of the conflict in the streets had in some degree subsided, she left the trembling women in the cellar, and post herself at a window in the shop door to observe the progress of the fight. Presently came a squadron of Russian hussars at full gallop round the corner of the street in pursuit of the flying French. They were guided by a sturdy butcher of Luneburg on horseback, armed with a reeking sabre. The hussars were followed by Cossacks. Johanna could remain inactive no longer. Seizing a jug of "schnapp" and a glass, she mounted on a bench before the door, and distributed the welcome refreshment to officers and men.

The cavalry passed, but return to her friends after the excitement of the scene was impossible to Johanna. All ideas of personal danger and timidity were swallowed up in the strength of her desire to see the discomfiture of the foe. So on, past signs of disorder and flight, past cast-away arms and portions of uniforms, past wounded and dying men, writhing in agony and shrieking for water, past heaps of slain in all imaginable attitudes, past the corpse of the Saxon private who was quartered in her mother's house, and who had breakfasted gayly with them in the morning.

As Johanna approached the New Gate, the firing showed her the engagement was still in progress. To observe it the better, she made for a slight elevation on the left, called the Kalkberg (lime-hill) within the barriers of the town. Upon her way thither she passed two men in a dry ditch prising off the heads of a number of barrels in the hope of booty. In its stead they find cartridges, and she swears. French cartridges, reported universally to contain poisoned bullets. The men abandoned their discovery in disgust, and the girl pursued her way. Upon the Kalkberg she found a veteran who had served in the Seven Years' War, and was now living in Luneburg. The old man lent Johanna his field-glass, and explained to her the object of the manoeuvres they beheld. They saw Morand's flying troops halted and led back to attack the New Gate; followed its gallant defence with lively interest; noticed with apprehension the Prussian fire slacken, and the French making for assault. The veteran communicated to Johanna his fear that ammunition was growing short, and finding the tide of battle begin to roll towards the Kalkberg, descended from his post and advised Johanna to make the best of her way home.

Slowly and unwillingly the girl retraced her steps through a side street towards the New Gate, but had not gone far before she noticed an old man of her acquaintance sitting upon an ammunition-wagon abandoned during the French retreat.

"Why, Muller, what are you doing here?" she asked in surprise.

"Been looking for something good, my girl," was the reply. "Find nothing but cartridges."

Cartridges! The word strikes out a thought, as flint brings sparks from steel. The very thing needed to carry on the fight. A supply here; a store in the barrels in the ditch; our men short of ammunition, retreating, beaten! Now to afford them help.

"Quick, Muller!" cried Johanna. "Fill my apron with cartridges. I've plenty more in front. Our men are coming that way. Oh! Victory shall be ours yet!"

Fired by her enthusiasm, the old man tremulously filled Johanna's apron with the precious load. The brave girl grasped the corners of the garment in her teeth, and hurried away to empty it near the barrels. Again and again, with glowing eyes and rapid feet, she hastened upon her devoted task. Meantime the fight came nearer. Bullets began to whistle around the pair. Muller lost heart and beat a retreat, counselling Johanna to follow his example. But she was

not so easily terrified. Alone now, she clambered upon the wagon and filled her apron unassisted, carrying it off to augment her store without heeding the more rapid spatter of the leaden ball.

On a sudden, midway with a load, she found herself between two bodies of troops. A light rain falling, the men wore their overcoats, and she was unable to distinguish friend from foe. While hesitating what to do, she was reached by a company of Prussian Jagers, rushing with levelled bayonets to take the French in flank. Johanna ran on a few steps beside the leading officer, asking whether the French would get the town again. The officer told her gruffly to be off about her business, but added—

"Stop! What have you got there that seems so heavy?"

"Cartridges!"

"Cartridges! And we without a ball! Where?"

"Out of the wagon, there; and I've got a heap more in the ditch behind."

"Halt, men!" came next, with a mighty Prussian oath.

In a moment four soldiers were emptying Johanna's apron by their officer's command, and distributing its contents among their comrades. She hurried on to the ditch amid the hurrahs of the Jagers showed them the supply, then ran back to the ammunition wagon for more. Hotter grows the French fire, but the Prussians respond to it now with cheerfulness and vigor. Grapes and round shot begin to take their victims, and let out many a "urdy fellow's" life. But Johanna never falters in her self-appointed task.

Holding her apron with her teeth, she pushes the cartridges into the breasts of the Jagers' uniforms to distribute her prizes the quicker. Friends fell beside her, but she never stops. The enemy come closer, but she feels no fear. During one of her trips a Saxon officer gallops out upon her from an adjacent garden with uplifted sabre. Seeing her danger, a Cossack rushes past her with levelled lance, and stretches the Saxon on the ground. The unwhimsical jargon of her rescuer first shows her the peril she has escaped.

By the aid of the ammunition furnished by Johanna Stegen, the French were kept at a distance until reinforcements could be brought up from within the town. Then, as dusk was drawing in, a combined charge, in which Morand was badly wounded and taken, scattered the assailants irretrievably, and the day was won.

Johanna had been wonderfully preserved in the midst of the dangers to which she was exposed. Her clothes were riddled with bullets. A grape-shot passed through her breast while she was stooping to pick up some fallen cartridges. As she supplied a Jager with ammunition, the man fell forward, badly hit, into her arms. She carried him to the ditch, tore off her neckerchief to bind his wound, and set out again to the wagon.

After the battle, the Maiden of Luneburg in her shot-torn clothes, blackened with smoke and powder, was carried in triumph by the townsfolk round the market-place; then she went quietly home to her mother. The old woman scolded her heartily for her imprudence, and having done that much homage to duty, cried over the girl for her patriotism.

Next day, when the Prussian commander inquired after the heroic girl, none of his men knew where she was to be found. One Jager only was able to describe her appearance, adding that she had red hair. This led to her discovery. For during the next few days there were other duties to perform. Wounded and prisoners had to be nursed, tended, and waited upon; lint was to be furnished, provisions obtained and prepared, a hospital to be extemporized; and Johanna lent eager assistance in these charitable tasks. While occupied among the wounded prisoners, she was noticed by a huge Saxon sergeant. The man's eyes blazed with fury, and he dashed at her with an imprecation, calling out:

"Here, comrades! This is the devil on whom sixteen of our men spent all their bullets yesterday without hitting her. 'Twas she cost our brave officer his life, for he'd sworn to cut her down."

The prison guards came to the rescue, and freed the girl from his grasp.

The troubles of the Maiden of Luneburg and of her native town were not by any means ended with the French repulse. The day after the engagement the Allies evacuated Luneburg, and crossed the Elbe to Butzenburg to give battle to Davoust. The French Marshal declined the engagement, but despatched Montbrun with 6,000 men to punish the Luneburgers. He entered the town late on the night of the 4th, passed the next day in searching for arms, and arrested 106 of the chief citizens. The threatening movements of the Allies compelled Davoust to call in all his strength, and Montbrun left Luneburg again upon the 9th.

The war went on. The Allies gained a battle upon the 6th of April, but lost another on the 2nd of May, and with it the temporary command of the country. Once more the French re-occupied unfortunate Luneburg, surrounding it with palisades, deepening the ditches, throwing up earthworks, and barricading the gates, as if they did not intend to be dislodged in a hurry. The invaders instituted a veritable Reign of Terror in the luckless town. One poor girl, suspected as a spy, was scourged to death in the market-place. All citizens and inhabi-

itants thought to be disaffected were imprisoned or fined.

It may be supposed that under such harsh rule the part taken by Johanna Stegen in the repulse of the 2nd of April would not remain unpunished. Her mother kept her carefully concealed in a loft attached to the house, and it was generally believed she was no longer in the town. Constant inquiries and frequent searches proved unavailing for her discovery. Among the few acquainted with her hiding-place was a neighbor, who proposed to Widow Stegen to let Johanna spend the day with his daughter.

"It would be a change for the poor girl," said the worthy man, "and hearten her up a bit."

Frau Stegen consenting, Johanna hurried across the street upon her visit next morning before dawn. At noon, the good man of the house, standing according to simple German custom smoking his pipe before the door, hastily called the girls, and showed three gendarmes turning in to search Frau Stegen's house. The fellows examined the old mother severely, trying to extract her daughter's whereabouts, declaring from the clothes and so forth they discovered the girl could only have left the place.—Frau Stegen kept firm, and the gendarmes in revenge searched all the houses in the street, including that of the friendly neighbor. By rare good fortune, they forgot to look in the hen-house, where the fugitive was concealed.

It was evident, after this, there was no safety in Luneburg for Johanna. Watched and guarded as the place now was, however, it was anything but easy to get out of the town. Still, the attempt must be made. Her mother accompanied her next night to the outer wall, where they parted. Johanna waited until all was quiet, managed to scale the wall and to pass the ditch, but was stopped by the palisades. She climbed them at last, after many fruitless efforts, balanced herself upon the top, and jumped. As ill luck would have it, her dress caught in the sharpened points and tore, the same attract- ing the attention of the sentry singing on the wall. His rapid challenge echoed through the night. Sustaining her weight upon her hands, the girl clung breathlessly to the palisades, not daring to move a muscle.

The sentry listened a minute, peered out into the darkness, saw nothing, contentedly shouldered his musket again, and resumed his walk and his song.

This danger surmounted, Johanna made for Natendorf, a village five miles from Luneburg, where a friend was the pastor's wife. With these kind people she abode four weeks, enjoying rest, happiness, and quiet.

An old woman from Luneburg came one day begging into the parsonage. She recognized Johanna with surprise, but was friendly, even to obsequiousness. The woman was well treated, fasted, and sent away with presents of food and money, vowing by all her hopes of salvation not to betray a syllable. She may have been sincere. It is charitable to hope she was. But if she did not plainly denounce Johanna to the French, she did the next thing to it. She talked about her discovery, and the story soon reached the ears of the authorities.

Apprehending treachery, Johanna had already determined to quit the house. The entreaties of her friends were unable to stifle the foreboding of approaching danger. She left, and turned again towards Luneburg—for where else could she go? She was hardly clear of the premises when she heard the clank of accoutrements; and, slipping rapidly behind a hedge, saw gendarmes riding up towards the parsonage.

Now it happened that at that period there were only two women, residents of Luneburg, who had reddish hair.—Johanna Stegen and a younger female of indifferent character, well known to the French officials.

As Johanna was hastening that morning along the high road, she suddenly perceived this latter girl with three downstons a little distance on in front. In that level district it was impossible to think of evading them. Johanna hastily concealed her hair—whose color was so conspicuous—beneath a white handkerchief, took her light straw hat in her hand, and passed the party boldly with a rapid step. The female recognized her immediately.

"Why, that's Johanna Stegen!" she exclaimed.

Rattle flew the sabres of the gendarmes from their sheaths. The sabre to a French gendarme is like the staff to an English policeman; he feels twice as big a man with the symbol of authority in his hand.

Johanna no sooner heard the ominous sound than she set off at the top of her speed, and the chase began. Over hedge and ditch, across fields, through a wood, where the fugitive lost her shoes, and hurried on with bleeding feet, along the high road again, the flight continued for full six miles, until, coming to the bridge across a little stream, the poor hunted girl in her despair resolved to end her misery at once. She had already swung over the balustrade, and was on the point of letting go her hold with a prayer to be forgiven, when, looking back, she saw that her pursuers were even more exhausted than herself, and had halted by the wayside for breath. The sight gave her fresh courage. She set off again upon the Luneburg road, passing vehicle and footsore, none of whom chose to understand the shouts of her pursuers to stop the runaway.

She had got close to the town before she recollected it would be running into the lion's jaws to enter it in broad daylight. She turned rapidly off the road, and making for a well-known farm close at hand, burst into the kitchen with the cry, "Oh, help! help! Save me from the French!"

The inmates at first refused assistance.

"Why, surely, it's Johanna! This way, girl. Follow me!"

She raised the flap of the cellar extending beneath the kitchen, hurried the fugitive down a ladder, and hid her underneath a cask. A basket and some cloths were thrown over the trap, and all resumed their occupations. The pursuers rushed in, with some comrades picked up on the road, and demanded Johanna. Immense astonishment and protestations of utter ignorance of any such person.

"She came in here, I know!" said one of the gendarmes. "We'll unearth her, Comrades, search the house!"

The men dispersed all over the farm, and searched it from top to bottom, without success. Nobody dreamt of the out-of-sight out-of-mind cellar trap, and Johanna was saved.

"She must have escaped through the adjoining garden," suggested the girls.

The gendarme instinct gorged the bait in a jiffy, and rushed off in pursuit.

At two in the afternoon Johanna, bathed in perspiration from her protracted flight, had been concealed in the ice-cold cellar. At nine in the evening the inhabitants of the farmhouse first ventured to release her from her hiding-place. They found her shivering in every limb from exhaustion and frost like a person in a violent ague. A little refreshment and some hot soup restored her for the time. After a short rest an old shepherd accompanied her, near midnight, to assist her in crossing the palisades and entering the town. With his help she found it an easy task, which says little for the vigilance of the French. Dawn was just stealing into the sky when the fugitive reached her mother's house, with some difficulty succeeding in obtaining entrance without attracting the notice of the neighbors, and was finally at rest.

This last adventure, happening in the middle of July, was the termination of Johanna's romantic trials. The French held the town until September, but were too much occupied in making head against the disasters which befel their arms in rapid succession to think of hunting up Johanna.

On September 18th, General Tettentborn entered Luneburg with a large force of Cossacks. Four days later the Russian commander heard of Johanna's bravery, and caused her to be brought before him. Varnhagen von Ense, present at the interview, testified:—"When the French again became masters of Luneburg, she had been forced to go into hiding. Afterwards she was exposed to threats and dangers from the enemy, and even from many of her countrymen, until the remembrance of her daring gradually died away. But Tettentborn gave orders to seek Johanna, and invited her to his table, where he presented her to his guests as a worthy sister-in-arm. Her behavior now was just as simply modest as it had previously been unaffectedly brave. That she might not be again exposed to vengeance or contumely, she was subsequently sent under favorable circumstances, and with advantageous prospects to Berlin."

The advantageous prospects consisted of the situation of companion to the lady of Major von Reiche, in whom the Maiden of Luneburg found a warm friend and kind patroness. While in Berlin Johanna broke a blood-vessel, in consequence, said the physicians, of the shock to her constitution of the rapid change of temperature suffered during her escape on the 13th of July. She lay long at death's door, but ultimately recovered, and accompanied Frau von Reiche to Paris in 1815.

Two years afterwards the Maiden of Luneburg married Wilhelm Hinderstein, a volunteer Jager of good family, whose acquaintance she made at the house of her patroness. Their oldest son is the head of the Stettin bank, another a lithographer at St. Petersburg.

Twice subsequently the malady from which Johanna suffered in Berlin returned, leaving each time the seeds of disease, which ultimately developed into a disorder terminating fatally in 1842. Her husband died last year, and from his account the details of this little history have been compiled.

It is pleasant to reflect that the savour of noble deeds survives long after their doers have crumbled into dust. The body of Johanna Stegen is where the mortal remains of all of us will be in few or many years, but her immortal part—her memory—will go down to posterity as that of a brave-hearted, good woman, who risked her life for her country.

R. S. M.

The heart of a wise man should be like a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

## Charge of the Mule Brigade.

[On the night of October 25th last, when General Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps repulsed the attacking forces of Longstreet at Vauclaire, Tennessee, a number of mules, frightened by the noise of battle, dashed into the camp of Hampton's Legion, causing much dismay among the rebels, and compelling many of them to fall back under a supposed charge of cavalry.]

Half a mile, half a mile,  
Half a mile onward,  
Right toward the Georgia troops,  
Broke the two hundred.  
"Forward the Mule Brigade!"  
"Charge for the rebels!" they neighed;  
Straight for the Georgia troops  
Broke the two hundred.

"Forward the Mule Brigade!"  
Was there a mule dismayed?  
Not when the long ears felt  
All their ropes sundered;  
Their not to make reply;  
Their not to reason why;  
Their but to make them fly.  
On to the Georgia troops,  
Broke the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,  
Mules to the left of them,  
Mules behind them,  
Pawed, neighed, and thundered.  
Breaking their own confines,  
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,  
Into the Georgia troops  
Stormed the two hundred.

Wild all their eyes did glare,  
Whisked all their tails in air,  
Scattering the chivalry there,  
While all the world wondered.  
Not a mule back-bstraddled,  
Yet how they all skeddaddled;  
Fled every Georgian,  
Unsprung, unsaddled,  
Scattered and sundered.  
How they were routed there  
By the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,  
Mules to the left of them,  
Mules behind them,  
Pawed, neighed, and thundered.  
Followed by hoof and head,  
Full many a hero fled,  
Fain in the last ditch dead,  
Back from an "ass's jaw."  
All that was left of them,  
Left by the two hundred.  
When can their glory fade?  
O, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made,  
Honor the Mule Brigade,  
Long-eared two hundred.

## Coin and Paper.

It is a rather curious fact that the only coin now in current use on this continent, which is not round, is the fifty dollar gold piece struck for California, which is octagonal in shape. All the coins in Europe are round. In Japan they have oblong wedges of silver.

It is curious, too, that for many years money has been made out of paper, when leather or cloth would seem to be much more durable. Yet paper, when representing coin, lasts a great while, and not unfrequently the Bank of England receives a note of extraordinary age; and the Bank of Bengal, in India, was recently called upon to pay several thousand pounds of notes so old that none of the present generation remembered the pattern.

It is also worthy of remark, that gems or precious stones have never been used for money, nor has platinum or any other metal taken the place of gold. In Africa a species of shell forms the circulating medium, the value of which fluctuates sometimes twenty per cent. a week. But all civilized countries have gold as the standard of money value, and all other circulating media are but the representatives of the great standard. Only the Hindoo has ever learned to test coin accurately by the hand.

Of all gold coinage, that of England is perhaps the most beautiful. A new, fresh gold sovereign is probably as graceful and attractive a coin as exists. Next to it, the American eagle is the most elegant gold coin. The twenty-franc pieces of the present kingdom of Italy are also very neat.

The most beautiful silver coinage is that of Russia, each piece being in itself a work of art, so finely and elaborately is the die cut. On the other hand, the ugliest silver coinage is that of the free city of Hamburg; each piece adulterated and poorly cut, is usually to be found encrusted with dirt and filth, and looking a refuse fragment of tin. The silver coinage of Germany is very bad also. In Italy—excepting the portions subject to the Pope and the Emperor of Austria—the franc piece is taking the place of former coins, though the local coinage of the former duchies of Parma and Modena still infests those portions of the country. Naples also retains in retail traffic the complicated coins in use under the Bourbon rule.

Perhaps the neatest paper money in the world is that of Greece, which is manufactured by American engravers and workmen. The old bank currency of this country is often very elegant. The worst and most wretched paper money in the world is the five-kreutzer note of Austria, printed on a soft, thick, grayish paper, which has a faculty of washing and rubbing away like ordinary blotting-paper. But nearly as bad is the postal currency with which, for our sins, we are now afflicted. He who steals a purse full of our five and ten cent notes—frayed, dirty, worn, and illegible—does, indeed, steal "trash."

A gentleman seeing some cows in a field grazing, said he did not wonder that the grass did not get high, as it was soiled down. Again seeing a cellar nearly finished, he remarked, "it was an excellent foundation for a story."

AN ECCENTRIC INFIDEL.—A correspondent of the "Northwestern Advocate" says that the following quaint anecdote was related to him by an itinerant of the Ohio Annual Conference:—

"I was sent, said he, to Gallipolis Circuit, and having fulfilled the labors of the Sabbath on an autumnal evening, was invited by an infidel to go home with him. I accepted, most cheerfully, and was treated with affable courtesy and the respect due to a minister of the gospel of Christ. In the morning, as I took my leave, my infidel friend courteously invited me to call on him whenever it should suit my convenience. This I generally did, as I came to this appointment throughout the year. As the year neared its close, I thought I would call and offer payment to my host, lest he should charge me, and through me ministers generally, with neglect in paying just dues. I called for my bill. He brought forth his book, where was charged in mercantile style, for board, horse-keeping, etc., sums amounting to fifteen or twenty dollars. I was amazed; told him I could not pay it now, but when I came again, before I left the circuit, I would cancel the debt. But stop, says my friend, we have not done yet. Let us see what is on the other side. He then produced an amazing credit of one dollar for every sermon I had preached in that place during the year, whether he was present or absent; a sixpence for every blessing asked at his table; and a shilling for every prayer I offered in the family, save one when I knelt on one foot and knee—its credit was a sixpence. The aggregate of credit surpassed the debt some three or four dollars, which he immediately produced, passed over to me, and we parted in mutual friendship and love."

The step from the sublime to the ridiculous is taken in the following account by the facetious Artemus of his early fondness for Betsy Jane:—

"There are many affecting ties which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm lying ous; their cows and ousr squenched their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their foreheads; the menials broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the nabors used to observe, 'How thick the Wards and Paxlises air!' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mortals (Betsy Jane and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that they couldn't sile 'em effeminately blin soap together and abewin' the neighbors."

1870, Jan. 1.—At a meeting of the Emancipation League in Tremont Temple, Hon. Jefferson Davis was introduced, and said, it gave him great pleasure to assist in celebrating the triumph of a cause, of which he had been an early and consistent friend. He appealed to his friends Garrison and Phillips, to bear witness to his advocacy of the cause, in days when it was perilous to be an abolitionist. Rev. Dr. Adams followed in a similar strain, and the meeting closed with the hymn, "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair."

AN EQUIVOCAL ENDORSEMENT.—Some years before Marietta was the beautiful inland city and summer resort for the wealth and fashion of Lower Georgia that it now is, Judge Underwood was there attending court. At the close of the term, when he was about going away, he remarked to General Hensell:

"General, when my time comes to die, I am coming to Marietta to die."  
"Ah!" replied the General, "I'm glad you think so much of our little town."  
"It is not that," replied the Judge. "It's because I can leave it with less regret than any other place on the face of the earth."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LATEST.—"What is polygamy?" asked like, who stumbled over the word in the paper. Mrs. Partington looked severe. "Polygamy," said she, "is where meff have an ad libitine privilege of marrying a pleuriety of wives, God bless 'em, when they can't take care of one as she ought to be, with cotton flannel forty cents a yard and flour at fabulous prices." He was satisfied and immersed himself in a notice of Hassam's skates.—*Evening Gazette.*

"Father," said a blue-eyed prattler of fifteen summers, "an't sister and I your resources?"

"Yes, my child," replied the indulgent parent.

"Well, philosophers say man should husband his resources!"

The father turned aside to wipe away a tear, and the prattler finished the love letter she was writing.

A poor jilted blade says:  
Woman's love is like Scotch snuff,  
You get one pinch and that's enough.  
Whereupon a darkey, of more sense as well as soul, responds:  
Woman's lub, like ingy-rubber,  
It stretch de more de more you lub her.

A young lady of sixteen summers lately arrived at Louisville, who had served eighteen months in the army, been connected with seven different regiments, participated in several engagements, been seriously wounded twice, and had been discovered and mustered out of service eight times. She is a Canadian by birth, and is bound to fight for the American Union.



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
One square (14 lines) one insertion, 25  
Each subsequent insertion, 10  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, 15  
Each subsequent insertion, 10  
One square one year, 2.00  
One square six months, 1.50  
One square three months, 1.00  
Half a square one year, 1.50  
Half a square six months, 1.00  
Half a square three months, .75  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, loaded, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stonham—E. T. WHITFIELD.  
Winchester—J. H. B. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Boston; J. H. B. GLEASON, Boston, are all empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MIRROR'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

The lecture by George William Curtis, Esq., on Thursday evening was a most brilliant production,—delivered in so pleasing, impressive, and eloquent a style, that, though somewhat radical in ideas, the garb they wore and the manner of their delivery won the merited frequent and full applause of the audience. To have heard it to be to have appreciated it; no abstract can do it justice, since it must entirely fail to give any adequate idea of the beautiful comparisons, apt allusions, elegant diction, finished rhetoric and impassioned eloquence of the lecturer.

In seeking the "way of peace," for our troubled country, the speaker first inquired who might properly bear the title of peace men. Not those who are styled so by the majority, including some of the basest of traitors and men—who talk peace and mean secession or submission; but the true peace party talk shot and shell from fifteen-inch cannon and belch out Greek fire.

Three and only three ways to peace were said to exist, and considered in order. 1st—Compromise; 2d—Separation; 3d—Continuation of the War till a peace was conquered. The first, Compromise, by the example of England during her civil wars, was shown to lead only to a renewed civil war. Our Government was declared the easiest, cheapest and strongest, if it came forth united from this strife, on the face of the earth, and foreign nations looked on with suspicious eye. With compromise would come the final overthrow of the United States. With whom, it was asked, would the compromise be made? With the rank and file of the Southern army? No; but with its leaders, Davis, Toombs, Stevens & Co., who had been taught that there was but one policy and that the Southern policy, but one country and that the South—who, should we send ambassadors to treat of compromise, would contemptuously ask "Who are you? Treat with you? No! we with six millions have beaten you of twenty millions, and we compromise! No. We will dictate terms if you wish."

Second—"Must we not then let them go?" Who says this? The tender heart of woman torn bleeding as she strives to retain her only comfort, a dear boy, at home after giving husband and brother for her country, cries in her despair, "Can it not be settled without this shedding of blood? Let them go." By vivid comparisons and sound logic this course was shown impracticable.

The third way to peace alone remained—which was, as to the Ancient Israelites, through the Red Sea and the victories, the course pursued now by the President and Generals in the conquered territory, of converting the minds of the people to the falsity of the doctrine that secession was a reserved right of the constitution, was tending in that direction. The day was breaking but the sun had not yet risen.

FOR THE RANGERS.—Mr. E. E. Thompson, one of the Board of Selectmen, leaves town on Monday for Washington and the army, and will, of course, visit our townsmen in the 39th, and other regiments. We are authorized to say, that any letters left with him at the Post Office, No. Woburn, or at Mr. Gage's store, by Monday noon, will be cheerfully taken.

## Social Festival.

A Social Festival in aid of the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission, will take place at Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on Tuesday evening next, Feb. 2d. The order of exercises will be as follows:—From 7 to 9 o'clock, a promenade, with music by the Woburn Brass Band; from 9 to 12, dancing, with music by Hall's Band. The price of tickets has been set very low—fifty cents each—in order to give every one an opportunity to be present, and thus benefit a cause which has demands upon the benevolence of all—rich and poor. We hope that the Hall will be filled to its utmost capacity, and that the proceeds will be an honor to our town, and a gratification to those who have the management of the matter.

"PROPELLER."—We received a visit on Wednesday afternoon from Mr. Thomas Davis, the friend of newspaper publishers, and the great "advertising medium" of the "hub." Mr. Davis never "stops to rest," neither do we think he "tires," for he is always on the move, and is as hard to find as a needle in a hay stack. We wish him all the success his untiring industry entitles him to.

ACCIDENTS.—Mr. Charles Tay of North Woburn, met with a severe accident last Saturday. He was splitting wood, and the axe glancing off out from one of his ankles a large piece of flesh, "making a severe wound, which bled very freely several times during the day. He is now in a fair way of recovery, still it will be some time before he can resume his occupation.

Mrs. J. P. Crane, yesterday, from a fall, broke both bones of her left arm near the wrist.

LECTURE.—The lecture announced to be delivered by Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, on Thursday, Feb. 4th, is postponed until Feb. 18th. On Thursday evening, Feb. 11th, John G. Saxe, Esq., will deliver a poem. Subject—"Love—a wonderful and patriotic power."

DINNER TO RE-ENLISTED SOLDIERS.—Mr. Wm. B. Harris gave our re-enlisted soldiers a sumptuous dinner at his residence, on Thursday afternoon. The occasion was one of extreme pleasure to all concerned.

TEACHERS' SALARIES.—We notice by some of our exchanges, that the salaries of school teachers, in several places have recently been raised, in order to make them equal to the demands of the times.

HORSE DROWNED.—A valuable horse, belonging to Pierce & Hall, was drowned in Horn Pond, on Thursday, by breaking through the ice.

CLERGYMAN.—Rev. John McCarthy, late pastor of the Catholic Church in Woburn, has been stationed at Watertown; and Rev. John Qualey succeeds Mr. McCarthy in Woburn.

ICE.—The crop of ice so far taken from Horn Pond, has been more than an average one.

FURLONGS.—Private Aaron Butler and William A. Moore, of the 2d Mass. Regt., both of whom have re-enlisted, are now at home enjoying their thirty days' furlough. Private Henry B. James, Co. B, 32d Mass. Regt., also re-enlisted, came home with the Regiment.

Private Warren W. Osgood, Co. G, 25th Mass. Regt., arrived home on Thursday of last week, having entered the service for three years more.

Corpl. Daniel Reddy, Co. F, 16th Mass. Regt., arrived home Monday, having also re-enlisted.

Capt. T. F. Page, Co. H, 28th Mass. Regt., arrived home last Saturday evening, on a furlough of ten days.

Private James Dooley, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., arrived home Tuesday morning, from the Carver Hospital, Washington, on a furlough of twenty days.

Private Hugh Murray, of Wilmington, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., arrived home Saturday evening, on a furlough of fifteen days.

DISCHARGED.—Private Patrick Kelley, of East Woburn, of the Invalid Corps, whom we reported as home on a furlough, was discharged.

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.—We have received our usual batch of magazines, for February. Godey's Lady's Book we find as full of interesting matter as any previous number. The large colored fashion plates, and numerous small engravings of different articles pertaining to ladies and children's wardrobes given in this number, make it one of the best fashion publications in the country.

The second number of the Lady's Friend, published at Philadelphia, by Deacon & Peterson, greets us with the freshness of a May morning. Commencing with a fine steel plate, called "The Sylvan Retreat," there follows a splendid double richly colored Fashion Plate. Then a new and popular piece of music, "Kind friends are near her," being an answer to "Who will care for Mother now." This piece of music, of itself, is striking in the price of the number. Then a striking engraving of the "Rescue of Arthur Steele," illustrative of an interesting story called "Olive's Trial." Then in the body of the book, fifteen pages of engravings, devoted to the Fashions, work table, Novelties, Flowers, &c., and as to the literary matter, we may simply say, that the articles are of a high order, coming from some of the best writers. Price \$2 a year; two copies for \$3.

The contents of Harper's Monthly are of the same interesting character as always fill its pages. The pleasure found in reading this magazine, from month to month, is of a kind that no other publication gives, and a spare moment is profitably engaged in perusing the good articles it always contains.

FOR SALE.—A cylinder stove will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

## Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission.

A meeting of the various branches of the Sanitary Commission, in the town of Woburn, convened at the vestry of the Congregational Church, on Monday evening, Jan. 25. Several gentlemen were present by invitation, and the subject of raising funds was discussed by the Rev. Messrs. Bodwell, Kennard, and others, and the result of their deliberations was a vote that the Ladies divide the town into districts, and choose committees to solicit subscriptions in money in aid of the Society. It was thought that in this way the Society would be able to raise sufficient funds to last a year, and the manner of raising would be much more satisfactory than a Fair, or a Tea Party; which may be a thing of joy to some, but to the gettup is a thing of hard and oftentimes very unsatisfactory work.

We understand that the Town will be thoroughly canvassed. We presume that no man will think of giving less than one dollar, and many will give more, according to the means that God has given them. As the Rev. Mr. Bodwell very pertinently remarked, "If any one thinks that the calls for money come too frequently, he is at liberty to exchange places with any soldier in the field and let him pay the dollar."

The ladies comprising the Commission have been doing one of the noblest works of the war; they have worked early and late in manufacturing articles for the comfort and convenience of our sick and wounded soldiers. Their report, in a former number of the Journal, gave some information concerning the magnitude of the labor they have performed. God bless them for their noble work, and let us, the fathers, mothers, and friends of those who have so nobly gone forth to fight our battles, bless them too—and not from our lips only, but from the innermost recesses of our pocket books, and whenever one of these sisters of this noblest of charities calls for the money, feel that they are truly conferring a favor upon us.

The meeting was a very pleasant and interesting one. We hope that it may be duplicated, and that more of our citizens will avail themselves of the general invitation given by the ladies to be present.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## Golden Wedding.

MR. EDITOR.—Your correspondent was one of the few from Woburn, who were invited to a golden wedding which took place at Haverhill, on Wednesday, January 20th.

We arrived at the house of Deacon Francis Butters, where the ceremony was to take place, in good season (which means before the time appointed), and after a kind reception, and divesting ourselves of our superfluous clothing, we sat down to a cup of tea with the Deacon and his wife. About 8 o'clock, the people of Haverhill who were invited, and also of other towns, began to assemble. At first we were introduced to the guests, but the people soon came so fast that introduction was out of the question, and we had to dispense with that formality, and be sociable with all, whom we might be, by pressure, brought into close proximity with.

There were probably more than two hundred people present, and a more agreeable, and sociable company, I have never met with. About 9 o'clock the assembly was called to order, and a clergyman read some observations about the marriage of Deacon Butters. He was married to Miss Betsey Griffin, at the house of Dea. Charles Thompson, in Woburn, Jan. 20th, 1814, by Rev. Joseph Chickering. Prayer was then offered by one of the four clergymen present, and then a few remarks were made by Rev. Leander Thompson, after which, the table that had been loaded with niceties was somewhat relieved of its burden, and the company took the responsibility, which the table had so faithfully held before. Two married daughters of the Deacon, enlivened the evening with excellent music on the piano, and singing. About 11 o'clock, the older people began to think about going home, and taking the Deacon and his wife by the hand, left, with evident satisfaction at the success of the Golden wedding, and the agreeable manner in which they had spent the evening. The younger people soon followed their example.

Deacon Butters has now living six sons and one daughter, and the old people with their descendants make a highly respectable family circle, socially and numerically. The company left some very pretty tokens of their regard for the bride and groom. May this worthy couple long live to enjoy the society of their many kind friends, and their numerous and increasing posterity.

S.

Woburn, Jan. 26th, 1864.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## The Land of Nod.

A Winchester correspondent of the Journal of Jan. 9th, inquires for information concerning the original location of the "Land of Nod," so called, a tract of land which he supposes must have been within the boundaries of Woburn.

If your correspondent will take the trouble to look into Frothingham's History of Charlestown, pp. 111-12, he will see that the "Land of Nod," containing three thousand acres, together with a strip of land from Reading, was incorporated into a town in 1730 by the name Wilmington; and to this day the tract between Lubber's Brook and Andover line is called Nod by the farmers of that notice.

Woburn, January 26th, 1864.

A lady occupying room letter B at one of the hotels, wrote on the slate the following:—"Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'Let us be,' don't let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be on hand at half-past-seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographer, did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B" or "let her be."

SILVER WEDDING.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 12th, a large number of friends met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Weston, in Woburn, for the purpose of celebrating the occasion of their silver wedding. The evening was spent pleasantly by all present, and none could but wish that such occasions might occur oftener. During the evening, the following lines, composed by Mrs. Mary A. Pierce of West Cambridge, were read.

DEAR FRIENDS.—It is with exceeding joy that we tender our congratulations on this, the night of your silver bridal. There is something so holy and beautiful about it, and so many of the by-gone years are laying their wealth of sweet memories before us, that our hearts are full, and words seem meagre messengers to give to you our joy and gladness that a merciful Father has led you so tenderly through the "green pastures" of His love.

We hope that many a token of sweet significance will gladden your way in the years to come.

Our hearts swell up with joy to-night, And bright eyes beam with fond light— As we gather here: For on brows which are to us most dear The exultant, triumphant, twenty-fifth year Is laying a silver crown.

We pause and thoughtfully view to-night A long vista of years;—but the light Of other, by-gone days, Shines holy, pure and serene on our sight, And now we contemplate with heartfelt delight, Its soft and hallowed rays.

Sweet memories and tender are thronging to-night, And mercies unnumbered—and visions e'er bright Of sweet, domestic joy. And crosses have come, which have had to be borne, But we know that on Earth, He gives bliss to none Without some alloy.

So our hearts are swelling with joy to-night, And this silvery bridal—so tender and bright, Is making us radiant all, And we earnestly pray that its beautiful ray May illumine some future, darksome day, When the Master shall call.

Letter from the Rangers.

MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., JANUARY 20TH, 1864. DEAR JOURNAL.—Imagine yourself a visitor here and within my house. What do you see? A hut built of pine logs, well smeared with mud, and for a roof sheltered by the dimensions of said habitation are seven by fifteen feet, while the walls are about seven feet high. At each end are bunks, in all accommodating eight. Into the walls are driven pegs upon which hang our equipments and haversacks, while the "Springfields" are hanging near the bunks. Here are shelves decorated with smoke blacked dippers and frying pans, and upon the floor are various boxes marked "Adams' Express," denoting that the boys are not entirely forgotten by friends at home. Seven houses, outwardly of the same appearance as this and the same size, are completed, and two more are in progress of erection. At the head of each company street are the Officers' houses, and at the other end are to be located the Cook houses. I hope we may be lucky enough to enjoy a winter's rest here, for it is all the enjoyment a soldier has, and a poor quality at that, and in the spring, come out refreshed and strong to make a vigorous demonstration against the "deluded hordes" of Robert E. Lee and Co. A great number of rebel soldiers have come into our lines at this point; they all relate the same story of the suffering within rebellion, and from their own appearance I should judge the Q. M. department was rather low in the "C. S. A."

On the 10th of the month, the camp was surprised by the arrival of a distinguished guest. This individual took transportation in the Sutter's department, and has for a great while been expected and much talked of. Four stalwart "rangers" were detached to give him a reception and pay him our respects. Such enthusiasm as was manifested was worthy of his honor, and he was almost carried upon the shoulders of the people, and laid down near the Officers' residence, when, upon an investigation, he was found to be the bearer of quite a quantity of merchandise, and that from home. When this property was distributed to its various and rightful owners, we could not but "thank our stars" that it ever came, and thank Lieut. Wyman for the interest he manifested in having it forwarded to us. Thus ends the talk of the "Wyman box."

About the same time other boxes arrived, all of which have been received with great satisfaction. A week ago last Saturday, we received four volunteer recruits from Woburn, their names are Julius F. Ramsdell, Chas. H. Colegate, Michael Finn and R. M. Dennett. They are being instructed by Lieut. Kinley who has been detailed for that purpose, and they progress finely. With an attentive ear they listen to the stories of the "old troops" who spin out fearful yarns to them, but they will be "veterans" one of these days, and then they will learn from experience how much to consider correct and how much exaggerated, and to pay no attention to those who term them "Conies."

I wish to say a few words to those of our friends—especially the ladies, who are desirous of doing what they can for our welfare, by sending us articles of comfort,—that we are much in need of things which we cannot procure of the Quartermaster, or if procurable are of so poor a quality that they do not stand the rough usage of the Soldier. We need stockings and mittens, these articles do not last forever, so that yarn and needles are necessary. Very often socks have to be thrown away because the material for darning is not at hand. Think what is necessary in mending clothes at home, and then find out if those of your friends who are in the army are well supplied with these little things.

From a private letter received by a member of the company, we learn that private James Dooley has not been transferred to the Invalid Corps, as reported. There are two large boxes at Culpepper, directed to Lieut. Todd. They will reach us probably tomorrow.

PROSPECTIVE THERE IS THE PRICE OF "DRINKS."—There is a panic in the whiskey market. The probable passage of the bill now before Congress, levying an extra duty on "rectified" and "mixed," has moved dealers to take some corresponding action with regard to their customers. Circulars have been sent by the Liquor Dealers Society, of New York, to all the proprietors of the principal saloons in that city, inviting them to a general Convention next week, to take into consideration matters immediately affecting their mutual interests. The invitation, of course, will be responded to, and the belief is that the result of it all will be a further increase in the price of "drinks." Ten cents is now the standard figure, except in some of the Broadway hotels, which ask fifteen, but the action of Congress will probably be used as a pretext for accepting the latter as the regular price all around.

MORE BOYS BORN IN WAR TIMES THAN GIRLS.—The New York Post says: "A lady of this city, noted for the acuteness and accuracy of her observation of life and society, bears her testimony to a remarkable physiological fact, owing to moral causes, which is worth stating for the purpose of its being verified. She affirms that of the births taking place in this city, those which occur in families whose attachment to the Union is decided and zealous, are mostly boys, while in families in which there is a decided sympathy for the secession cause, they are girls. The observation of our readers may help them to instances confirming the fact, or showing it to be a mistake. It has often been said that in countries visited by long wars which carry off the male population, the male births largely predominate."

Sergeant Plunkett, who lost one arm and a portion of the other at the battle of Fredericksburg, while bearing the colors of the Massachusetts 21st Regiment, has had an artificial arm attached to the stump of his left arm, and can now hold a fork between the fingers, take off and put on his cap, and help himself considerably.

THE HORRORS OF WAR can be greatly mitigated, by that sovereign remedy, HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, as it will cure any wound, however desperate, if it be well rubbed around the wounded parts, and they be kept thoroughly covered with it. A pot of ointment should be in every man's knapsack. Only 25 cents per pot.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## Organs and Organ Music.

"One word more, Euphemia, one little word, within your patient ear and I am done.—Old Play."

MR. EDITOR.—As you read this methinks I hear you exclaim "No quid nimis," "Oho! jam satis," etc., but Truth and Justice force me to encroach on your columns once again.

Your very sensitive correspondent "Com," is deeply in error if he considers that his "few words of plain truth," "sorely touched" "R." as he infers. I failed to discover, and still do, the "truth" of his statements, but admit that his zealous exaggeration of what he, wittingly or unwittingly, in his blindness, believes to be truth, prompted what he deemed meet to reply to, and let me add, for his benefit especially, that

"The dignity of Truth is lost With much protesting."

It seems that some portions of a former article were woefully misconstrued when he would make its author opposed to what he calls "virtuous labor." In answer to this charge I will ask "Com," to remember, that "I am a man, and deem nothing that relates to man foreign to my feelings," and that the article in question was not written to reflect on Woburn's interests or its people, but to refute, if possible, his very absurd comparison of superlative excellence with comparative mediocrity.

Your fair town, Mr. Editor, is indeed blessed in having so goodly a champion of Truth, and its incomparable, "not undervalued," Organ in its midst, and while he sings its praises and questions the veracity of "a Boston (or) writer," it may not be out of place, or unchristian-like, to wish that he may not come to grief by his excessive bigotry, and that he may long enjoy the Organ of his heart, and secure a vast "influence over the hearts of the people" by his valorous defence of it against the "calumnies" of your humble servant, who will but add "Chacun a son gout," and wipe his pen.

R.

Boston, Jan. 25th, 1864.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH SOLDIERS.—The London correspondent of the New York Post writes as follows, under date of December 16, 1863:

I will give you an honest French opinion upon the American soldier. The gentleman first referred to had had numerous opportunities of examining the troops of both armies, Northern and Southern, and he unhesitatingly gave his preference to the former. A question put to him led him to draw a comparison between the American and French soldier, and this he did in the following terms:

"The northern armies are much better equipped than ours. We have ruffled muskets in certain regiments *d'elite* only, but all their troops are armed with the most improved weapons of Modern warfare. The Northern soldier is much more powerful, physically, than the French, and, indeed, than the troops of any army I have seen, and he has the same elastic step, the same *elan*, the same bright, intelligent eye as our own men. Beyond this, he is much steadier, and his morale is better. Our soldiers will attempt anything they are ordered; but if they are repulsed five or six times, they say the thing is impossible, and give up in despair. Not so the American! He accepts the idea that he must win; and every successful repulse only nerves him with greater determination and courage for the next trial. The only thing the American armies want is officers, and in the natural course of events, they will get these."

PROSPECTIVE THERE IS THE PRICE OF "DRINKS."—There is a panic in the whiskey market. The probable passage of the bill now before Congress, levying an extra duty on "rectified" and "mixed," has moved dealers to take some corresponding action with regard to their customers. Circulars have been sent by the Liquor Dealers Society, of New York, to all the proprietors of the principal saloons in that city, inviting them to a general Convention next week, to take into consideration matters immediately affecting their mutual interests. The invitation, of course, will be responded to, and the belief is that the result of it all will be a further increase in the price of "drinks." Ten cents is now the standard figure, except in some of the Broadway hotels, which ask fifteen, but the action of Congress will probably be used as a pretext for accepting the latter as the regular price all around.

MORE BOYS BORN IN WAR TIMES THAN GIRLS.—The New York Post says: "A lady of this city, noted for the acuteness and accuracy of her observation of life and society, bears her testimony to a remarkable physiological fact, owing to moral causes, which is worth stating for the purpose of its being verified. She affirms that of the births taking place in this city, those which occur in families whose attachment to the Union is decided and zealous, are mostly boys, while in families in which there is a decided sympathy for the secession cause, they are girls. The observation of our readers may help them to instances confirming the fact, or showing it to be a mistake. It has often been said that in countries visited by long wars which carry off the male population, the male births largely predominate."

Sergeant Plunkett, who lost one arm and a portion of the other at the battle of Fredericksburg, while bearing the colors of the Massachusetts 21st Regiment, has had an artificial arm attached to the stump of his left arm, and can now hold a fork between the fingers, take off and put on his cap, and help himself considerably.

THE HORRORS OF WAR can be greatly mitigated, by that sovereign remedy, HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, as it will cure any wound, however desperate, if it be well rubbed around the wounded parts, and they be kept thoroughly covered with it. A pot of ointment should be in every man's knapsack. Only 25 cents per pot.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.  
Music.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our citizens to the advertisement in another column of this paper, of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Walker, proposing to give instruction in Music. Mrs. W. has recently taught classes in Boston, where for a while she sang in one of the churches. They are both well known in town as good singers, and will doubtless receive the patronage of those who desire to take private lessons in Music.

SOLDIERS' RELIEF.—A large and pleasant meeting of the various Committees connected with this association, was held in the Town House, on Monday evening. The second Thursday in February, was determined upon for the holding of the Fair and Levee, if the Hall could be procured. Other arrangements were made for that occasion. One of the soliciting Committee for the North District reported, that among the offerings for the cause was a check of \$100 from Dr. F. P. Hurd. This gentleman, who has the means, has on many previous occasions, demonstrated that he has the heart also, to respond liberally to the calls of benevolence. The next Social Gathering will take place on next Monday evening.

HORTICULTURAL.—A Social meeting of the members of the Horticultural Society was held at the house of H. L. Eaton, Esq., on Monday evening, to discuss the kinds of Pear to be recommended to those who can cultivate only a limited number of trees. A list was adopted by the meeting, having reference not altogether to the quantity of the fruit but in part to the time and season of maturing. This was particularly the case with the first on the list which was selected for being early rather than very good. The following is the list:

Standards—Madeline, Dearborn's Seedling, Rostezier, Bloodgood, Beurre Giffard, Bartlett, St. Michael, Archangel, Belle Lucrative, Flemish Beauty, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Beurre Bosc, Beurre d'Anjou, Seckel, Sheldon, Beurre Diel, De Fonges, Doyenne Boussock, Lawrence, Beurre Clairgeau, "On Quince," Duchesse Louise Bonne de Jersey, Beurre Diel, Nouveau Poiteau, Vicar of Winkfield, Winter Nelis. For Cooking—Catilla.

WINTER.—In a letter from Oberlin, Ohio, to the writer dated January 20, a friend says, "We have just had the most severe snow storm, that the 'oldest inhabitant' has ever known here. Snow is two feet deep. No trains passed through here yesterday." Quite in contrast with the lovely weather of New England thus far this winter.

STATISTICS.—From the returns of the Town Clerk of the Births, Deaths, and Marriages in South Reading, for the year 1863, we take the following numbers:—Births, 57—American parentage, 31; Foreign Parentage, 26. Marriages, 34; Deaths, 49.

For the Middlesex Journal.

OUR LATE FRIEND, JOHN E. DANFORTH.—John E. Danforth, the subject of this brief notice, came to this place about a year and a half since, and engaged in the business of an apothecary's clerk, in the employ of Dr. J. D. Mansfield. He at once became interested in his occupation, and seemed anxious, not only to make himself proficient in his business, but at the same time to bring a willing mind and his best energies to work for the interest of his employer.

In his general deportment he was always dignified, gentlemanly, and modest. Customers not only considered him affable and pleasant in his address, but intelligent, thoroughly understanding his business, and always exercising toward them an interest and accommodating spirit, which at once gained or him their good wishes and lasting friendship. Very few we think can come into a place a stranger, and so soon become known and respected by so large a class of the community.

But alas! how soon are our earthly hopes sometimes blasted. How often are we reminded that the events of this life are not always in our own hands. It was thus with our young friend. He was, a few weeks since, in apparent health, looking forward with fond anticipation, to the time when he should, for himself, enter upon an honorable calling. To a common observer, no one seemed more likely to reach the goal than he, for his pulse was bounding, his cheeks rosy with health, and his spirits ever hopeful and cheerful. To him life must have looked like one "long morning" of sunshine. But disease oftentimes comes suddenly, and always unbidden,—and too often it is of a nature, that baffles the best directed means for its cure, and bids defiance to medical science. Thus it was with the subject of this notice. Less than two months since he was in health, apparently with a bright prospect for the future, but consumption—that scourge of diseases—fastened itself upon him. He returned to his home, and after a few weeks of suffering—passed away. Should it not be a great consolation to his weeping friends to know that he died a peaceful death with a Christian's hope of another and better life?

J. D. M.

SOUTH READING, Jan. 27th, 1864.

A PAYING CONCERN.—The Illinois Central Railroad Company pays to the State of Illinois seven per cent. of its earnings—amounting for the six months ending last May to \$264,000, sufficient to pay the State expenses in ordinary times. No other State but New Jersey has managed to secure such a consideration from its railroads.

The Louisville Journal says that Gen. Dumont, member of Congress from Indiana, is the father of nineteen children, ten



SWEETSER'S  
Iceland Moss CandyAND—  
ICELAND MOSS TROCHES!  
EXCELLENT REMEDIES FOR  
COUGHS and COLDS,  
Also Whooping Cough.For Sale at Woburn Bookstore.  
Special Notices.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

My prices are the same as heretofore—  
75 cents a visit, within one mile. To soldiers  
families, 50 cents.  
50 cents for Office Prescriptions; \$1.25 for visits  
after nine P. M.; 75 cents for night visits to Sol-  
diers' families.

THOMAS S. SCALES, M. D.  
Woburn, Jan. 25th, 1864.—18-2w.

## "LET IT BE SO!"

The re-entitled soldiers of Woburn, hereby re-  
turn their thanks to MR. WILLIAM B. HARRIS,  
(the soldier's particular friend), for the bountiful  
entertainment to which he invited them to day.

Woburn, Jan. 28th, 1864.

## NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Middlesex East District  
Medical Society, held at the residence of Dr. S. W.  
Drew, in Woburn, Jan. 26th, 1864, it was unani-  
mously voted, "That the fee for a regular visit be  
not less than one dollar."

The Secretary was instructed to acquaint the  
public with this action.

EPHRAIM CUTTER, SECR.  
Woburn, Jan. 21st, 1864.—17-3w.

## To Horse Owners.

DR. SWEETSER'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR  
HORSES is unrivalled by any, in all cases of  
Lameness, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or  
Wrenching. Its effect is magical and certain. Har-  
ness or Saddle Galls, Scalds, Mange, &c., it  
will also cure speedily. Spavin and Ringbone  
may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient  
stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the possi-  
bility of a radical cure. No case of the kind,  
however, is so desperate or hopeless but it may be  
alleviated by this Liniment and its faithful applica-  
tion will always remove the Lameness, and enable  
the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at  
hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of  
Lameness will effectually prevent the most terrible  
diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable,  
and which render so many otherwise valuable  
horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

## TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable  
prescription for Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis,  
and all Throat and Lung affections, (free of charge), by sending their address to  
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, King's County,  
17-6w New York.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove  
again Victorious.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove, manufac-  
tured by SHEAR, PEARCE & CO., of Albany,  
was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the State  
Fair at Rochester, Oct. 1st, 1863, again at Utica,  
Sept. 15, 1863. Twice this excellent Stove has  
stood the test and won the prize, and this  
decision has been fully sustained by the people  
in the city and adjacent States, as it has been  
the highest commendation from all sections of  
the country, where it has been introduced.

For sale by J. F. LORING, Worcester, and  
PATCH & CO., Fitchburg.

## QUERY.

Why is it that CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE is the  
best IN THE WORLD?  
Because eminent physicians say so!  
Because it contains no caustic compounds!  
Because it wears longer than any other!  
Because it operates instantaneously!  
Because it does not stain the skin!  
Because it nourishes and strengthens the Hair!  
Because it corrects the bad effects of other dyes!  
Because its presence cannot be detected!  
Because it never fails!

Manufactured by CRISTADORO, 6 Astor  
House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied  
by all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1.50 and \$3 per  
box, according to size.

## HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.  
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.  
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

And a positive and Specific Remedy for Diseases  
of the Bladder, Gravel, Organic Weakness, Kid-  
neys, Dropsy, and all diseases of the Urinary  
Organs.

See advertisement in another column. Cut it  
out, and send for the Medicine at once.

16-1m  
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.  
SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

LEWIS L. WHITNEY, in Equity, vs.  
HANNAH RICHARDSON, and als.

THIS is a bill in equity brought by the  
said Whitney, against the said Hannah Rich-  
ardson and als., in which the complainant alleges,  
among other things, that Josiah Richardson, late  
of Woburn, in said County, deceased, by his last  
will and testament, gave to said Hannah Rich-  
ardson, during her life the use, interest and im-  
provement of all his property, and upon her de-  
cease, the said testator gave the remainder of his  
estate to his children, including his sons Edwin and  
Henry H. Richardson; that said testator gave to said  
complainant, in trust for the said Edwin and Hen-  
ry H., certain shares given to them, respectively;  
that it is expedient to sell some or all of the Real  
Estate of said deceased, and that it is doubtful  
what are the rights and powers of said Whitney  
under said will; that said complainant desires the  
instruction of said Court as to his rights and ad-  
vices as such trustee, and also that he may be de-  
clared empowered to sell and convey the interests  
of the said Edwin and Henry H. in said Real Es-  
tate. And it appearing by said bill, and by the  
return of the officer serving the summons in said  
case, that the said Edwin and Henry H. do live  
in Morrilton, in the State of Vermont, and cannot  
be found within the precincts of said office; it is  
now to wit, on the twenty seventh day of Janu-  
ary, A. D. 1864, Ordered, that the complainant give  
notice to the said Edwin and Henry H. to appear  
and answer the said Complainant's said bill, with-  
in one month from the date of this order.

19-3w JNO. JAS. SAWYER, Assg. Clerk.

## C. S. ADKINS,

Books, Stationery, Periodicals,  
CONFECTIONERY, & C., & C.

WOULD respectfully call the attention  
of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a  
good assortment of Books, Papers, Envelopes,  
Pens, Pencils, Ink, Sand, Mucilage, Sealing Wax,  
and all articles usually found in a Stationery Store.  
Daily Papers and Periodicals of the day.  
Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental.  
Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best qual-  
ity.  
Seasons and Perfumery.  
Also, HONEY'S HAIR BALM, one of the best  
preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the  
Woburn Post Office, Jan. 30th, 1864.  
Conners, Thomas Gross, Elizabeth,  
Clark, Marie E. Pendergast, Mary.  
Mail closes at 7 A. M., and 12.30 P. M.  
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.  
IN SOLIDITY.

MESENTER'S NOTICE.  
January 27th, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given that Honorable  
WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of  
Court of Insolvency in and for the said County of  
Middlesex, has issued a Warrant against the Es-  
tate of Sumner S. Abbott, of North Reading, in  
said County, Yeoman, Insolvent Debtor, and the  
payment of any Debts, and the delivery of any  
Property belonging to said insolvent Debtor, to his  
creditors, and the transfer of any Property  
by him, are forbidden by law.

The First Meeting of the Creditors will be held  
at the Court of Insolvency, to be held at Cam-  
bridge, in said County, on the 24th day of February  
next, at nine o'clock, in the forenoon, for the  
proof of Debts, and the choice of an Assignee or  
Assignees. JNO. B. DEARBORN,  
19-3w Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

## Assignee's Notice.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the third  
meeting of the Creditors of the Estate of Sumner  
S. Abbott, in and for the said County of Mid-  
dlessex, at Cambridge, in said County, of Mid-  
dlessex, on the 24th day of February next, at nine  
o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting any ac-  
crued or assigned debts may be proved, and credi-  
tors may appear and object to the allowance thereof,  
and also prove their claims.

HOPE COLLAMORE, Assignee.  
Woburn, Jan. 26th, 1864.—17-2w.

## The Three Graces in Business.

WHAT ARE THEY?  
Public Spirit,  
Advertising, and  
General Printing.

Let the Three Graces appear by consulting  
THOMAS DAVIS,  
15 Washington St. (Hagwood's Gun Store),  
BOSTON.

FOR multiplying means by judicious pub-  
licity, THOMAS DAVIS is just the man to  
consult. Experience and tact, joined with indus-  
try, enable him to let his customers know, in the  
share of his time, his business, and to let his  
advertising agency, his facility, cannot be equalled.  
In John P. Fletcher, Worcester, marked  
"S. L. FLETCHER, Worcester, Mass." The find-  
er, by leaving the same at this office, will confer a  
favor upon the owner.

## LOST.

ON Thursday evening, Jan. 7th, on Main  
street, near the Post Office, in Woburn, a  
HICKORY CANE, (with the bark on), stained  
red, and having a silver ferrule, marked  
"S. L. FLETCHER, Worcester, Mass." The find-  
er, by leaving the same at this office, will confer a  
favor upon the owner.

## FURNITURE

At Wholesale Prices!

HALEY, MORSE & BOYDEN,  
407 & 409 Washington Street,  
BOSTON.

HAVE now the largest warehouses, and  
the largest stock of  
EVERY VARIETY OF FURNITURE,  
in the city of Boston, of their OWN MANUFAC-  
TURE, which they will sell

AT RETAIL,  
At Wholesale Prices, for Cash.

THE ONE-PRICE SYSTEM strictly  
adhered to.

## NOTICE.

WM. C. BRIGHAM begs leave to inform  
the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he  
has purchased the stock and good will of the Drug  
Store formerly occupied by E. W. CONANT.  
After an experience of some five years in the var-  
ious departments of the Drug business, he offers  
his services to the people of Woburn as an Apoth-  
ecary. It is his desire to conduct a business de-  
voted strictly to this interest, and establish a reputa-  
tion for the highest quality of his goods. A  
competent Druggist, a general assortment of re-  
liable drugs and medicines are indispensable in  
every large town.

Sensible of the responsibility resting upon him,  
and desirous to accommodate all to the best of his  
ability, he hopes with strict attention to business  
to secure a share of the public confidence and pa-  
tronage.

It is his privilege to offer the following refer-  
ences:  
Dr. Dr. S. K. Loring, Chestnut st., Boston.  
Dr. John Wadsworth, 2 Tremont st.,  
Dr. John Humans, 11 Arlington st.,  
After an experience of some five years in the var-  
ious departments of the Drug business, he offers  
his services to the people of Woburn as an Apoth-  
ecary. It is his desire to conduct a business de-  
voted strictly to this interest, and establish a reputa-  
tion for the highest quality of his goods. A  
competent Druggist, a general assortment of re-  
liable drugs and medicines are indispensable in  
every large town.

WM. C. BRIGHAM,  
(Successor to B. W. Conant.)

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,  
No. 5 Wade Block, Main St.,

This day offers for sale a large assortment of  
American and Foreign

Drugs and Medicines,  
Chemicals, Choice Tobacco,  
Flavoring Exts. Choice Cigars,  
Fancy Articles, Meerschaum Pipes,  
Toilet do. Brier-Rod Pipes.

The best selection of goods to be found  
in the city of Boston.

Call and Satisfy Yourselves.

All goods warranted as represented.

The store also embraces a large and complete as-  
sortment of  
BRUSHES of all kinds, TOILET SOAP,  
PERFUMERY, PUFF BOXES, PEN-  
KNIVES, RAZORS, SYRINGES of  
all patterns, HAIR DYES, DYE  
COLORS, PORTLAND CEMENTS,  
SPONGES, CHAMOIS SKINS, & C.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS  
carefully prepared from the choicest materials.

FRESH LEECHES constantly on hand.  
Woburn, Oct. 1, 1863.—1f.

Old Brown Windsor Soap—Genuine  
On hand and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

MRS. WM. P. WYMAN,  
Sturges street,  
SOUTH-WEST SIDE OF ACADEMY HILL,  
Woburn, November 29th, 1863.

Makes and Repairs Furs,  
Sturges street,  
SOUTH-WEST SIDE OF ACADEMY HILL,  
Woburn, November 29th, 1863.

Jaqnes' Extract Pond Lily,  
Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM

## SENSATION IN BOSTON

—AT—  
S. S. HOUGHTON'S  
ANNUAL  
CLOSING OUT SALE!

Goods all marked down to close  
them out!

H. Marked down to close our Bleached Cottons!  
G. Marked down to close our Brown Cottons!  
U. Marked down to close our White Flannels!  
G. Marked down to close our Colored Flannels!  
T. Marked down to close our Colored Cambrics!  
T. Crashes all marked down to close!  
N. Linen Table Covers marked down to close!  
N. Linen Napkins all marked down to close!  
N. Linen Towels all marked down to close!

O. Hosiery all marked down to close!  
H. Gloves all marked down to close!  
E. Under shirts and drawers marked down to close!  
A. Scarfs and Mullers marked down to close!  
P. Hoods all marked down to close!

H. Linen Hdkfs. to \$4, all marked down!  
P. Lace Cambrics, Brilliant, &c., marked down!  
O. Book and Sewing Machine, marked down!  
R. Lace Goods all marked down!  
E. Embroidered Collars all marked down!

H. Cambric Edgings all marked down!  
U. Black Hdkfs. Edging marked down!  
T. Black Edging all marked down!  
L. Linen Smyrna Edgings marked down!  
T. Bobinet Laces all marked down!  
O. Gents' Hdkfs. to 75c, very cheap!  
N. Hdkfs. for Ladies all marked down!  
S. Gents' Linen Collars, also Paper Collars, cheap!

O. French Flowers and Roses marked down!  
N. Straw and Felt Bonnets marked down!  
E. Ruchas and Tabs marked down!  
P. Ribbons for Bonnets all marked down!  
R. Ribbons for Trimmings all marked down!  
I. Ribbons in Rich Plaids, very cheap!  
C. Ribbon Velvet Trimmings marked down!  
R. Ribbons in Fancy widths!

S. Velvets for Bonnets in every color, cheap!  
T. F. Black Hdkfs. to \$1, all marked down!  
G. Black Grapes marked at cost!  
D. Dress Trimmings, having marked down!  
B. Baloral Silks at \$1 to \$3.50, all at cost!

S. S. HOUGHTON, having made arrangements  
with Freeman Baker & Co., will be found at the  
old stand where he will be happy to meet his  
former friends and customers and serve them with  
bargains as heretofore.

Store 72 & 74 TREMONT ST.  
Opp. Tremont Street, Boston.  
FREEMAN, BAKER & CO.

## WISTAR'S BALSAM

—OF—  
WILD CHERRY

Has been used for nearly  
HALF A CENTURY!

With the most astonishing success in curing  
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,  
Influenza, Whooping Cough, Group,  
Lips, Complicated Bronchitis,  
Difficulty of Breathing,  
Asthma, and every  
affection of

THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,  
INCLUDING EVEN  
CONSUMPTION!

THERE is scarcely one indi-  
vidual in the community who  
wholly escapes, during the season,  
from some one, however slight  
development, of the above symptoms.  
The power of this preparation for several  
years, and it has proved to be very reliable and  
effective in the treatment of severe and long-stand-  
ing coughs. I know of one patient, now in com-  
plete health, who has been afflicted with this  
disease, but for its use, I consider would not now be  
living.

In this preparation, besides the  
virtues of the Wild Cherry, there are  
combined the most powerful and valuable ingredi-  
ents of like value, thus increasing  
its value ten fold, and forming a  
Remedy whose power to soothe,  
heal, relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no  
other medicine yet discovered.

From R. FELLOWS, M. D.  
HILL, N. H., Nov. 24, 1860.

S. W. FOWLE & Co.,  
Although I have generally a great objection to  
patent medicines, I can but say in justice to Dr.  
Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, that it is a  
remedy of superior value. I have used it for several  
years, and it has proved to be very reliable and  
effective in the treatment of severe and long-stand-  
ing coughs. I know of one patient, now in com-  
plete health, who has been afflicted with this  
disease, but for its use, I consider would not now be  
living.

From E. T. QUIMBY, M. A., Principal of  
the "New Ipswich Appleton Academy."  
NEW IPSWICH, N. H., Oct. 4th, 1860.

S. W. FOWLE & Co.,  
Gentlemen—This certifies that for more than  
ten years I have used your Wild Cherry Balsam,  
and I can truly say that it is a most reliable and  
effective remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Sore  
Throat, to which, in common with the rest of  
my family, I am subject, and it gives me pleasure  
to say that I consider it the very best remedy for such  
cases, with which I am acquainted. I should  
hardly know what to do without it.

Respectfully yours,  
E. T. QUIMBY.

From the Depot Master at South Royalton Mass.  
SOUTH ROYALTON, Jan. 4th, 1860.

Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston.  
In the spring of 1861 I was severely afflic-  
ted with a hard dry cough, with its usual accom-  
paniments of night sweats, completely prostrating  
my nervous system, and producing such a de-  
bilitated state of health, that after trying medical aid  
to no purpose, I had given up all hopes of ever re-  
covering, as had also my friends. At this stage of  
my illness I was induced to try Wistar's Balsam,  
and before using two bottles the effect was  
almost magical. My cough entirely left me, the  
night sweats ceased, and I was able to resume my  
usual duties. I have since used it with great suc-  
cess, and I can truly say that it is a most reliable  
and effective remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Sore  
Throat, to which, in common with the rest of  
my family, I am subject, and it gives me pleasure  
to say that I consider it the very best remedy for such  
cases, with which I am acquainted. I should  
hardly know what to do without it.

Respectfully yours,  
E. T. QUIMBY.

From GEORGE A. KIMBALL, Esq., Druggist,  
HAVERHILL, Nov. 30th, 1860.

Gentlemen—It is now about eleven years since I  
took the agency for the sale of Dr. Wistar's Bal-  
sam of Wild Cherry, and I can truly say that so far  
as my observation extends it has proved a most val-  
uable medicine for the cure of Coughs, Colds, and  
Sore Throat, and I have since used it with great suc-  
cess, and I can truly say that it is a most reliable  
and effective remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Sore  
Throat, to which, in common with the rest of  
my family, I am subject, and it gives me pleasure  
to say that I consider it the very best remedy for such  
cases, with which I am acquainted. I should  
hardly know what to do without it.

Respectfully yours,  
GEORGE A. KIMBALL.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston,  
and for sale by all druggists.

## LESSONS IN MUSIC.

MRS. MARTHA J. WALKER will give  
lessons in SINGING and on the PIANO,  
daily.

Evenings, MR. CHAS. R. WALKER, will give  
particular attention to the STUDY OF MUSIC,  
and the cultivation of the voice for large choruses  
and Rooms at Mr. James Harden's, corner of  
Church, and Rail Road streets,  
South Reading, Jan. 15th 1864.—19-3m.

## WANTED.

Wanted, from six to ten Girls to work in a  
Suffragan Shop in Woburn. None but Ameri-  
cans need apply. Apply to K. L. FLINT,  
Pleasant Street.

## Killiknick! Killiknick!!

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM

## COLLECTOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the under-  
signed, Collector of Taxes for Winchester,  
will sell at Public Auction, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1864, at the Select-  
men's Room, in Lyceum Hall Building, Winches-  
ter, for non payment of the taxes hereunto men-  
tioned, the several lots or parcels of land hereun-  
der bounded and described, and severally being  
one to, or in possession of the several persons  
hereinafter named, on the first day of May, 1863.

One lot of land with buildings thereon, belong-  
ing to John Carter, described thus—Northerly by  
Johnson's lane or Forest street; Easterly by land  
of Bishop and Private street; Southerly by a Private  
street; Westerly by Stevens street. Said lot  
contains about 1 1/2 acres of land, and the sum of  
\$20.34 taxes due on the same for the State, County  
and Town tax for 1863, which is unpaid.

One lot of land belonging to Warren Coffin, on  
the Western side of the old road leading from  
Winchester to Stoneham containing about 1 1/2 acres,  
bounded Southerly and Southerly by the old road,  
westerly by new road. Another lot on the West-  
ern side of said new road containing about seven  
acres with buildings thereon, commencing at the  
Northerly corner of land of the late Zachariah  
Richardson, and at said new road, and thence  
Southwesterly by said new road to the corner of  
the wall at land of the widow Elizabeth Rich-  
ardson, thence Northerly, by the wall stands, by land  
of said Elizabeth to a corner in the wall, thence  
Westerly by land of said Elizabeth to the corner  
of the wall, thence Southerly by the wall, thence  
Easterly by land of said Zachariah Richardson to  
the corner first mentioned. Third lot—about 2 acres  
situated on the Eastern side of the road, by Forest  
st., 36 rods and 3 links, to a stake on Southerly side  
of said st.; Easterly by land of Wm. G. Fuller and  
Obed Harriman, partly on the State, County, 36  
rods and 3 links; Southerly by land of Calvin  
Richardson, about 30 rods, 30 rods, 30 rods, 30  
links, and Westerly by the same old road, lead-  
ing to Forest street, about 30 rods, as the wall now  
stands. And the sum of \$29.55 of taxes due on the  
same for the State, County and Town tax for 1863,  
which is unpaid.

One lot of land with buildings thereon, belong-  
ing to William Ioynton, and bounded Easterly by  
Main street; Southerly by the old road or Water-  
bury Woodman and Marshall Symmes, Jr., or Westerly  
by the old road, and Southerly by a Private street.  
Said lot containing about 1/2 of an  
acre. And the sum of \$72.30 is assessed on the  
same for the State, County and Town tax for 1863,  
which is unpaid.

MAH. CUSHMAN, Collector.  
Winchester, Jan. 27th, 1864. 3w.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

THE Third Meeting of the Creditors of  
FREDERIC A. BENTLEY, of North Reading, In-  
solvent Debtor, will be held at the Court of Inso-  
lvent Debtor, in the County of Middlesex, at Cam-  
bridge, in said County, on the 24th day of February  
next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which time  
any accrued or assigned debts may be proved, and  
creditors may appear and object to the allowance  
thereof, and may also prove their claims.

BENJAMIN EAMES, Assignee.  
North Reading, Dec. 20th, 1863.—2w.

## Court of Insolvency.

MIDDLESEX, SS.  
EAST CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 4th, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the sub-  
scriber has been duly appointed assignee of the  
Insolvent Estate of

RUFUS P. WYMAN, of Woburn,  
in said County, Trader, Insolvent Debtor, and  
that the said Court of Insolvency, in and for the  
said County, will be held at the Court of Inso-  
lvent Debtor, at Cambridge, in said County, on the  
fourth day of February next, at nine o'clock, in the  
forenoon, at which time creditors may prove their  
claims.

C. A. F. SWAN, Assignee.  
16-2w.

## Court of Insolvency.

MIDDLESEX, SS.  
EAST CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 6th, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the sub-  
scriber has been duly appointed assignee of the  
Insolvent Estate of

JAMES PARKER, of Woburn,  
in the County of Middlesex, Carrier, Insolvent  
Debtor, and that the said Court of Insolvency, in  
and for the said County, will be held at the Court  
of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County, on the  
fourth day of February next, at nine o'clock, in the  
forenoon, at which time creditors may prove their  
claims.

C. A. F. SWAN, Assignee.  
16-2w.

## WINTER CLOTHING.

THE subscriber has on hand a large assort-  
ment of

CLOTHS  
FOR  
WINTER WEAR,

Which he is prepared to make up at short notice,  
in the best manner. His stock of goods comprises

Dark and Light French Cassimeres,  
Trieots, Meltons, Silk Mixtures,  
Black and Colored Cloths,  
Doeskins, &c., &c.

Also, a full assortment of SILK AND CASH-  
MERE VESTINGS.

G. R. GAGE,  
Wade Block, Woburn.

B. CUTTER & SON,  
CORNER OF PLEASANT AND BENNETT STREETS,  
WOBBURN CENTRE.

BENJ. CUTTER, M.D. EPHRAIM CUTTER, MD  
Woburn, May 1, 1863.—31-ly

SKINNERS  
PULMONALES</



present can be sent them by their friends. They have been proved to be the Soldier's never-failing friend in the hour of need.

### Coughs and Colds affecting Troops

using these unfairable medicines, and by paying proper attention to the Directions which are attached to each Pot or Box.

**Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite, Incidental to Soldiers.**

Those feelings which so sadden us, usually arise from trouble or annoyance, obstructed perspiration, eating or drinking whatever is unwholesome, thus disturbing the healthful action of the liver and stomach. These organs must be relieved, if you desire to be well. The Pills, taking according to the printed Instructions, will quickly pro-

duce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and as a natural consequence a clear head and good appetite.

**Weakness or Debility Induced by  
over Fatigue,**

Will soon disappear by the use of these **invaluable Pills**, and the Soldier will quickly acquire additional strength. Never let the Bowels be either constipated or unduly acted upon. It may seem strange that Holloway's should be recommended for Dysentery and Fulx, many persons supposing that they would increase the relaxation. This is a great mis-

take, for these Pills will correct the liver and stomach and thus remove all the acid humors from the system. This medicine will give tone and vigor to the whole system, and will never derange, while health and strength follow as a matter of course. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the Bowels so sure as this famous medicine.

**Volunteers Attention ! Indiscretions of Youth.**

Sores and Ulcers, Blisthes and Swellings, can with certainty be radically cured if the Pills are taken night and morning, and the Ointment be

freely used as stated in the printed instructions. If treated in any other manner they dry up in one part to break out in another. Whereas this Ointment will remove the humors from the system and leave the Patient a vigorous and healthy man. It will require a little perseverance in bad cases to insure a lasting cure.

**For Wounds either occasioned by the Bayonet, Sabre, or the Bullet, Sores or Bruises,**

To which every Soldier and Sail<sup>r</sup> are liable,

there are no medicines so safe, sure and convenient as Holloway's Pills and Ointment. The poor wounded and almost dying sufferer might have his wounds dressed with this Ointment, and he would be made himself with this matchless Ointment, which should be thrust into the wound and smeared all round it, then covered with a piece of linen from his Knapsack and compressed with a handkerchief. Taking night and morning 6 or 8 Pills, to cool the system and prevent inflammation.

For the Soldier who has lost his *Seaman's Chest* should be provided with these valuable Remedies

**CAUTION!**—None are genuine unless the words "HOLLOWAY, NEW-YORK AND LONDON,"

are discernable as a *Water-mark* in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by *holding the leaf to the light*. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of an imitator or pirate, counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

\* \* Sold at the manufactory of Professor HOWLAW, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents and \$1.

Considerable saving, by taking the

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

Dealers in my well known medicines can have Show Cards, Circulars, &c., sent them, FREE OF EXPENSE, by addressing Thomas Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.

DR. SWEET'S  
**INFALLIBLE LINIMENT,**  
THE  
GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY  
FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA,

FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA,  
LUMBAGO, STIFF NECK AND JOINTS,  
SPRAINS, BURNS, CUTS AND  
WOUNDS, PILES, HEADACHE,  
AND ALL RHEUMATIC AND  
NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Dr. Stephen Sweet, of Connecticut  
The Great natural Bone Setter.  
Dr. Stephen Sweet, of Connecticut,  
Is known all over the United States.

Dr. Stephen Sweet, of Connecticut,  
Is the author of "Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment."  
**Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment**  
Cures Rheumatism and never fails.  
**Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment**  
Is a certain remedy for Neuralgia.  
**Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment**  
Cures Burns and Scalds immediately.

Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment  
Is the best known remedy for Sprains and Bruises.  
Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment  
Cures headache immediately and was never known  
to fail.  
Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment  
Afford immediate relief for Piles, and seldom fails  
to cure.  
Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment

Cures Toothache in one minute.  
**Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment**  
 Cures Cuts and Wounds immediately and leaves no  
 scar.  
**Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment**  
 Is the best remedy for Sores in the known world.  
**Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment**  
 Has been used by more than a million people, and  
 all praise it.

Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment  
Is truly a "friend in need," and every family  
should have it at hand.  
Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment  
Is for sale by all Druggists, Price 25 cents.  
RICHARDSON & CO.,  
Proprietors, Norwich, Ct.

THREE THOUSAND ROLLS  
—OF—  
ROOM PAPER!  
JUST OPENING AT  
Woburn Bookstore.

☒ All of which is offered for sale at the  
very lowest rates,



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 19.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### "Weep Thou No More."

Weep thou no more; a common lot is thine!  
For thy meek hands upon thy heaving breast:  
In sly sympathy can be no rest;  
There is no lasting joy but trust divine.

Oh, heart that long'st for death, but may'st not die!  
Oh, weary heart, all wasted with thy pain,  
That striv'st against the stream, yet all in vain,  
Weep thou no more, none here thy cry!

The cold and distant stars are gazing still,  
In the hushed midnight on thy falling tears;  
Thus have they gazed, for many thousand years,  
On all varieties of human ill;

And yet they shine as on Creator's dawn,  
Midst their eternal music. All things cease,  
Sooner or later, lapped in perfect peace,  
For nature knows no turning. All things born.

Take sorrow for their heilloom with the light,  
But wake and cry, and fall to sleep again;  
So slumber thou,—in sleep forget thy pain;  
White morn is breaking in the darkest night.

The billows fast return upon the shore,  
The morn-dew on the myrtle to the sea;  
Whence rose thy trust, there only rest can be;  
Thither thou driftest fast,—weep thou no more!

## Select Literature.

### A Novel Way to Buy a Farm! HOW THE FARMER SOLD THE COCKNEY.

The following story, although so old as to be almost forgotten, will no doubt be new and amusing to a majority of our readers.

In most of what are called "market towns," in England, it is customary to have an "ordinary," or what is called the market dinner given at most of the principal inns of the place, where the farmers as well as others who had come to attend the market, came to partake of a plain but substantial dinner; and these would afterward sit and enjoy their pipe and pot of beer, or glass of punch, before they betook themselves to the road on their homeward drive, for it is remembered, that I speak of times, when had any one broached the idea in such a company of our present mode of travel as steam, they would have looked on him as too dangerous to be at large outside of the precincts of a lunatic asylum.

After such a dinner, they had congregated around a table filled with bright silver beer cans and bright glasses, the usual miscellaneous assemblage of guests. Among these was a commercial traveler, bagman or packman, as they are termed, whose chief aim seemed to be to surprise the country bumpkins, as he considered them, with the vast extent of his acquisitions and cockney wisdom. It so happened that he was seated next to a portly old farmer, of a most benignant aspect, who had the appearance of being, what indeed he was, well gifted with this world's goods; and to him our traveler expatiated on the delights of a farmer's life, disclosing in many instances his profound ignorance of matters he so glibly and knowingly spoke about, to the great internal amusement of his listeners; and finally he declared that if he could get a farm to suit him he should like to turn to farming as an occupation.

"If that be your desire," said the old farmer, "I am just the man that can suit you; I am, as you see, no longer young. I have made money enough without doing another day's work, and as I see you are a smart young man who knows a great deal and deserves encouragement, I will sell out for you on terms that may be considered favorable, and they are these: I hold a lease on my farm for a yet unexpired term of many years; I have between 30 and 40 fine beef cattle; I have 20 fine cows, none better in the country; 18 good horses as ever drew a plough, besides a flock of between 300 or 400 sheep, of course with the usual amount of poultry, and in fact, all the profitable livestock belonging to such a farm. Now what I propose to do for you is, that I will transfer the lease of my farm over to you, for which you shall not pay a penny, except the lawyer's fees for the transfer. As for the farming utensils, they shall go as part of the farm, and all I shall ask for the live stock is one shilling per head, all round (our readers should understand that in England a pigeon would cost a shilling.)

The astonishment of those who had been till then somewhat amused listeners of this offer, was hardly less than the eager traveler, who readily accepted the offer of our farmer; but fearful there should be a purpose to hoax him into a fruitless journey to the farm, when perhaps he might be laughed at for his credulity, our London friend told him what he should propose would not offend the farmer, but in all business engagements it was best to have a good understanding, therefore they should at once proceed to the notary to have the deed attested, with a fine of fifty pounds sterling to be paid by either party who refused to ratify the proposed transaction.

"Certainly, I agree to your request, and I can see in it nothing to offend me; on the contrary, I am pleased to see a young man so business-like in his ways."

## Getting Up.

I am perfectly well aware the title I have chosen is sufficiently inelegant to raise the ghost of Blair himself, were that worthy man still susceptible to violations of rhetoric. However, it is good Yankee. "Early rising" would drive away all readers from what they would naturally fancy a dry moral essay from the threadbare and illogical text of

"Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Rising" sounds altogether too proper, so "Getting up" it must be. The calm, deliberate word "rising" entirely belies the fearful struggle undergone by myself in the effort to get up. I have always felt the fullest sympathy with that remarkable boy whose reply to the fatherly remark that "the early bird catches the worm" has been embalmed in well merited verse by Saxe. "Served the worm right!" That boy will be heard from again, unless, as may well be feared, such precociousness were but the forerunner of an early death.

Monday morning is my special abomination. Had I the ordering of the calendar Monday should be dropped entirely as a penalty for its general disagreeableness. Sunday is a green island of repose in life's ocean where we put it to repair the damages of storms and peril past, and take on board a new stock of heavenly stores to keep us on the voyage. Here we may rest awhile from the conflict, hearing indeed the dash of the waves on near and farther shores, but faintly, like the murmur of the wood through the pines. As from its mountain heights we watch the "western evening light melt into deepening gloom," our hearts glow with noble purposes. Our lives henceforth shall be real and earnest; we will act in the living present; we will be heroes in the strife. And so the sun set on our heroic resolves.

But possibly you are at the enchanted age when the glamour of life's poetry and romance dazzles the eyes that would fain look heavenward. Your attendance on the evening meeting is most commendably regular, but I fear the fervor of your devotion is not unalloyed by the knowledge that Some one is equally constant. Some one, unexpectedly, of course, walks home with you. Probably you discuss the weather, the sermon, and the last sleighride, a conversation you might have held equally well with your father, but somehow there is a difference. You never lie awake hours after retiring, because you cannot get out of your head the peculiar look and tone with which father said "Good night." Father may be the best of living men, but he is not the hero of his daughter's midnight meditations. Finally, you drift imperceptibly from out the halo of moonlight and Some one's looks which forms your waking dreams into others quite as amiable. You are floating "over a summer sea" with the beloved. Flower-scented zephyrs fan the silken sails, and the little boat rocks gently on the flashing waves. He takes your hand; and, with a look which seems to concentrate all the love of which poets have written and minstrels sung, says "Ma-ri-er! Ma-ri-er! Come, haven't you started yet? Here it is almost six o'clock. We're all through breakfast and want your clothes for the wash." Here, forthwith, is a rude coming down out of dreamland. With an unearthly gasp and groan, you signify to the powers below that you are preparing to obey their mandates, and then roll over, snuggle down deeper into the bosom of your best friend, your feather-bed, and endeavor to obey the advice of the song and "dream on."

But the heavenly vision so rudely frightened away will not be moved back again. You cannot ignore the disagreeable fact that it is Monday morning; that by your bedside waits the burden of week day toil and care—the "something undone," which you take up and bear on as best you may for another six days. You hesitate between the arguments of conscience and laziness, but finally conscience—aided, perhaps, by a wholesome dread of maternal admonitions awaiting the delinquent down stairs—gains the victory. The mercury being away down in the attic regions somewhere below zero, the change is more sudden than agreeable, as you hop out of your warm bed, huddle on your cold clothes, and break the ice in your pitcher ere going through the process politely described as "performing your ablutions." Arranging your hair by a candle "dimly burning," you think what if Some one could see this frazzled-headed, purple-nosed object that scowls at you from the mirror with half-opened eyes. The prosaic light of Monday morning strips off all halos, leaving the bare facts shivering in their nakedness, and last night's visions look silly even to you. From below comes up the sound of banging doors, the hurrying to and fro, and the smell of soap-suds, which ushers in Monday morning in every well-regulated New England family. You forget the resolutions it was so easy to form when untired, and go down stairs thoroughly disenchanted, and in no amiable mood, to a cold breakfast and general reviling for your laziness. Axiom No. 1—Getting up by candle-light, if persisted in for any length of time, is enough to ruin the sweetest disposition.

Some Sunday morning you are awakened by a rushing, roaring noise. It is the rain pattering on the roof over your head. You have a cold, and cannot possibly go to church.

With what a sinful delight do you accept the status, and float off again into dreamland to the music of the raindrops, your dreams permeated by the delicious consciousness that to them there is no limit but your own sweet will. Woe to the ruthless barbarian of a younger brother who shall rudely disturb your repose that morning! It were better for him had he been born earlier or later. Needless is it to attempt picturing the delights of an unlimited amount of lying abed, as understood and appreciated by kindred spirits of the Lhasabones order. I have faintly sketched with milk and water a picture which requires all a sunset's splendid tints to do it justice. My poor pencil (poetical license for a steel pen) shrinks from the unequal task, and I abandon the fruitful theme to some greater genius.

Once, in the pleasant summer time, I visited a certain farm-house that lies away up among the hills. At the foot of the ancient four-poster in the old farm-house, sacred to company from immemorial, were two windows opening to the east. These windows sadly disturbed my lawful repose. At some unheard-of time in the morning I awoke. Through the opening I saw the valley below, with its little villages and winding river, the mountains in the purple distance, the sky, heralding with crimson blushes the coming of the "monarch of day." Lazy as I was, I could not be entirely unappreciative of this glorious panorama. Into my head came the words of the hymn—

"Wide flash the hills,  
The air is balmy."

Over the mountains peered a rim of gold. A red gleam struck the wall above me and descended in tremulous waves till I lay bathed in golden light. Like the prisoner of Chillon, "I have not seen the sun so rise for years!" I shrank from his eye; I could not look him in the face. From every shrub and tree the birds shouted gleeful malices—"O Lhasabones, Lhasabones! behold the ushering of a new day! Many moras has the coming sun been greeted, as now, by the glories of flushing hills and streams, balmy breezes and thrilling melodies, and where hast thou been that this is new to thee?"—*Springfield Republican.*

## Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOW is writing a series of articles for the *Christian Watchman and Reflector*, on "Men of Our Times." She speaks as follows of President Lincoln:

"Abraham Lincoln is in the strictest sense a man of the working classes. All his advantages and abilities are those of a man of the working classes; all his disadvantages and disabilities are those of a man of the working classes; and his position now, at the head of one of the most powerful nations on earth, is a sign to all who live by labor that their day is coming. Lincoln was born to the inheritance of hard work as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in our fields. At the age of seven years he was set to work, axe in hand, to clear up a farm in a Western forest. Until he was seventeen his life was that of a simple farm laborer, with only such intervals of schooling as farm laborers get. Probably the school instruction of his whole life would not amount to more than one year. At nineteen he made a trip to New Orleans as a hired hand on a flat-boat, and on his return he split the rails and built a log cabin and enclosed ten acres of land with a rail fence of his own handwork. The next year he hired himself for twelve dollars a month to build a flat-boat and to take her to New Orleans, and any one who knows what the life of a Mississippi boatman was in those days must know that it involved every kind of labor."

"In 1832, in the Black Hawk Indian war, the hardy boatman volunteered to fight for his country, and was unanimously elected a captain, and served with honor for a season in frontier military life. After this while serving as a postmaster, he began his law studies, borrowing the books he was too poor to buy, and studying by the light of his evening fire. He acquired a name in the country about as a man of resources and shrewdness; he was one that people looked to for counsel in exigencies, and to whom they were ready to devote almost any enterprise which needed skill and energy. The surveyor of Sangamon county, being driven with work, came to him to take the survey of a tract of land from his hands. True, he had never studied surveying—but what of that? He accepted the 'job,' procured a chain, a treatise on surveying, and did the work. Do we not see in this a parable of the wider wilderness which in later years he has undertaken to survey and fit for human habitation without chart or surveyor's chain?"

"Little did the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for President know what they were doing. Little did the honest, fatherly, patriotic man, who stood in his simplicity on the platform at Springfield, asking the prayers of his townsmen and receiving their pledges to remember him, foresee how awfully he was in need of those prayers, the prayers of all this nation, and the prayers of all the working, suffering common people throughout the world. God's hand was upon him with a visible protection, saving him first from the danger of assassination at Baltimore and bringing him safely to our national capital. Then the world has seen and wondered at the greatest sign and marvel of our day, to wit, a plain working man of the

people, with no more culture, instruction or education than any such working man may obtain for himself, called on to conduct the passage of a great people through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world.—The eyes of princes, nobles, aristocrats, of dukes, earls, scholars, statesmen, warriors, all turned on the plain backwoodsman, with his simple sense, his imperturbable simplicity, his determined self-reliance, his impracticable and incorruptible honesty, as he sat amid the war of conflicting elements with unperturbed steadiness striving to guide the national ship through a channel at whose perils the world's oldest statesmen stood aghast. The brilliant courts of Europe leveled their opera-glasses at the phenomenon. Fair ladies saw that he had bony hands and disdained white gloves. Dapper diplomats were shocked at his system of etiquette, but old statesmen, who knew the terrors of that passage, were wiser than court ladies and dandy diplomats, and watched him with a fearful curiosity, simply asking, 'Will that awkward old backwoodsman really get that ship through? If he does, it will be time for us to look about us.'

"Lincoln is a strong man, but his strength is of a peculiar kind; it is not aggressive so much as passive, and among passive things it is like the strength, not so much of a stone buttress, as of a wire cable. It is strength swaying to every influence, yielding on this side and on that to popular needs, yet tenaciously and inflexibly bound to carry it great end; and probably by no other kind of strength could our national ship have been driven safely thus far during the tossings and tempests which beset her way."

"Surrounded by all sorts of conflicting claims, by traitors, by half-hearted, timid men, by border State men and free State men, by radical abolitionists and conservatives, he has listened to all, weighed the words of all, waited, observed, yielded now here and now there, but in the main kept one inflexible, honest purpose, and drawn the national ship through."

"In times of our trouble Abraham Lincoln has had his turn of being the best abused man of our nation. Like Moses leading his Israel through the wilderness, he has seen the day when every man seemed ready to stone him; and yet, with simple, wiry, steady perseverance, he has held on, conscious of honest intentions, and looking to God for help. All the nation has felt, in the increasing solemnity of his proclamations, papers, how deep an education was being wrought in his mind by this simple faith in God, the ruler of nations, and this humble willingness to learn the awful lesson of his providence."

## Smoking the great Propagator of Disease.

We had a sudden call for a physician the other day in our family, and as there was no one at hand whom I could send I started off for Dr. Camomile myself. We like Dr. Camomile in our family; it is one of his maxims, that you may as well suffer from the disease, as from some poisonous drug given to cure it. In this respect his practice differs a good deal from Dr. Calomel's who is employed by some of our neighbors. Dr. Calomel goes in for what he calls "active remedies," which he sometimes follows up till he starts every tooth in a man's head. This, however, is not what I wanted to talk about. As I was hurrying home with the doctor, we were stopped a few minutes as we were about to cross Broadway, and the doctor, I observed, fixed his eye on a well-dressed person near us, smoking a cigar. After we had passed on, Dr. Camomile said to me, "the man that stood near smoking is far gone in consumption." I was rather struck with this remark, as there was nothing particularly out of the way in the man's appearance. He had rather a high color, which, is not unusual in that complaint. As we passed on, and were occasionally stopped a moment or two by the crowd on the sidewalk, the doctor two or three times joggled my elbow, and after we had moved on, would say, "that man has the pleurisy," "that man's liver is seriously affected," and other similar remarks.

After we had reached home, and while I was waiting in the parlor till the doctor should come down from the sick-chamber, my thoughts ran upon the incidents of our walk, and the singular circumstance of the doctor's telling me what ailed the people whom he observed as he passed along. He had but a minute or two to look at any one of them; of course they were not his patients, for none but advertising quacksever allude to the diseases of those on whom they attend. How could he then know what was the matter with these people? When the doctor came down stairs, after learning from him that all was going on "as well as could be expected," I told him what I had been thinking about, and asked him to explain matters a little. "How could you tell, Dr. Camomile, what ailed those people,—of course they were not your patients,"

"Never saw one of them before in my life, but I am as sure of their cases as if I were their doctor." "How upon earth, then," I asked, in some wonderment which began to grow upon me, "how could you possibly tell. You are not a medium nor a medical clairvoyant," nor "the greatest living astrologer." "I hope not," replied the doctor, laughing, "though I do not wonder you al-

most suspect me. But I will enlighten you." The doctor then proceeded to inform me, that most acute diseases of the internal vital organs act directly or indirectly upon the lungs, affecting their delicate surface. The fine tissue that covers them, a hundred fold thinner than the finest product of the loom, begins to "exfoliate," that is, in plain English, to "scale off," and is thrown out by the breath in a minute invisible form. Left in nature's hand the quantity is very small, and at a moderate distance from the person affected, produces no ill effects. The anxious mother, when she kisses her child in the morning, says, "poor thing; its breath is feverish; it hasn't got over that Christmas pie yet." Down goes a spoonful of castor oil, and the next morning the darling's breath is all right. This morbid state, into which the fine tissue that covers the infinitely ramified mass of the lungs is thrown by sickness, is differently affected by different diseases, so that the experienced physician can tell them by the breath alone. Now, it is a curious fact lately discovered by physiologists that there is an "elective affinity," as they call it, between tobacco-smoke and this exfoliating tissue of the lungs in a state of disease. The smoke from the cigar or pipe, as soon as it is inhaled, rushes into a chemical union with the diseased surface, quickens into great activity the scaling process, and augments a hundred fold the quantity thrown off. Every whiff of smoke in that way, comes forth, charged with a prodigious quantity of these morbid particles, the seeds of consumption, pleurisy, typhus, scarlet fever, and other active diseases. It is in this way that epidemics are propagated. They are no more contagious than a grain of wheat is contagious. Plant it in the ground and it grows. Allow your neighbor, whose lungs are covered with tubercles, to puff into your nose and mouth a quantity of these tubercular germs, and they will sprout in your lungs. Dr. Camomile's experience has enabled him to detect, by the peculiar odor of the cigar smoke of the different individuals whom we passed, (and I recollected afterwards that all those whose complaints he named were smoking,) the particular disease under which they were respectively suffering. By a beneficent provision of Nature, the quantity of tissue thrown off by exfoliation is so small, unless artificially quickened, as not to create disease in others, although in populous cities the atmosphere finally becomes surcharged, and what are called epidemics break out. But by the searching action of the tobacco smoke, the exfoliating process is so intensified, and the quantity of morbid particles thrown out so enormously increased, that Dr. Camomile thinks, that if a jury of twelve men were shut up in a close room for a single night, eleven being in good health, and the twelfth being in consumption and a smoker, the latter would by the time he had finished half a dozen cigars, have planted the tubercular germs in the lungs of all the rest.

In other words, while they were convicting some poor wretch on a perhaps doubtful charge of committing one murder, the consumptive smoker would have been guilty of eleven murders.

These disclosures of Dr. Camomile, I confess, put the subject of smoking in a new light for me. The proceedings under the draft show that a large proportion of our people are in a state of disease. I confess myself ignorant of the nature of the complaints, as I do not understand Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew, which appear to be the favorite languages of the doctors; the disease, however, must be grave enough to exempt the sufferer from military duty. Now a large portion, not only of the drafted men, but of the whole male population, and even some of the fair sex are smokers, and the consequence necessarily is, that some millions of these centres of disease are constantly stimulated by their cigars and pipes into preternatural activity, filling the air we breathe with morbid particles. I own this is to me an unpleasant reflection. To walk up Broadway behind a man who is "breathing," not "threatenings and slaughter," but pleurisy and consumption; to inhale a goodly, or rather deadly, portion of your friend's diseased liver, with the smoke of his cigar, is by no means a pleasant operation. I really wish the press would exert its great influence to put an end to the practice. I am not sure, whether in the light of these new discoveries in physiology, it may not be the duty of the police to take the matter in hand. There are some diseases which man ought not to fumigate his neighbors with.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Fuel is very scarce now in Nashville. A cord of wood brings thirty dollars in greenbacks.

There is living at the present time in North Weymouth, a girl about 14 or 15 years of age, who for the last three months has not tasted a single particle of any kind of food except fruit.

Gen. Grant was lately rallied about the New York Herald's persistent and preposterous use of his name for the presidency. The general replied: "I aspire only to one political office. When this war is over I mean to run for mayor of Galena," (his place of residence.) "And if elected, I intend to have the sidewalk fixed up between my house and the depot."

It isn't the small pox at Washington got up by the office holders and contractors to keep rivals away?

Artemus exclaims—Alas! alas! how unkindly we sit to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fall, and do business.

A SOLDIER'S IDEA OF THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE AT STONE RIVER.—"You say 'you can't understand about army wings, they being crushed, falling back, &c.' Suppose our army to be like a bird at Stone River, head towards Murfreesborough, its body, Thomas's corps, being the centre, McCook's corps the right wing, spread wide open; and Crittenden's corps, thus spread, the left wing, that will do well enough for illustration. Well, Bragg's army pile in on McCook's wing, at its tip, and break off an inch or so by capturing batteries and several hundred of our men. And the feathers fly mightily all along that wing, and it is overpowered, and falls back in retreat, just as the bird would fold its wing, until it laps right up 'longside the centre. That's the way it was done. But they didn't move our head nor centre, though,—nary! Well, the rebel cavalry, of which they had a powerful slew during this fight, came round on our rear on the big Nashville road, where were our hundreds of wagons and ambulances. There, we'll say, is the bird's tail; and the supply wagons, and doctors' tools, and niggers, we'll call them the tail-feathers. Now, them feathers flew some, you better believe!"

We are not sure but that such a narration made by a private to an old booster at a street corner, gives a more forcible idea of the general result of that battle to many minds than would the most elaborate description.

THE ART OF BEING POLITE.—First and foremost, don't try to be polite! it will spoil all!

If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make themselves at home, they will very soon begin to wish they were there. Let them find out that you are happy to see them by your actions, rather than words.

Always remember to let bashful people alone at first. It is the only way to set them at their ease. Trying to draw them out has sometimes the contrary effect of driving them out—of the house!

Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake, and if you want to endear yourself to talkers, learn to listen well. Never make a fuss about anything—never talk about yourself—and always preserve perfect composure, no matter what solecisms or blunders others may commit. Remember that it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer to your guests a better house, or furniture, or viands.

It is fair to presume that the visit is to you, not to those surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be pretty sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On just such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns: it is our business, then, to keep them in perfect revolving order!

THE LOTTERIES AT THE SANITARY FAIR IN BOSTON.—The Christian Watchman, speaking of the raising of money at the late fair—the whole amount being nearly \$100,000—by a system having a near approach to the drawing of lotteries, says: "The end cannot satisfy the means more here than anywhere else. The condemned principle of the lottery, as closely related to that of all gambling, cannot be justified, however good the object in whose behalf it may be used. We fear that a strong influence may have gone forth from this fair, to stimulate throughout the land the already overgrown tendency to gambling. If mischief is not hereby wrought, it will be a providential interposition."

"Solon. What are the properties of 'heat'?"

"The chief properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."

"Very good, Solon. Can you give me an example?"

"Yes, sir; in summer when it's hot, the days are long, and in winter, when it is cold, the days get to be very short."

"Go to the head, Solon; boys take your seats!" and the learned pedagogue was lost in wonder that so familiar an illustration had escaped his philosophical mind.

A workman in a patent leather factory at Newark, N. J., was found baked to death in a large oven. He went in to get warm.

There is a young lady in Pittsfield who has the whole care of three pigs, two cows and one horse, who recently killed and dressed a hog unassisted.

A negro lately enlisted at Chicago, squandered his bounty and hung himself. What more could a white man have done?

At Albany they fine aldermen \$4 for getting drunk, and negroes \$50. So one negro is worth a dozen aldermen.

Isn't the small pox at Washington got up by the office holders and contractors to keep rivals away?

Artemus exclaims—Alas! alas! how unkindly we sit to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fall, and do business.







## ATTRACTIVE

AND UNRIVALLED STOCK OF  
New Fall and Winter  
**CLOTHING!**  
FOR MEN AND BOYS.  
THE Largest, the Cheapest, the Best Made

**STOCK OF GOODS**  
In Boston or New England  
Containing all the WORDS AND NOVELTIES of the  
season, consisting in part of  
**Moscow Beaver SACKS and FROCKS.**

**OVERCOATS.**

English Pilot OVERCOATS.  
                " Melton "  
Chinchilla "  
German Castor Cloth OVERCOATS.  
Fine French Cloth "  
Petersham, Kersey & Union Beaver OVERCOATS

Making together one of the MOST ATTRACTIVE

AND DESIRABLE STOCKS to select an OVERCOAT  
from that can be found.

Fine CLOTH SACKS,  
UNDERCOATS,  
BUSINESS FROCKS,  
ENGLISH SACKS,  
Farmers' and Mechanics' WORKING COATS.

**Pantaloon and Vests.**

More than FIVE HUNDRED NEW PATTERNS  
and VARIETIES, of every color, hue, grade and  
fabric.

---

**BOYS' CLOTHING.**

A very Large and Elegant Assorted Stock which we believe CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

To all who may be about visiting Boston in search of anything in our line, we could call attention to the

Headquarters for Bargains.

---

GEO. H. LANE,

31 & 32 Dock Square. Boston.

---

Dentistry.

THE undersigned have associated themselves together in the practice of Dental Surgery.

at the old office of Dr. S. Stocking, No. 19 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., and in the new office, 100 State street, in the new building of the War Department of our profession, and on the most REASONABLE TERMS. We shall give especial attention to filling Prescribed Tests in their most thorough and approved manner. In addition to the ordinary tests, we have also prepared special tubes in mounting holes and half sets on Vulcanized Rubber base—a mode of adapting artificial teeth to the jaw, which has been found to have almost entirely superseded the use of gold and other precious metals for that purpose. We also have a special method of fitting gold and silver, bringing the price down to the reach of the masses, and we have a special method of fitting artificial teeth that an experience of twenty-five years will secure to our patrons peculiar advantages, as well in their appearance as in their use. We have also a special method of fitting the use of Esher will be continued in our practice. We are also prepared to receive orders and scientific man-  
D. L. STOCKING, M.D.  
Boston, Oct. 1, 1863.—Glm.

**MIDDLESEX**  
**WAR-CLAIM ASSOCIATION,**  
Office, 4 Niles Block, 33 School St., Boston

**T**HIS Association has been formed to aid the Soldiers and Seamen of Middlesex County and their Families or others, in obtaining PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, PRIZE MONEY, LAND, and other claims against the Government. Advice will be given by the Attorney or Secretary without charge.

Upon the collection of claims, small charges, as established by the Directors, will be made.

Letters seeking information should be addressed to the Secretary.

Applications for the collection of claims should be made to the Attorney.


Hon. JOEL PARKER, President.  
Hon. D. W. GOOCH,  
Hon. GEO. S. BOUTWELL, } Vice Presdts.

DIRECTORS—Joel Parker, Geo. S. Boutwell, D. W. Gooch, Leonard Huntress, James M. Shute, Phineas J. Stone, Chas. Hindson, E. J. Collins, Amos Stone, H. Hosford, Horace Conn, J. H. Walt, Charles Kimball, John K. Gidner.

**A. B. COFFIN, Attorney,** No. 33 School Street.  
Boston. GEO. W. COPELAND, Secretary and  
Treasurer, 5 Tremont Street, Boston. 20-6m

---

**A. B. COFFIN,**  
**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR at LAW**  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street  
At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office  
in the Post Office building.



**COAL, LUMBER, & C.**

THE firm of Ayer & McDonald having been dissolved, the subscriber respectfully gives notice to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he will continue the business, at the same stand, in all its branches, and always keeping strict attention to business, and trusts by giving him the different kinds of COAL, WOOD and LUMBER, to receive that generous share of public patronage which has been accorded to the late firm during the past year.

**LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT**  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
OFFICE—Immediately adjoining the North end  
of the Depot, Woburn Centre.  
JOS. B. McDONALD.  
Woburn, Feb. 12th, 1863.

**LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE**  
EFFECTED IN  
Good Stock & Mutual Companies;  
Also, PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,  
&c. obtained for Widows, Children, Fathers,  
Mothers, Brothers or Sisters, through the agency  
of HORATIO WOODMAN, Esq., of Boston,  
By SPARROW HORTON Agt.,  
AT THE  
WOBURN POST-OFFICE.

**Luxuriant Hair for All.**  
 Bogie's Hyperion Fluid, Restores and Dresses Hair.  
 Bogie's Electric Hair Dye, Best in the World.  
 Bogie's Balm of Cytheria, Cures Tan and Flakes.  
 Bogie's Wigs and Hair Work, New Improve-  
 ments.  
 Surpass all others. Cheapest, best and most  
 reliable. Try! Be convinced. W. BOGIE,  
 39-1y 202, Washington Street

NEW BANK BUILDING,  
Main street, Woburn.

---

**MICA, OR SHEET ISINGLASS,**  
For Stove Doors, Lanterns, &c., constantly for  
sale at 21 Union street, Boston, by G. W. RUGGLES.

PHOTO BY 41. CHINA RIVER, MOUTH OF CHANGJIANG RIVER.







# Midsex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII: : No. 20.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS)

## Poetry.

### A Fault Confessed.

BY J. PRINCE.

"A fault confessed is half redressed,"  
A simple saying, brief and wise,  
For the dear truth is ever best,  
If truth without disguise.  
If in a weak and angry hour  
We utter bitter words and strong,  
Oh, let us strive with all our power  
To rectify the wrong!  
  
If we attempt to mar and stain  
A fellow being's peace and name,  
What does our selfish spirit gain  
But fruitlessness and shame?  
Remember that we but distress  
Another's quiet and our own;  
Then let us hasten to confess,  
And, if we can, atone.  
  
But there are words breathed in the dark  
More baneful still than careless speech;  
'Tis when we single out a mark  
That secret spite may reach;  
An arrow from an unseen hand  
Is winged to wound our guiltless breast;  
'And who can such a foe withstand,  
Hidden and unconfessed?  
  
God judgeth justly, and will bring  
Grief for the mischief that we do;  
We cannot do an evil thing  
But we shall suffer too.  
Then let us lay the boom bare  
Before the injured one and heaven,  
And in a gush of heartfelt prayer  
Confess, and be forgiven.

## Select Literature.

### HOW HAROLD MASSEY COMMITTED FORGERY.

A Story told on New Year's Eve.

There is a time of year when even the travelling Englishman forgoes his right to grumble; when railway trains are late on every line, and no one seems in the least out of temper at the circumstance. At that time of year so general are the migrations, that one might fancy all England to be engaged in one great game of trencher, and everybody else at that time of year this Christian land suddenly falls back into full sight of paganism; the mistletoe and holly again become our sacred plants, and the guard is so blockaded by their boughs that he looks out of his van a mere arch-priest of Druidism. At that time of year we offer up our burnt offerings quite openly, and the fiction that "smoking is strictly prohibited in the carriages and on the company's premises," is laughed at alike by guard and passenger. At that time of year a railway director is admitted even by his own shareholders to deserve something less severe than hanging; we shake hands all round, and there is a tacit understanding that bygones are to be bygones, that for a week or so time-hills are suspended—that is, figuratively, there being no longer any use in their being so literally—that the trains will be allowed to keep any time or no time, and that when the week is out we will turn over a new leaf and begin afresh.

Whether the train in which we had taken our seats had started from Paddington at the 6.40, or the 5.30, or the 7.25, was a problem which we had utterly failed to solve, all trace of identity of trains having been lost at Reading, where we got in. We only knew that though we had imagined ourselves to be dreadfully late, we had, on asking the clerk if we were in time for the express, been answered with rather ominous good nature, "Oh, heaps,"—that we had found a train standing at the platform which the porter assured us stopped at Banbury, and which (though we had been weak enough to pay express fare) we soon found stopped also at every other station, and indeed—under pretext of allowing the excursion train to get a little further out of the way—at a great many places where no station whatever was discoverable.

But at any rate we were going in the right direction, and being young, were sanguine of an ultimate arrival. The only thing that troubled us was that our party of three ought to have been a party of four. I and my brothers Joe and John ought to have been joined at Reading by our cousin, Fred Massey, who was going with us to his father's; but he had failed to arrive from the South-Eastern line in time to come along with us.

Travelling by a slow train with a slower excursion in front is not a lively business, and when to vary the monotony we were shunted into a siding to allow the express to pass us (in which express, we reflected, we ought to have been), we should certainly, had it not been that time of year when people don't carry tempers about with them, have shown ours in an unamiable light. As it was, we merely asked the guard what he thought of himself, and he having replied, "Very meanly," and having admitted that he would be very glad indeed if he could keep out of sight, we troubled him for a light and immediately made ourselves liable to a penalty of forty shillings each, with costs.

In this way we contrived to keep up our spirits, and on arrival at Banbury bore with philosophic calmness all the chaff which was heaped upon us by Fred and three or four of them whom we found on the platform waiting our arrival. For Fred, it turned out, really had got to Reading in time for the express, and indeed had caught a distant glimpse of us as we moved out in the slow

train, but owing to the crowd had been unable to get near us. Then he had been whisked past us in the express, and now professed great indignation at being kept waiting half an hour for the arrival of such very slow coaches as he pronounced us to be. Indeed, we found by-and-by that he, being an excitable youngster, and fond of a practical joke, as lads of fourteen generally are, had been conspiring to drive off without us. But Harington being four miles away, and the roads being muddy the girls and his brother who had come to meet us had considered that the joke would hardly seem so good to us as to him, and so he had been overruled, and we had before us the prospect of a pleasant drive in the bright starlight.

In what manner we all contrived to pack ourselves into Harold's wagonette I don't know. There were eight of us—three of the number girls—and it was a mercy that the load was not seen by any officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. However, we did not contrive somehow to shake ourselves down into places, and by dint of nursing each other in turns (we were quite a family party, you know, all brothers, and sisters, and cousins), we got along without much repining, and, as Joe said, managed under all our adversities still to keep up our spirits "quite surprisingly."

The circumstances of our meeting together were these. Fred always spent Christmas with his grandfather Massey down in Surrey, but always came home for the New Year. I and my brothers had in like manner for years past always seen the old year out and the new year in with Uncle Harold. Ella White and Minnie White, our cousins, again, were regular visitors as we on this occasion. Indeed it was Harold's wont on this anniversary to gather round him always as many young faces of his own clan as could be conveniently collected from the neighboring counties. And we young folk had come to regard this as so much in the natural order of things, that we should hardly have admitted that the new year had any right to come in, or the almanacks had any right to come out, had the custom failed to be observed. So now as we bowed through the fresh night air we felt that if the stars looked down on any happier than we, the stars were to be envied the pleasure it must be to them to do so.

Hats off, coats off, bonnets off, cloaks off;—it was wonderful with how little loss of time we were making ourselves comfortable over Uncle Harold's snug fireside. It was more wonderful still that he did not shake any of our arms fairly out of their sockets. It was most wonderful of all that we any of us survived the amazing meal we made, and that Uncle Harold should persist in declaring we were "none of us eating anything." Survive it, however, we did, and survive the games which followed it; and then, as the midnight hour drew on, we gathered in a ring for a good round of story-telling.

Uncle Harold's house is one of the very few where story-telling really is kept up. I fancy that in most country houses stories are often more readily told. But it is one of my uncle's tastes that at this time of year people should come provided with a tale—if of their own conceiving so much the better, and in that case shall recite it under a running fire of criticisms as to the probabilities of such plots as we can devise.

It was George White who generally bore away the palm on these occasions, and was confessedly our prize novelist. He had indeed a quasi literary reputation, and the younger of us looked up to him with awe as a wonderful being, who it was said had actually, all out of his own head, written a tale which had been printed in a magazine. He himself, when quizzed about it by the seniors, would say gravely that he might with perfect propriety describe himself as a writer for all the principal magazines of the day, for that he believed there was not one of them to which he had not offered his contributions, and by the editors of which such contributions had not been "declined with thanks." From which it will be seen that he was not thin-skinned, but could bear that a joke should be turned against himself.

On this occasion, however, he refused to be drawn out. "Harold," he said, "I really did mean to have filled my old role to-night of story-teller. But I have a grievance on my mind which unsettles me. Did you ever see the book called 'Simon's Skeleton Sermons'?"

Harold said that he never had seen it, but imagined he knew pretty nearly its nature, and could understand without any explanation what a treasure and a comfort it must be to those for whose assistance it was more immediately designed.

"This is exactly it," said George, "and my grievance, as a story-teller, is that no enterprising publisher puts out a companion volume—or perhaps I ought to say a parallel volume—of 'Skeleton Stories.' Such a title as 'Collins's Skeleton Romances,' or 'Dickens's Skeleton Novels,' for example, ought of itself to send a book through two or three editions. Not a story-teller living but would be delighted to be saved the bother of constructing his plots."

Then, amid a good deal of merriment, we discussed the form which such a work ought to take. It was considered that it ought to be arranged under the several heads of love-stories, stories of adventure, clerical stories, and so on, in order that a writer might at once turn up just that kind of plot which

best suited him. It was clear that it must contain a copious selection of summarized plots ready for expansion. But these would only serve as a sort of easy first lessons to young novel-writers. To make the work come up to our ideal, it would be requisite that each division should be subdivided under appropriate titles, such as, "hero," "heroine," "villain," "faithful domestic," "funny man," "doubtful lady," etc., each type of character being illustrated by a score or two of varieties. Then tables should be appended, showing the various ways in which these characters could be combined, and how diversely they might be brought to bear upon each other. Thus we concluded that the juxtapositions which would present themselves would be practically inexhaustible—that there would be as little danger of two writers hitting upon precisely the same plot, as of two gentlemen shaking a kaleidoscope into exactly the same figure, and that our "patent novel grinder" would be an immense success.

Pending the issue of this work, George declared he would neither write nor recite any more stories, and as his whimsical notion had furnished a good laugh, he was excused on that plea.

From him the call then passed to Marian—Aunt Marian, I ought to call her, but I and Harold were playfellows, and are so nearly of an age that I forgot he and his wife are uncle and aunt to me as well as to my younger brothers—and Marian told us a wonderful fairy tale, which Poppins evidently knew so much about that we all declared it had been rehearsed in the nursery.

After her came Marian's mother, Mrs. Walford, with a terrible sea-story, that made the youngsters vote her queen of story-tellers. And after her my brother Joe began what proved a love-story, whereupon Marian declared she would not have her children's heads filled with stuff and nonsense, so Joe took Ella White aside and told it to her privately behind Harold's chair. And if we might judge by the interest which Ella took in it, and the time which it took to tell, and the pathetic glances, and the hand-clapping, and the whispering to which it gave rise, it must have been a very capital story indeed, and Marian did us no kind turn in depriving us of it.

While, however, this story, whatever it might be, was being told, Harold himself was called on for his tale. And when he responded by saying that he had to tell us nothing less than how he himself a convicted and self-confessed forger; how he had as an offender of that quality, once made himself amenable to the vengeance of the law; and how it was that he still presumed, in spite of this delinquency, to hold up his head amongst respectable members of society;—when he told us this, I say, the announcement was received with vociferous applause. We all declared that, though we had already listened that night to some very ingenious fictions, yet this fiction to tell, we were about to listen was by far the most brilliant and imaginative of any. Harold, a forger! Harold, a self-confessed felon!—Harold hating an apology for holding up his head amongst respectable people!—the idea was so preposterous that we laughed at the wit of the invention. But Harold declared that there was no invention whatever about it, that for this night he was going to tell us a true story—a story without a hero, and with himself for villain. And there, with his wife beside him, looking not half so much ashamed of him as a forger's wife ought to look; with his children about his knee; with his brothers, cousins, and all whom he held dearest round about him, he made his confession, and told the story of his guilt.

"It is just now eighteen years ago," he said, "since I committed the offence of which I have to tell you. I am reminded of it now by the blunder which our clever young people made to-night in getting into the wrong train on their journey here; for there happens to be a railway blunder in my story too. At that time railways were more of a novelty than they are now, and passengers made more frequent mistakes, and unhappily also railway trains had more frequent accidents than we read of in these days. And but for such a mistake and such an accident, I should have had no tale to tell, and might still have remained free from crime."

"My father, as you know, was at the time I speak of carrying on his metal works at Birmingham, and employed about two hundred hands. I had not then been admitted into partnership, but used generally to be on the premises, and was said to help in the office. What it was that I helped at in the office beyond writing private letters, drawing portraits on the blotting-paper, and reading the Waverley Novels, I am afraid I should find it difficult to say. However, there I was, helping in these or other fashions, on the day of which I have to tell. And that day, of all the good days in the year, was Christmas-eve. The men were leaving work some hours earlier than usual. Christmas-day fell that year on Saturday, and my father had ordered that the men should be paid on the Friday afternoon, and set at liberty in time to make their Christmas preparations and spend a cheerful night at their own homes. All were therefore in the very best of tempers, and whatever black looks were to be seen arose, you may be sure, only from grime and smoke. Whatever their faces might be, the hearts of all those sturdy fellows were light enough. I do not think any master ever had a body of

servants more faithful, honest, and, I think I may say, God-fearing, than my father had. They were not men who were much given to hat-toucing, or the like, but had most of them a sturdy pride and independence. Yet they were noted as picked men, and known for their civility, their industry, and their integrity. And the secret of my father's having such men about him was that he had the happy gift, not so common as one could wish it to be, of knowing a good man from a bad one; and the judgment to use him well so as to keep him when he had got him. And if he knew when he had got a good servant, the men knew also when they had got a good master. I do not believe any master was ever more beloved by his servants than my father was. A fair day's work for a fair day's wage he would have, and if by any chance he caught a shirker, he did not deal tenderly with him. But honest English artisans rather like this. They knew that he had nothing hard or grinding in his nature. They knew that in their hour of need neither my father's ear nor his purse was ever shut out against them. They honored the man who could blend kindness to them with justice to himself. They knew that no man had ever been discharged from those works except for his own fault. And so between employer and employed there was that frank and kindly feeling, and that trusting confidence which is very pleasant to behold.

"Well, we had got already for dropping work. The pay-lists were made out; the lad had gone with the cheque to the bank for the money; on his return there would be nothing left to do but to count and divide it, and then the bell could be rung and the men dismissed. The first intimation that we had of any hitch was when the lad came rushing in again from the bank with the cheque and without the money. My father had gone to London that morning. He had filled up the cheque for the amount which he thought would be necessary for the wages; had carefully put it in an envelope, and left it for old Wright the cashier; and the cheque was worth exactly the paper on which it was written, for he had omitted to sign it. At the bank they were too strict to cash a cheque without a name to it, though they knew well enough whose it was, and that it was quite correct. Fortunately, however, my father was to be back at three, and the bank did not close till four. I could meet him therefore at the station, get his signature, send for the money, and get the men paid as quickly as possible, though this unluckily would be keeping them later than we had wished to keep them."

"Wright and I went down to the station a quarter of an hour before the train was due. The platform was all life and cheerfulness—happy meetings here, happy partings there, happy faces all around—when all at once we noticed that two or three of the officials were whispering over a telegram. By and by the whispering spread from group to group. The happy faces seemed to grow sober and anxious, and everybody knew that news had come of an accident. Only some ten miles out of Birmingham the down express had dashed into a coal train, and of the passengers hurrying on their Christmas journeys, four were killed on the spot; and it was not known how many were injured more or less severely and fatally."

"Great Heavens!" said Wright to me, "it is the train in which your father is!" "A wful as was the shock to us, and great as was our agitation, we retained presence of mind enough to think of the poor fellows who, with their families, were likely, for want of their wages, to be deprived of their Christmas feast. It had been one of my office amusements (a very foolish one, which I hope none of my boys will follow) to practise the imitation of different handwritings, and especially of signatures. There was not a clerk about the office whose signature I could not imitate so closely, that he himself could hardly detect its falsity. It is a most evil habit, but one into which, I believe, many silly young fellows fall from thoughtlessness. Well, having this accomplishment at my finger's ends, I took the cheque out of my pocket, and, without speaking, signed my father's name to it, and gave it to Wright."

"It is forgery," he said, "and no matter how innocently done, even your father could not protect you, if the bank should object to it. Still I must be an accessory after the fact."

"Let the poor fellows have their Christmas pudding," I said, "and let them get away before they hear anything of this accident."

"So he took the cheque to the bank, got the cash at once, and went off to pay."

"I remained at the station, waiting (how anxiously I need not say) for more news. It came at last—came at the end of an hour, which had seemed a week—and came too soon. A man on horseback rode hastily up to the station. He was clerk at the station nearest to the place where the accident had occurred, and he had come to break the news as he best could to the friends of those who lived in Birmingham."

"This pocket-book," he said to the superintendent, "was found in a first-class compartment along with the body of one of the gentlemen who is killed."

"It was my father's pocket-book."

"Was there but one person in that compartment?" I asked, almost inaudibly.

"There was but one," the clerk replied, solemnly.

"Then I have lost," I said, "the best of fathers who ever lived."

"Two or three of those standing round took off their hats in token of silent sympathy, as men do in the presence of death. They led me into an office, and I asked one or two questions more. The compartment in which the pocket-book had been found belonged, I learned, to the carriage which had smashed into fragments. This one compartment had just hung together enough to enable the officials to discover what its contents were and had been. They were this pocket-book, a hat, a leather hat-case, two travelling rugs, and the shapeless wreck, awfully crushed out of all semblance of humanity, of what had been, so brief a time before, a living, thinking human being in the image of God."

"What to do first I hardly knew. But it seemed to me that before I went to tell my poor mother of our loss, I ought to go and look on these sad remains, and see with my own eyes how utterly lost was all that had been so dear to us. I decided, therefore, to go back to the office, and from there take horse and ride to the scene of the accident."

"By what mysterious sympathy is it that bad news travels so quickly? It had reached the works already. As I entered the yard, I could see that the men all knew it, and were speaking of it. They made way for me more silently and quietly than usual, and one of the foremen came up to me, took off his hat, and said—

"Master Harold, we've got our money, but we'll go and buy craps to-night instead of pudden, and it's little Christmas cheer we'll eat to-morrow. God ha' mercy on us! all there was not many like him." And the honest fellow choked as he spoke, and many a manly eye shone with moisture."

"It took me about an hour to ride to the scene of the accident. There was a crowd of people outside the little public-house. A trestle or two and stretchers were being carried. The constable was making out a list of those he should summon for the jury on the inquest. A girl at the bar was serving out liquors to any one who chose to drink them, and keeping no account of what she served, for the railway company had taken the bill upon themselves. I was going up-stairs when I met in the doorway one of the telegraph company's messengers. The accident had thrown down the posts and broken the wires, and messages from the south to the north could now be sent no further than Coventry. He was riding from Coventry to Birmingham with messages, and had called here to take also the latest news of the sufferers by the accident."

"Can any one tell me," he asked, "where the Hopfield Works are in Birmingham?"

"They are ours," I said. And then, correcting myself, I added, with a shudder, "That is, they are mine."

"He handed me one of the usual official envelopes, with the image of Jupiter grasping the lightning. I took it with much interest, concluding it to be merely a business message, of which we received many. I opened it without noticing that it was addressed to me, and not to my father. It ran—

"From Gilbert Massey, Rugby, to Harold Massey, Hopfield Works, Birmingham: 'Go and meet the express. I am left behind here. My hat, rug, and pocket-book, with papers, are in the carriage.'"

"The revelation of feeling was so sudden and so unlooked for, that I had to read this message two or three times over before I in any way realized what it meant. Not indeed until I had actually gone up-stairs, and with an awful fear had lifted the linen sheet from the faces of those speechless, shapeless shapes, did I dare to make the joyful admission to myself that this message actually was from my father to me—that by one of the mysterious and merciful dispensations of Providence (a basin of soup it turned out afterwards had been too hot for him, and he had stayed too long over it in the refreshment-room) he had really missed his train, and by so doing had, in all human probability, saved his life."

"I went straight back to Birmingham, and my father arrived alive and well within an hour after me. As soon as he had heard of Rugby of the accident he had at once seen the shape which our fears would take, and he had posted direct to Birmingham. Old Wright was still at the works when he arrived, and besides him some dozen of the men were still hanging about in a purposeless way. Whether to laugh or cry we hardly knew, and I believe, to make sure of doing right, we did both. Men who had never thought of doing such a thing before, came and shook hands with him and with me, and then went and shook hands with each other all round. Just then the bells burst out in honor of Christmas-eve, and sounded sweetly to us all than ever bells did before. Wright had taken care that the bad news should not reach my mother, so she would only hear of the danger from ourselves, and hear at the same time how happily it had been escaped."

"Don't go yet, boys," said my father, as he turned into the office. "We must not let those other lads spend the night and the morning without knowing how good God has been to me."

"Then we told him of the dilemma in which we had been in the earlier part of the day, what sort of a cheque it was that he had left us, and how we had managed to get out of our difficulties."

"You forging young rascal," he said to me ferociously. "I have a good mind to give you—for committing such a crime—I have a good mind to give you a regular good ten pound note—so take it and much good may it do you; and he produced one from the pocket-book which I had restored him. 'And as for you, John Wright,' he went on, 'who ought to have been old enough to know better than to encourage a boy in such an offence, I am so exasperated with you that I am determined to raise your salary. And as for all these good fellows who have gone home, thinking they have lost their master, surely I must do something to make their Christmas dinner a little better, and by way of offering thanks for this great mercy.'"

"He opened the pocket-book, and counted the notes that were left in it. There was just fifty pounds. 'I deserved to lose it for my carelessness in leaving it on the seat,' he said, 'and it would be a burning shame if ever I touched a penny off it for myself. Now, John, you and these other good fellows who are waiting, must just resolve yourselves into a committee, and be off and spend it all on geese or turkeys, or whatever you think best. And if there is not enough to give liberally to every man in my service, you put as much of it as will make it enough; and you take half-a-dozen cabs and see that every one has his Christmas box to-night, with my hearty wishes for his good digestion.'"

"And then I and my father went home, and told the story of the day over our Christmas fire; and our hearts were all too full that night for gaiety, for there is a gladness that is better than mirth, and my mother could only smile through her tears and say, half-audibly, 'Truly God is good to me,' and lift up her hands and sit silent and say again, 'Truly God is good.'"

"And this is how I came to have to confess myself a forger, and this is the tale," concluded Harold, "that I had to tell you this New Year's Eve."

"If I had not left grandpa alive and well this morning," said Fred, "I really should have been alarmed, and begun to think that he actually had been killed all these years ago without my knowing it."

"Ah, yes," said Joe, who was glad of an excuse for his own inattention to Harold, and wonderful attention to Ella, while the story had been telling; "when one knows all along that the old gentleman is so surprisingly hearty at the present moment, one can hardly be expected to take a very lively interest in the story of his shocking decease eighteen years ago."

## Marks of the Nails.

Did you ever hear the story of Amos and the nails? There was once a bad boy, whose name was Amos. His father was a very good man, and was grieved and troubled at his son's wickedness. He tried in vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to do better. One day his father said to him—

"Amos, here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong thing, to drive one of these nails into this post."

"Well, father, I will," said Amos. After a while Amos came to his father, and said:—

"I have used all the nails; the keg is empty; come and see."

His father went to the spot, and found the post black with nails.

"Amos," said he, "have you done something wrong for each of these nails?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Oh! Amos! how sad this is to think of! Why will you not try to turn about, and be a good boy?"

Amos stood thoughtfully for a few minutes and said:—"Father, I'll try; I know I have been very bad. Now I mean to pray God to help me to do better."

"Very well," said his father; "now take the hammer, and every time you do a good act, or resist a wrong one, draw out a nail, and put it in the keg again."

After a while the boy came to his father, and said:—"Come, father, and see the nails in the keg again. I have pulled out a nail for every good act, and now the keg is full again."

"I am glad to see it, my son," said his father, "but see the marks of the nails remain." So with every wicked deed; it leaves its mark as the wages of sin. Ah! how careful we should be to avoid sin.

A rich gentleman once said to a day laborer, "Do you know to whom these estates belong on the borders of the lake?" "No," replied the man. "They belong to me," said the rich man. "And the wood and the cattle, do you know whose they are?" "No." "They are mine, also," continued the rich man. "Yes, all that you can see is mine." The peasant stood still a moment, then pointed to heaven, and in a solemn tone asked, "Is that also mine? If that be mine, though poor, thou art truly rich; if that be not mine, however rich thou art poor indeed."

Pat Doonan, at Gettysburg, bowed his head to a cannon ball, which whizzed past six inches above his head. "Faith," says Pat, "one never loses anything by politeness."

## Forward, March!

The trumpet has sounded. Five hundred thousand men are wanted to begin the spring campaign. Let them be forthcoming. This is no time for delay, nor for partisan bickering, nor for complaints against the policy of the Administration, nor for aught else that interferes with recruiting. The cause is just—who doubts it? The inducements are ample—who will gainsay it? The men are needed—who will not volunteer? Such a call as this from the chief magistrate of these United States should meet with as cordial a response as did that of the nineteenth of April, 1861, when men forgot their differences, and the roads to the national capital swarmed with patriots hastening to its defence. Thousands of those very men now sleep on the battle-fields that mark the march of the contesting armies, and—to the credit of our people be it said—thrice as many more have stepped into the ranks which they once filled. The tramp of our armies has never stopped, nor must it stop till its echoes mingle with those of a falling and a fallen rebellion.

Some will say it is impossible to get this half million of men. The greater the shame to them if in this critical hour, by word or deed, they attempt to carry this conviction into practice. But the men will be forthcoming. Already one half of them are under arms, and we are sure the other half is coming. New England has done bravely, but she has many sons yet who will leave their homes in response to this last call of their country. The Middle States, too, have done more than they were asked to do, but they will forget all this now. And the Western States—who doubts that their response will be? There are men enough, there is patriotism enough. Now for the soldiers!

Five hundred thousand men! Does this seem like an impossibility? Time and time again has the Administration been urged to call for them; time and time again could it have had them. Now that it wants them, shall it be refused? The Loyal Leagues and Union Leagues, the Lincoln Clubs, the Chase Clubs, the Fremont Clubs, the McClellan Clubs, Republicans, Democrats, one and all, should bend all their energies to filling up the quotas of their respective districts. Names are nothing—men are everything. Equip these half a million soldiers, put them in the field on the first day of the coming spring, and, mayhap, the longing of the people that the rebellion may be crushed by the next anniversary of our national independence will be realized.

And what is needed to bring about this result? Nothing but action, action, action. Each citizen should consider himself as responsible to the government for at least one volunteer. Each congressional district should appoint trustworthy men as a committee to secure the enlistment of every veteran within it, and the enlistment of every man who is willing to lend his services to the country. Let nothing stand in the way of this one great object. A draft! There should be no such a thing. Volunteers—not conscripts—are wanted. We have tried a conscription, and know too well how poorly it works to stake anything upon it. One volunteer is worth a score of unwilling conscripts—and so should it always be in this free country of ours. Every breeze from the Confederacy brings murmurs of discontent on the part of those whom the government is forcing into the ranks of its armies by an unrelenting conscription.

There is a lesson in this. We should send no such words southward; rather should the tidings reach them that we are to begin our next campaign—and God grant it may be our last!—with five hundred thousand freedmen—each a willing volunteer, each determined to do his best to crush the rebellion, and each resolved not to return to peaceful occupations until the war be ended. Such a display will strike terror into the hearts of our foes, will hush the faintest whisperings of discontent across the water, and infuse into our own government a measure of courage and of hope that the thrones of Europe, now shaking from their very foundations, will envy. Forward, March!—The Round Table.

At the "Bazaar" in Cincinnati they have a museum of curiosities, containing in part the following articles:—The hole that John Morgan crawled through in escaping from the penitentiary; a section of the subterranean passage at Johnson's Island; a painting (in water colors) of Cathcart swimming Lake Erie, triumphantly towing off the U. S. steamer Michigan, by a hawser held between his teeth; the tub over which the "washer-woman" plotted the treason of Johnson's Island; the whip used by "Jeff. Davis's coachman"; "Cartes de visite of the 'Reliable Gentleman,'" and the "Intelligent Contraband," to whom the public are chiefly indebted for news of war movements; an Aulic quiver from the Potomac; another of Seward's prophesies, of no particular account.

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a wrinkle to her face! It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband, it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied:—"Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"



## The Middlesex Journal.

R. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .50  
Each subsequent insertion, .375  
One square one year, 10.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
Half a square one year, 5.00  
Half a square three months, 1.50  
Half a square six months, 2.50  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—J. R. MANSFIELD.  
Winchester—E. T. WINTERS.  
Reading—L. E. GLEASON.

M. P. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York, 30 N. HILL, successors to Y. B. Palmer, 30 N. HILL, Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by the use.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1864

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, and FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

## THE PRESIDENCY.

The time for president making has arrived, but fortunately for the country, that Providence that overrules the efforts of men and controls the destinies of nations, has already settled this exciting question in a manner that will produce harmony and the eventual unity of the whole country.

The people of the loyal States are sound in the principles of true democracy based upon freedom and equal rights for all, and thoroughly imbued with a patriotism as undimmed as truth and justice. The critical condition of the country flow on the eve of a political campaign exemplifies the truth uttered by Douglas, that at this time there can be but two parties—the one to sustain the country, the other to overthrow it. All the issues of the past have been swept away by a mighty effort of a part of the States to overthrow the government and establish another, or a series of others, on anti-democratic principles.

The question as to whether this Union shall be maintained or dissolved, is clearly before the country, and the great heart of the people, regardless of partisan names or leaders, is strong in the sentiment so well uttered by Gen. Jackson, "the unity of the States, it shall be preserved." To this end all the signs of the times and the providence of God point unmistakably to the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. No President since the organization of this government has had the weight of responsibility resting upon him, or guided the Ship of State with more honesty and ability than he. His policy is clearly patriotic, and must rally around him the good of all parties. He will doubtless be called upon not only to close the war, but to aid in the settlement of the difficulties upon a basis of permanent peace.

THE MALDEN MURDER.—The public were taken by surprise on Monday morning, on hearing that a person named Edward W. Green, postmaster of Malden, only 27 years of age, had been arrested for the murder of young Converse, at the Bank in that place, on the 15th of December, and that he had made a full confession. Green not only confessed himself the murderer, but he also confessed to the firing of Dawes' Block, in Malden, which was burned some time ago, and many suppose that he knows something concerning the robbery of the Malden Post-office, which took place a few years ago, no clue ever being obtained to the robber. How he could have forgotten the feelings of his wife, and the peace of his child when it reached maturity, we cannot conceive. He must have known that the deed would envelope them in misery as long as they lived, and that especially would his innocent child be subjected to the taunts and sneers of a thoughtless and careless world. We trust that his family will receive the sympathy which they so much need and which common humanity entitles them to.

BOX FOR THE RANGERS.—Mr. Gage commends sending another box to the Rangers on Wednesday, Feb. 24th. Friends of the Rangers will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

## A NEW SOCIETY.—On Monday afternoon

last, a number of the ladies of Woburn, met at the residence of Mrs. F. K. Cragin, and formed themselves into a society, to be known as the "Woburn Auxiliary of the Boston Educational Commission for Freedmen."

The object of the society is the "industrial, social, intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of persons released from Slavery during the course of the war for the Union."

"Any lady may become a member of the Society by paying the annual sum of one dollar. Gentlemen will be admitted as honorary members by paying annually one dollar." The officers of the Society are as follows:—President, Mrs. A. G. Carter; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Cragin, Mrs. Thos. Richardson, Mrs. Marshall Tidd, Miss Laura Webster; Secretary, Mrs. S. R. Pippy; Treasurer, Mrs. Chas. Choate; General Committee, Mrs. Hawkins, Miss Plympton, Mrs. Field, Mrs. S. B. Tidd, Mrs. Bodwell, Miss Walker, Mrs. Dan'l. Richardson, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Stearns, Mrs. Glynn, Mrs. H. F. Smith, Mrs. T. Winn.

The next meeting of the Society will be held on Monday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, in the small Vestry of the Congregational Church, and all favorable to the object in view are cordially invited to be present. The meetings of the Society will be held monthly—the ladies meeting together for work in the afternoon, and the gentlemen joining them in the evening. It is intended that Woburn alone shall support one teacher, which it certainly can do with little exertion. The society opens under favorable auspices, and we hope it may be the means of doing much good to a class who have suffered all the wrongs that human nature can.

ROBBERIES.—On Sunday evening last, some person unknown, entered the house of Mrs. Amos Nichols, on Union street, while she was absent at meeting, and stole \$50 from a roll of bills, amounting to \$130, which were in a drawer. In the room where the bills were, two children lay in bed, but they were too frightened to make any noise. The robber must have had some charity, or else he would have taken the whole sum; or it may be that this was his first step in crime, and enough conscience existed to deter him from making a clean sweep. If this should fall under his eye, we beg to call to his memory a scene which transpired in Malden, about the same moment that he was in the act of performing a deed which was in one step from murder.

On Sunday afternoon last, the Union Store was entered and a quantity of store checks, which are not in circulation now—and a small amount of money stolen. In the perpetration of this deed, three young boys named Field, Dugdale and Carpenter, were concerned, and the several attempts which they made to pass, early Monday morning, what they had stolen, soon brought about the finale to their transaction, and they were arrested and placed in the lockup, where they remained for a short time—being so young no complaint was preferred against them. It is to be hoped that this warning will have a salutary effect upon their future career, and prove to them that the way of the transgressor is hard.

COMPLIMENTARY BALL.—The Phalanx Associates intend giving Capt. Tay, of the 32d Reg't, a complimentary ball in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening next. Gates' Quadrille Band has been secured for the occasion, and dancing will commence at 8 o'clock. The price of tickets is one dollar. One of those good times may be expected which were in vogue in Woburn a few years ago, as every exertion will be made by the Committee of Arrangements to make the party a pleasant one to all who attend. We understand that Col. Prescott, of the 32d; Col. Peirson, of the 6th, and other officers of both regiments, have accepted invitations to be present.

PETITION.—A petition has been circulated and has received many signatures, praying the Legislature to pass a law empowering towns to vote money for the purpose of inducing men to enlist in the army. Such a law would undoubtedly prove a great convenience, and facilitator of enlistments, as the matter would then be brought under the immediate control of town authorities, which we think is by far the best way, being less liable to produce fault finding and doubt. Persons wishing to sign the petition will find it at the Post-office for a few days.

HORSE TRAINING.—Prof. F. A. Rockwell of New York, gave an exhibition of his method of training horses, in Woburn, on Saturday last. Before doing so he drove a span through our streets without reins or bridle, as easily as most people do with them, controlling the animals altogether by the whip. He guided them in and out through the crowd with but little effort, proving that he had them under complete subjection. Afterwards he opened a class for instruction in his method of training at Norris' stable, and a goodly number availed themselves of the opportunity to take lessons. Anything that benefits the horse benefits mankind, and we trust that the day is not far distant when every man will consider it as great a crime to ill use his horse as he would his child.

THE WOBURN TOWNSMAN.—Yesterday the first number of this paper, published by Mr. John L. Parker, made its appearance. The mechanical arrangement of the paper is neat and trim, and we trust that the publisher will meet with favoring winds throughout his voyage.

Y. M. L. A.—The seventh lecture of the course, will be delivered by Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, of Woburn, on Thursday evening next, Feb. 18th. Subject—"Our American Future."

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. Eli Fay, of Leominster, will preach in the Unitarian Church, on Sunday next, Feb. 14th.

## Acknowledgment.

Below we publish the correspondence concerning the donation of the proceeds of the late Social Festival, to the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission:—

Mrs. S. E. DAVIS.—Dear Madam,—The undersigned are directed to place in your hands the sum of three hundred dollars, being the net proceeds of a Festival given by the Phalanx Associates for the benefit of the Branch Sanitary Commission.

Very Respectfully,  
T. WISS,  
C. S. CONYER,  
W. T. GRAMMER,  
A. J. PARKER,  
S. O. POLLARD,  
Feb. 24, 1864.

TO THE CHAIRMAN AND COMMITTEE OF THE PHALANX ASSOCIATES.—Gentlemen:—On behalf of the Woburn Branch of Sanitary Commission, we tender to you, and through you, to the Association, which you represent, our grateful acknowledgments for the patriotic and liberal donation of three hundred dollars which you have been pleased to place at the disposal of the Commission.

Per order Executive Com.,  
S. E. DAVIS, Sec'y.

Woburn, Feb. 12th, 1864.

RECRUITING.—All those who wish to enter the service of their country, will find an opportunity to do so by applying at the recruiting office in Lyceum Hall, where they will be politely waited upon by Lieut. Persons.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Our thanks are due to Hon. D. W. Gooch, for a number of public documents, which he was pleased to send us. Some of them are exceedingly interesting and valuable.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A cylinder stove in good condition. Apply at this office.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## No Sects in Heaven.

In heaven all distinctions fade, all forms of earthly fellowship are obliterated, and men stand alike welcomed in the presence of their Maker, because they are saved by his grace and not by their own merit. There

"Names, and sects, and parties fall,  
And Thou O Christ, art all in all."

It is said that John Wesley, once, in the visions of the night, found himself, as he thought at the gates of Hell. He knocked, and asked,—"Are there any Roman Catholics here?" "Yes," was the answer, "a great many." "Any Church of England men?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Wesleyans?" "Yes, a great many." Disappointed and dismayed, especially at the last reply, he turned his steps upward and found himself at the gates of Paradise, and here he repeated the same questions. "Any Wesleyans here?" "No." "Any Church of England men?" "No." "Any Roman Catholics?" "No." "Whom have you here then?" he asked in astonishment. "We know nothing here," was the reply, "of any of those names that you have mentioned. The only name of which we are all Christians here, and of these we have a great multitude which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues."

PURITAN WEDDING DISCOURSES.—The practice of wedding discourses was handed down into the last century, and sometimes beguiled the parties concerned into rather startling levities. For instance, when Parson Smith's daughter Mary was to marry young Mr. Cranch—(what graceful productions of pen and pencil have come to this generation from the posterity of that union)—the father permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her own text for the sermon, and she meekly selected "Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild, young sister Abby was bent on marrying a certain Squire Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, and would not even invite to dinner, she boldly suggested for her text, "John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." But no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and mother of another.

—Atlantic Monthly.

It is estimated that the effective strength of the European armies—in a time of profound peace—amounts to 3,575,847 men—nearly equal to the whole population of the State of New York—maintained in absolute idleness, at an annual cost to the people of over seven hundred millions of dollars.

Tom Thumb retires upon a quarter million. It is sometimes easier to make a fortune by littleness than by greatness.

In the late census of Massachusetts, among the reported occupations, are 1450 "gentlemen."

The liabilities of the United States amount to the modest little figure of \$1,506,080,697.

We clip from the Boston Journal the following:—

"We would refer our readers to an advertisement in our columns to-day of a medicine which we think deserves more than a passing glance, as it comes so highly recommended, and not purporting to be secret in its composition—a medicine emanating from such a source, and for so good a purpose—the alleviation and cure of diseases incident to females—which are so prevalent among us, and being endorsed by the Reformed Practitioner, having been made official in their pharmacopoeia. We have no hesitation in recommending it to our female readers or to the friends of any indisposed. The article has reference to a Female Strengthening Cordial, prepared by Dr. Geo. W. Sweet, the proprietor of the 'New England Botanic Depot,' so long and favorably known throughout the New England States."

This medicine has been for sale in our town and vicinity for nearly six months, and the many who have used it testify to its intrinsic merits. Every indisposed female is invited to give it a trial. The advertisement can be found in another column.

## Items of News.

A Springfield man has invented a steam sheep-shearer.

Artemus Ward is dangerously ill at Great Salt Lake City, of typhoid fever.

The secession sympathizers are skedaddling from Memphis.

Colt's Armory at Hartford, is to be reconstructed without delay.

It required six miles of pipes to warm the late armory at Hartford.

It is estimated that the cost per man of the army is nearly if not quite \$1200 per annum.

In the South the hire of a slave and his board and clothing for a year now reach almost his value.

Slaves have depreciated in value in the South. In gold they bring about \$100 only.

The total expense of the army this year will be a billion of money.

A twenty-five pound wild cat has been shot near Worcester.

Illinois has furnished 145,073 men to the Union armies.

The Chukosh (Wis.) Courier tells of snow drifts in that vicinity from fifteen to forty feet deep.

California has decided that the law permitting soldiers to vote is unconstitutional.

New York city is about to build a home for the homeless children of its soldiers.

If the fine weather continues the spring campaigns will commence very soon.

Washington letters say the rebels are astray at a dozen points, and Gen. Halleck is on the qui vive.

The hyacinths are in bloom at Vicksburg and the soldiers play on the grass. Here we are having a new ice crop.

Secretary Chase is said to be looking well, and, though gold stands very nearly at 160, in good spirits.

There are 33,183 houses of worship in the United States, of which 12,814, or about thirty-three per cent., are in rebellion.

France continues to pour men into Mexico. Officers of the army, treasury, customs, etc., go by every steamship, filling every berth in it.

A pair of andirons made of iron, but in the elaborate Italian style of the seventeenth century, were sold by auction in Paris the other day for 7000f.—\$1400 in gold.

Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, says, that the coalfields of America cover an area as large in extent as all Great Britain.

Good advice.—A New York clergyman suggests during Lent an absence from all luxuries at table, rather than an entire abstinence of food even on fast days, giving in charity what is saved from the extra expenses of the table.

The bank circulation of the North and South combined, at the commencement of the war, was \$150,000,000. Now in the Northern States alone, it is \$150,000,000, together with over \$300,000,000 Treasury Notes, and \$20,000,000 postal currency.

The Kennebunk Journal tells of a member of Co. M, 2d Maine Cavalry, encamped in that city, who was confined in the guard house in the evening, escaped the vigilance of the guard, came into town, was married, and succeeded in getting back unobserved to the guard house before morning.

The thirteen hospitals in the Department of the East, which includes New York and New England, contains five thousand five hundred and sixty-five beds, and had on the 1st inst., three thousand three hundred and two patients. There are in all the hospitals of the Union, eighty thousand two hundred and thirteen beds, and there were on the 1st inst., forty-two thousand seven hundred and eighty-six patients.

A requisition was made a few days since on the Government for boots for the colored regiment in camp at Quincy, Ill.—The sizes were so enormous that they could not be procured at Chicago, and the agent was ordered to have the regimental feet measured and send thereunto Washington, so that the boots could be constructed there. The sizes range from 10's to 20's. This regiment, a contemporary thinks will be apt to "trample on the rights of the South."

Gen. Blair, of Missouri, in his speech against the pending confiscation bill, pronounced it to be more cruel than the Edict excluding the Jews from Spain, and confiscating all their property, and so contrary to all the Laws of War, and Laws of Nations, that it would invite and justify foreign intervention. He claimed that he expressed the President's views on the subject.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—The public examination of the several schools for the Winter Term will take place as follows:—Wednesday, Feb. 24th, A. M.—Myrtle, Rumford, and Washington.—P. M., Gifford Primary and Adams Primary. Thursday, Feb. 25th, A. M.—Gifford Grammar, Adams and Hill.—P. M., Wyman. Friday, Feb. 26th, High.

Monday, the 22d, being a legal holiday, there will be no session of the schools on that day.

The schools will close with their examinations, and there will be a vacation of three weeks thereafter.

THE BAPTIST FAIR.—The late Fair has netted thus far \$892. It is proposed to sell off the articles remaining on hand which were unsold, on Monday and Tuesday afternoons and evening of next week, in Lyceum Hall, to which admission will be free.

OUR QUOTA.—It is gratifying to learn that our quota under the last call of the President, is nearly if not quite filled. Some additional bounty money is needed, but it is proposed to await the action of the Legislature upon this subject before deciding how the money shall be raised.

GAS.—In passing through the Main Streets on dark nights, the travellers are now lighted

on their way by the cheering beams of the gas lights, located along the street. Although not so many of these lamps as there ought to be, yet what there is of them, are of great public benefit. One has recently been placed at the junction of Washington and Pleasant Streets, fronting the New Baptist Church, and shows off to advantage this edifice amid the surrounding darkness. Another has been placed fronting the premises of Mr. D. N. Skillings, on Washington St., and others will probably be put up soon towards Symes' Corner. It is desirable that these lights should be left burning of a dark night until a later hour than has been customary. Individuals who are detained out until perhaps eleven o'clock, need more than any of those at an early hour, the benefit of these lights.

Let the town make a liberal provision for the expense of lighting these gas lamps and lead as many as possible to put up the posts. In all such matters a wise policy will dictate their encouragement. Whatever tends to the public convenience and helps to make the town more attractive to those who are thinking of locating here, should receive the hearty approval of the citizens. This is applicable not only to this subject but to others which have been before us. It is not for us to look merely at the expense of such things and how much is to come out of our pockets by it, but to take a broader and more liberal view of it as affecting the prosperity of the town.

TOWN MEETING.—It has been suggested that the annual Town Meeting should not commence until at least three o'clock of the afternoon of the day. An earlier hour necessitates those doing business in the city to leave about 11 o'clock in the morning, which many are unable to do. A later hour, as suggested, would secure a better attendance of the citizens, and thus many interesting and important subjects, as well as the appropriations which are perhaps hastily passed over, might receive more of the attention and consideration which their merits deserve. Will our Selectmen bear this suggestion in mind in issuing their warrant?

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

RECRUITING.—The Selectmen have thrown the flag to the breeze again, at the recruiting office just opened on Main Street, in the same building as before though in another room of it. Until our quota is ascertained, the work is not measured, and it will not be likely to be commenced in great earnest. As a stimulus to labor, people like to have this end in view, then every act performed makes "one number less" to be calculated upon. Encouraged by this new evidence of the intentions of the government to crush the rebellion speedily, may we not hope to see a ready response to this last call for 200,000 men.

HORTICULTURAL.—The Horticultural Society met at the house of Mr. Hiram Sweetser on Monday evening, and held a very interesting and profitable discussion, on the cultivation and the pruning of the Pear. The company partook of fruit from a large china plate that has been in use for one hundred and thirty two years, and it is now "as good as new." It was the property of Mr. Sweetser's great grandmother. The meeting was adjourned to be held next Monday evening at the house of Samuel Kingman, Esq. Subject—The Grape.

SCHOOLS.—At a meeting of the School Committee on Monday evening, it was ordered that the public exhibitions of all the schools with the exception of the High and Grammar, take place on Thursday and Friday, 10th and 11th of March. As ten schools will give their exhibitions in four half days, a portion of the Committee only can be in attendance on each. These schools will close with that week. The High and Grammar schools will continue two weeks longer. A more particular reference to the order of the exhibitions will be given before they occur.

MEDICAL.—It appears by recent writings in the Middlesex Journal, that the Physicians of the Middlesex East District Medical Society, to which South Reading belongs, have increased their fee for a regular visit from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

LECTURES.—The closing lecture before the Soldiers' Relief Association will be given by Rev. Mr. Barnes of Malden, on Thursday Feb. 18th. Mr. Barnes is a popular speaker, and at this last lecture of the course, let the Hall be crowded. The audience, we think, will not regret the time and expense.

The Singing School kept by Mr. Bailey, was to have held its closing session on Tuesday of this week, but on account of the affliction of Mr. Bailey in the death of a child, the school was deferred.

Next week we shall try to give some account of the Fair and Love which are to be held this week. However imperfect the report may be, our Soldiers in the field will be glad to receive a copy of the Journal that contains it. It will seem so much like home.

WAR AND PEACE.—The law of compensation always holds—no man invents a new bullet, another produces a box of salve to heal the wound the bullet inflicts, *Gracie's celebrated Salve* is now packed side by side with cartridges in the soldier's knapsack. Let every friend of the soldier take care to provide him with a box of this invaluable remedy for burns, scalds, flesh wounds, boils, bruises, piles, erysipelas, and all inflammatory diseases of the skin. The most excruciating pains are allayed by its use better than by the strongest opiate. 25 cts. a box. See advertisement in another column.

WE ASSERT IT BOLDLY.—There are no other Medicines so reliable, effectual and convenient as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, always ready for use. They are invaluable to the Soldier exposed to Wounds, Sores, Fevers and Bowel Complaints. They never fail. Only 30 cents per box or pot. 229.

## STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A great many events have happened in our quiet village since your correspondent last dipped his Middlesex Journal pen in newspaper ink. Events, which others might deem worthy to "work up" into a paragraph, have passed without a chronicle. So, your readers must be content with a mere allusion to some of them on this wise. We had a fire on blank night, in blank street, leading to blank town, when the energetic "General Worth's" were on hand in due season and did all the miracles of squelching the fire that mortal men could do under the circumstances. Again, on a certain morning before your correspondent had risen from his hair mattress and feathers, the meeting-house bell twanged out of its hoarse throat an alarm of fire. The startled neighborhood sallied forth in haste. The shrill engine bell was heard again. It was soon found that Col. L. D.'s house was again on fire (the third time I believe, within three years), but by the timely assistance of a brother who was at that early hour on his way to his Shoe establishment to start up the engine fire, the flames were quelled before the arrival of the "behoys." Item.—It was quite fortunate that there should be a reservoir of water close by the Col.'s house, but, on the other hand, it might have been extremely unfortunate if that said reservoir was covered over with several inches of solid ice.

A few weeks ago, Mr. E. P. D.'s barn on Williams street, was burned with its contents of hay, &c., valued at something above \$300. Besides these fire accounts, we might state also some of the remarkable transactions in the farmer's line: Mr. raised a hog that weighed, when only—months old, 439 lbs., after he was dressed! It is believed that it will be difficult for Middlesex to beat that. Another townsman has succeeded wonderfully in the poultry business—having—

hens of a superior breed which laid him in the month of January, 46 dozen eggs! He says it only costs him 4 cents a day to feed all this brood of hens—which, considering the large number, is certainly a remarkable thing. There is a neighbor of mine, Mr. H., who owns a couple of cows and those cows give milk so rich that when his wife goes to look after the night's milk in the morning, she can turn over the pan in which these cows' milk has been standing over night, and the milk will preserve the form of the pan, just as blanc-mange will, and this when the temperature of the weather is between 45 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit!! (Notice the two exclamations, because of those bovine individuals.) You will roll up your eyes at this, Mr. Editor, but let me tell you that the fortunate owner of these wonderful milkers told me the story in all soberness and sincerity. I felt quite sure that he believed it, if I didn't.

Well, since I last wrote you, we have had enacted within our staid town an affair that might well form the subject of the Rev. Sylvanus Cobb's next sensation novel—an affair of love and devotion, and almost a sacrifice of the swain. I will give you the table of contents of this new story—an abridgement, which shall have all the tragedy and a bit of the comedy, so far as the event has transpired. In the town of Dedham, the ardent young man A., loved the beautiful and queenly girl B. They lived and loved. Auguste set his heart on his Bernice. He never dreamed that his betrothed could ever smile upon or encourage any other happy youth. Vows of constancy, pledges of affection, warm hand pressures, and earnest protestations. The day, the great day which was to separate them both from the state of single wretchedness, and unite them to that of double blessedness, at length was agreed upon. Then there was hurrying to and fro in hot haste—new square toed boots, (O, how square they were), a complete array of black cloth from head to foot, a glossy beaver, a faultless neckerchief and choker collar, a gold plated watch chain, not so large by a jugful as an ox chain, dangling in a graceful curve from the watch pocket and the third button-hole of his immaculate white satin vest, made up the *tout ensemble* of the initiate bridegroom. Of the lady, I need say but little. She had her furs, of course, of the first water. But two or three days before the appointed wedding-day, those furs got ruffled, (when I say the furs, of course, you will understand I mean the *weaver* got ruffled). They couldn't be stroked down smooth. Who, or what, caused the trouble has not yet transpired. The critical time drew on apace. On the day before Auguste was to be made the happiest man in all christendom, the lovely Bernice escapes from the gloomy town of Dedham, to this village. She inquires for work, and soon finds employment in one of our establishments for the manufacture of ladies shoes! But love scents out her track. Augustus follows only about 48 hours behind. On his way up from the Depot in the horse-car, he administered to himself a dose of poison, which of course, would have proved fatal, had he not taken so much as to make him divulge the contents of his stomach. He recovered his senses—what he had of that useful article—and by the time he arrived in town comprehended what he was about. Not many hours elapsed before he saw his Bernice walking to her boarding house with a lady companion, all unconscious of the presence of her lover. He now screws up his courage to the sticking point, bends up his corporal powers to the act, and commits an assault upon the flushed cheek of poor Bernice in the shape of a most emphatic and determined kiss! The echo along the street causes a titter, a smile, a regular guffaw and in a few minutes a lively company is assembled. Further violence was not attempted *then and there*. What the precise finale is, I am unable to indicate. Rumor has it that the marriage contemplated has been consummated, &c., and so forth, *et cetera*.

Our quota of 57 men under the call for 300,000, has been filled. I cannot at this writing, give you a list of the names, but it is sufficient to say that they are such men as we shall not be ashamed of, for, as I understand it, they are not hired foreigners, but all citizens of our town. It is true that we did raise some money which was paid to some of the best of the enlisted men.

Quite a number of men have gone from our town to serve on board men-of-war, gunboats, &c. They have fought bravely, risked their lives just as much as any other soldiers, and their going away has diminished our capacity to answer the call for more soldiers. If any good earthly reason, or any kind of an excuse, can be assigned why those towns that have furnished soldiers to operate on sea should not be credited for the same as a part of their quota, I have yet to hear of the reason or excuse. Is it replied that the men called for were for the field and not for the sea? Suppose, then, that all our gallant fellows had, instead of going on board a gunboat, or some other craft, joined the troops on the field, where would have been the ships that our government have been so active in building?

See here, Mither, said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was treed by a dog. "If you don't take that dog away I'll eat up all your apples."







The following lines were written by John K. Richardson, of Co. D, 22d Reg. -

Our House.  
On the sunny side of a woodless hill,  
To the right of which is a little mill,  
At the foot of which level meadow lies,  
On whose left a winding river runs by,  
Whose waters from distant mountains come,  
Here have we fixed our transient soldier home.

Yonder waterfall's constant roar we hear;  
While in the distance mountain tops appear,  
Their snow-clad peaks so clearly we can see,  
That the miles between us would seem but three.

Yet report saith, that us and them between,  
More than three and thirty intervene.

To the eastward a gentle slope adown,  
Is a living spring, boiling from the ground;  
Still further east, towering toward the sky,  
Are the woods, which we would fain supply  
And with embers on which we cook our meals,  
And the fire we love, when evening o'er us steals.

But, our house, - 'Tis built of solid white oak wood,  
Which, a short time since, in yonder forest stood;

The trees were fell by one our tent's crew among,  
And cut in pieces, some nine, 'some twelve feet long;  
Then these in turn were quickly cleft in twain,  
And to make them true, each half was neatly hewn.

How to get these into our building spot,  
Was next the question to engross our thought.  
We hired a man, for a dollar a load,  
To team them over a not lengthy road,  
And leave them safe in our company strait,  
Where we could use them as we thought meet.

Then with much labor, and a deal of bother,  
We laid them edgewise, one above another,  
And, that our "shanty" might not fall asunder,

Each log we let into the one, under;  
The cracks we smeared with Virginia mud,  
And this makes our house warm and snug.

The roof is made of our old shelter tent,  
And 'neath it many a happy hour is spent,  
To us an all important part it comes,  
For our fireplace is not lengthy road,  
True, 'tis not a work of much pretension,  
And has two barrels for an extension.

I suppose at its rudeness, you would laugh,  
And yet I trust its soldiers well enough;  
Beside it is the door narrow and low,  
Through which, daily, so oft we come and go;

A neat wooden latch within holds it fast,  
Nor are the days of the latch-string past.

Well we'll pull the string, the door open wide;  
Then we'll enter and take a peep inside;  
The first thing here that arrests the eye,  
Is the bunk on which we when sleeping lie;

Bunk, did I say? yes, the number is two,  
For, to have four men on one would not do.

They're both made of poles stretched from side to side,  
Two dozen poles made them each three feet wide;

There, a cupboard over the fireplace stands,  
Filled with food to supply nature's stern demands;

Beside this, you observe, is our mantle shelf,  
And on it are brooks, with which to amuse one's self.

The well trodden ground is our only floor,  
Yet, to sweep it there's a broom behind the door.

For, you are indeed aware, I presume,  
That this is our eating, sitting, sleeping room.  
'Mong other things, we've got two stools to sit on,

And a peg, for each to hang his taps and hat on.

Our table I've not yet spoken about;  
If I do say it, it's the best one out;

It's made of white wood, my comrades spill and have,

And one of my tentmates, with a joiner's tool;

Then, with three cleats 'twas fastened together,  
I'd defy any man to make a better.

It is covered with a table-cloth black  
And all around the edges is tacked;

To the side of the house it is now hinged  
And like any other table leaf swings;

To use, we raise it up, and in two places,  
One at each end, to stay it there, are braces.

Above our heads, extends a handy line,  
On which dish-cloths and towels you will find.

With our little house we are all well pleased,  
And with plenty to eat, take things at ease;

In this Army, but very few there be,  
Who have contented and happy as we.

But I must tell you of my tentmates three,  
Who occupy this house jointly with me;

Two are Joneses, brothers from Reading, Mass.,  
Good-hearted boys as you'll ever come across;

Bill is a lusty good-natured fellow,  
As any one could ever wish to know.

He's quite a mechanic, by the way,  
Of whose skill we have proof every day.

As to Charlie, he's rather a quiet lad,  
With whom as yet, I've no trouble had;

In fact, if none were there than Charlie were,  
This would be a better world by far.

There remains to be mentioned but one more,  
Bentley - some years the oldest of us four;

He, be it known, is an excellent cook,  
Well versed in every part of the cook's

He's a sergeant too, and wears a lengthy beard,  
Two things which cause him to be quite revered.

About my house, and chums I've told you all,  
One word more of my hand my pen shall fall.

Another summer's awful work is done,  
In which one great battle has been fought

No marching here; our summer's tramp is o'er,  
No fighting now; hushed is the cannon's roar.

No more awhile the soldiers bleed and die,  
Nor helpless wounded on the battle-field lie,  
No more we lack sufficiency of food,  
Nor live and sleep in the water and mud,  
Which so often to sickness brought us -  
How pleasant 'tis to be in Winter Quarters.

## HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative, and of wonderful efficacy in disease of the

Stomach, Liver and Bowels,  
Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache,  
General Debility, Nerve Pain, Indigestion of  
Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent  
Fever, Cramps and Spasms, and all  
Complaints of the Stomach arising from  
Biliousness, or from Bodily Weakness whether  
inherent in the system.

Nothing that is not well known, general and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral or any kind, no daily potent element, no fiery extract, but it is a combination of the extracts of rare medicinal plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

In districts afflicted with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventative and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral or any kind, no daily potent element, no fiery extract, but it is a combination of the extracts of rare medicinal plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

As the human system can be protected by human means against miasms engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, pure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

## WOBURN BOOKSTORE !

THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Stationery, Pencils, Blank Books, Room Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

Bibles and Testaments  
is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.  
FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.

Hymn Books.  
The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

Sabbath Sch'l Books,  
Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

Photograph Albums  
in good variety, and at different prices, from 50 cts. upwards.

Juvenile Works,  
suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

Blank Books,  
Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memoranda, and all kinds of Blank Books usually called for. BLANK BOOKS, of particular kinds, furnished to order.

School Books.  
The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

Writing Paper.  
The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds - Letter, Bill, Cap, Bank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

Envelopes  
Of all colors, sizes and quantities.

Pens.  
All kinds of Gillott's, Washington, Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

Penholders,  
In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

Paper Hangings,  
A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

Miscellaneous,  
Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper; Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Inkstands; Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Stamps and Stampers, Crayons, Drawing Boxes, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Teasers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

Fancy Goods and Toys,  
A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff, Bag, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Groceries, Needles, Embroidery Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and toys of all kinds.

Main St. Woburn Center.  
Something for the Times !  
A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSELY'S  
AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.

The strongest Glue in the world.  
The cheapest Glue in the world.  
The most durable Glue in the world.  
The best Glue in the world.

It will Withstand Water.  
It will Mend Wood,  
It will Mend Leather,  
It will Mend Glass,  
It will Mend Ivory,  
It will Mend China,  
It will Mend Marble,  
It will Mend Porcelain,  
It will Mend Alabaster,

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.  
Any article cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Croseley's American Cement Glue. - New York Times.  
"It is so convenient to have in the house." - New York Express.  
"It is always ready; this commands it to every body." - Independent.  
"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water." - Housewife of the Times.

Economy is Wealth.  
\$10.00 per barrel saved in every family by One Bottle of

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

VERY LIBERAL REDUCTION TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

TERMS CASH.  
For sale by all Druggists, and Storekeepers generally throughout the country.

JOHNS & CROSELEY,  
(Sole Manufacturers),  
78 William street,  
Corner of Liberty street, NEW YORK.

MICA, OR SHEET ISINGLASS,  
For Store Doors, Lanterns, &c., constantly for sale at 91 Union street, Boston, by G. H. ROGERS.

## TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA !

Lyon's Periodical Drops,  
Lyon's Periodical Drops,  
Lyon's Periodical Drops,  
Lyon's Periodical Drops.

The Great Female Remedy!  
The Great Female Remedy!  
The Great Female Remedy!  
The Great Female Remedy!

Lyon's Periodical Drops  
Lyon's Periodical Drops  
Lyon's Periodical Drops  
Lyon's Periodical Drops

Are Better Than Pills!  
Are Better Than Pills!  
Are Better Than Pills!  
Are Better Than Pills!

The Only Fluid Preparation  
The Only Fluid Preparation  
The Only Fluid Preparation  
The Only Fluid Preparation

ever brought before the public, and as a diuretic and specific for irregularities, challenges the world to produce an equal; they are, in the most obstinate cases,

Reliable, And Sure To Do Good!  
Reliable, And Sure To Do Good!  
Reliable, And Sure To Do Good!  
Reliable, And Sure To Do Good!

And Cannot Do Harm,  
And Cannot Do Harm,  
And Cannot Do Harm,  
And Cannot Do Harm,

If The Directions Are Adhered To!  
If The Directions Are Adhered To!  
If The Directions Are Adhered To!  
If The Directions Are Adhered To!

Safe At All Times!  
Safe At All Times!  
Safe At All Times!  
Safe At All Times!

except when expressly forbidden in the directions which are wrapped around each bottle, and have the written signature of DR. J. M. LYON, upon them.

None Others Are Genuine!  
None Others Are Genuine!  
None Others Are Genuine!  
None Others Are Genuine!

Beware Of Counterfeits!  
Beware Of Counterfeits!  
Beware Of Counterfeits!  
Beware Of Counterfeits!

They cure, all those ills to which the female system is subjected with dispatch and a degree of certainty which nothing but a scientifically compounded fluid preparation could reach.

Use No Other!  
Use No Other!  
Use No Other!  
Use No Other!

For My Drops stand before the world as the *ne plus ultra* of all remedies, for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys and bladder, Leucorrhoea, Prostatitis, Stricture, and all positive correction of all irregularities.

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!  
Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

## THE HORACE WATERS

Modern Improved Overstrung Bass  
FULL IRON FRAME PIANOS

Are justly pronounced by the Press and Music Masters to be superior instruments. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned materials and will stand any climate. The tone is very deep, round, full and melodious, the touch elastic. Each Piano warranted for three years. Prices from \$175 to \$400.

OPINION OF THE PRESS. - "The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with some degree of confidence,



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII: No. 21.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

(TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS)

## Poetry.

### The Dying Soldier.

Fellow-soldier, I am dying,  
Slowly breathing life away,  
And my form will soon be lying  
Pulseless, lifeless, soulless clay.  
Father, mother, brothers, kindred,  
All are absent, none are near,  
Bending o'er the weary pallet  
Of the dying volunteer.

Far away in dear New England,  
Sweetest spot to me below,  
They are waiting, watching for me;  
Must I die? Oh! can I go?  
Now I hear their tender voices  
Spraying of the soldier dear,  
Little thinking, little dreaming  
That his end is drawing near.

Plainly now do I remember,  
How I plead with mother dear,  
When our country's outraged banner  
Called on me to volunteer.  
"Sister falling—brother dying—  
Martyrs slain at Baltimore,  
Call in tones of voice, on freemen,  
Louder than the cannon's roar."

"Mother, let me heed the summons  
From the graves of slaughtered men,  
Till our now insulted banner  
Floats triumphant once again;  
Then I'll proudly hasten homeward,  
Glad I raised a willing hand,  
To uphold our nation's honor,  
And protect my native land."

Hopes I once thus loved to cherish,  
Vanish like the tropic snows;  
Visions bright now fade and perish:  
Must I die? Oh! can I go?  
Yes, I'm dying, mother, dying,  
Far away from home and dear;  
Oh! how deep will be your sorrow  
When again you hear from me.

Earth-born musings, why intruding?  
Brighter scenes now meet my view,  
Endless life, and bliss, and glory,  
Weeping friends adieu, adieu.  
Meet me, loved ones, over yonder;  
Purer joys we then shall know;  
Jesus calls me, day is dawning,  
I can die, Oh! let me go.

## Select Literature.

### THE TWO GENERALS.

#### A Story of the War.

Near to the little State capital of Frankfort, Kentucky, there lived at Christmas-time of 1860, an old man, Major Reckenthorpe by name, whose life had been marked by many circumstances which had made him well known throughout Kentucky. He had sat for nearly thirty years in the Congress of the United States, representing his own State sometimes as Senator, and sometimes in the lower House. Though called a major he was by profession a lawyer, and as such had lived successfully. Time had been when friends had thought it possible that he might fill the President's chair; but his name had been too much and too long in men's mouths for that. Upon the whole he had been a good man, serving his country as best he knew how, and adhering honestly to his own political convictions. He had been and now was a slave-owner, but had voted in the Congress of his own State for the abolition of slavery in Kentucky. He had been a passionate man, and had lived without the stain of blood upon his hands, for duels had been familiar to him. But he had lived in a time and in a country in which it had been hardly possible for a leading public man not to be familiar with a pistol. He had been known as one whom no man could attack with impunity; but he had also been known as one who would not willingly attack any one. Now at the time of which I am writing he was old—almost on the shelf—past his dueling and his strong short invectives on the floors of Congress; but he was a man whom no age could tame, and still he was ever talking, thinking, and planning for the political well-being of his State.

In person he was tall, stiff upright, and almost ungainly in his gait, with eager gray eyes which the waters of age could not dim, with short, thick, grizzled hair which age had hardly thinned, but which ever looked rough and uncombed, with large hands, which he stretched out with extended fingers when he spoke vehemently; and of the Major it may be said that he always spoke with vehemence. But now he was slow in his steps, and infirm on his legs. He suffered from rheumatism, sciatica, and other maladies of the old, which no energy of his own could repress. In these days he was a stern, unhappy, all but broken-hearted old man; for he saw that the work of his life had been wasted.

And he had another grief which at the Christmas of 1861 had already become terrible to him, and which afterward bowed him with sorrow to the ground. He had two sons, both of whom were then at home with him, having come together under the family roof-tree that they might discuss with their father the political position of their country, and especially the position of Kentucky.—South Carolina had already seceded, and other Slave States were talking of secession. What should Kentucky do? So the Major's sons, young men of eight-and-twenty and five-and-twenty, met together at their father's house; they met and quarreled deeply, as their father had well known would be the case.

The eldest of these sons was at that time

the owner of the slaves and land which his father had formerly possessed and farmed. He was a Southern gentleman, living on the produce of slave labor, and as such had learned to vindicate that social system which has produced as its result the war which is still raging at this Christmas of 1863. To him this matter of secession or non-secession was of vital import. He was prepared to declare that the wealth of the South was derived from its agriculture, and that its agriculture could only be supported by its slaves. His father, he said, was an old man, and might be excused by reason of his age from any active part in the contest that was coming. But for himself there could be but one duty—that of supporting the new Confederacy, to which he would belong, with all his strength and with whatever wealth was his own.

The second son had been educated at West Point, and was now an officer in the National army. A large proportion of the officers in the pay of the United States leagued themselves with Secession, but Frank Reckenthorpe declared that he would be loyal to the Government which he served; and in saying so, seemed to imply that the want of such loyalty in any other person would be disgraceful.

"I can understand your feeling," said his brother, who was known as Tom Reckenthorpe, "on the assumption that you think more of being a soldier than of being a man; but not otherwise."

"Even if I were no soldier, I would not be a rebel," said Frank.

"How a man can be a rebel for sticking to his own country I can not understand," said Tom.

"Your own country!" said Frank. "Is it to be Kentucky or South Carolina? And is it to be a republic or a monarchy; or shall we hear of Emperor Davis? You already belong to the greatest nation on earth, and you are preparing yourself to belong to the least; that is, if you should be successful. Luckily for yourself, you have no chance of success."

"At any rate I will do my best to fight for it."

"Nonsense, Tom," said the old man, who was sitting by.

"It is no nonsense, Sir. A man can fight without having been at West Point. Whether he can do so after having his spirit drilled and drummed out of him, there I don't know."

"Tom!" said the old man.

"Don't mind him, father," said the younger. "His appetite for fighting will soon be over. Even yet I doubt whether we shall ever see a regiment in arms sent from the Southern States against the Union."

"Do you?" said Tom. "If you stick to your colors, as you say you will, your doubts will soon be set at rest. And I'll tell you what, if your regiment is brought into the field, I trust that I may find myself opposite to it. You have chosen to forgoe that we are brothers, and you shall find that I can forget it also."

"Tom!" said the father, "you should not say such words as that; at any rate, in my presence."

"It is true, Sir," said he. "A man who speaks as he speaks does not belong to Kentucky, and can be no brother of mine. If I were to meet him face to face, I because he is a renegade."

"You are very wicked—very wicked," said the old man, rising from his chair—"very wicked." And then, leaning on his stick, he left the room.

"Indeed, what he says is true," said a sweet, soft voice from a sofa in the far corner of the room. "Tom, you are very wicked to speak to your brother thus. Would you take on yourself the part of Cain?"

"He is more silly than wicked, Ada," said the soldier.

"You are very wicked—very wicked," said the old man, rising from his chair—"very wicked." And then, leaning on his stick, he left the room.

"Indeed, what he says is true," said a sweet, soft voice from a sofa in the far corner of the room. "Tom, you are very wicked to speak to your brother thus. Would you take on yourself the part of Cain?"

"He is more silly than wicked, Ada," said the soldier.

fortunately it had been thought desirable by each of them, whereas the father and mother had intended Ada for the soldier.

I have not space in this short story to tell how progress had been made in the troubles of this love affair. So it was now that Ada had consented to become the wife of the elder brother—of Tom Reckenthorpe, with his home among the slaves—although she, with all her New England feelings strong about her, hated slavery and all its adjuncts. But when has love staid to be guided by any such consideration as that? Tom Reckenthorpe was a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man. So was his brother Frank. But Tom Reckenthorpe could be soft to a woman, and in that, I think, had he found the means of his success. Frank Reckenthorpe was never soft.

Frank had gone angrily from home when, some three months since, Ada had told him her determination. His brother had been then absent, and they had not met till their Christmas meeting. Now it had been understood between them, by the intervention of their mother, that they would say nothing to each other as to Ada Forster. The elder had, of course, no cause for saying aught, and Frank was too proud to wish to speak on such a matter before his successful rival. But Frank had not given up the battle. When Ada had made her speech to him he had told her that he would not take it as conclusive. "The whole tenor of Tom's life," he had said to her, "must be distasteful to you. It is impossible that you should live as the wife of a slave owner."

"In a few years there will be no slaves in Kentucky," she had answered.

"Wait till then," he had answered; "and I also will wait." And so he had left her, resolving that he would bide his time. He thought that the right still remained to him of seeking Ada's hand, although she had told him that she loved his brother. "I know that such a marriage would make each of them miserable," he said to himself over and over again. And now that these terrible times had come upon them, and that he was going one way with the Union, while his brother was going the other way with Secession, he felt more strongly than ever that he might still be successful. The political predictions of American women are as strong as those of American men. And Frank Reckenthorpe knew that all Ada's feelings were as strongly in favor of the Union as his own. Had not she been born and bred in Maine? Was she not ever keen for total abolition, till even the old Major, with all his gallantry for womanhood and all his love for the young girl who had come to his house in his old age, would be driven occasionally by stress of feeling to rebuke her. Frank Reckenthorpe was patient, hopeful, and firm. The time must come when Ada would learn that she could not be a fit wife for his brother. The time had, he thought, perhaps come already; and so he spoke to her a word or two on the evening of that day on which she had laid her hand upon his brother's mouth.

"Ada," he had said, "there are bad times coming to us."

"Good times, I hope," she had answered. "No one could expect that the thing could be done without some struggle. When the struggle has passed we shall say that good times have come." The thing of which she spoke was that little thing of which she was ever thinking—the enfranchisement of four millions of slaves.

"I fear that there will be bad times first. Of course I am thinking of you now."

"Bad or good, they will not be worse to me than to others."

"They would be very bad to you if this State were to secede, and if you were to join your lot to my brother's. In the first place, all your fortune would be lost to him and to you."

"I do not see that; but of course I will caution him that it may be so. If it alters his views I shall hold him free to act as he chooses."

"But, Ada, should it not alter yours?"

"What—because of my money? or because Tom could not afford to marry a girl without a fortune?"

"I did not mean that. He might decide that for himself. But your marriage with him under such circumstances as those which we now contemplate would be as though you married a Spaniard or a Greek adventurer. You would be without country, without home, without fortune, and without standing-ground in the world. Look you, Ada, before you answer. I frankly own that I tell you this because I want you to be my wife and not his."

"Never, Frank; I shall never be your wife, whether I marry him or no."

"All I ask of you now is to pause. This is no time for marrying or for giving in marriage."

"There I agree with you; but as my word is pledged to him I shall let him be my adviser in that."

Late on that same night Ada saw her betrothed, and bade him adieu. She bade him adieu with many tears; for he came to tell her that he intended to leave Frankfort very early on the following morning. "My stay here now is out of the question," said he. "I am resolved to secede, whatever the State may do. My father is resolved against secession. It is necessary, therefore, that we should part. I have already left my father

and mother, and now I have come to say good-by to you."

"And your brother, Tom?"

"I shall not see my brother again."

"And is that well, after such words as you have spoken to each other? Perhaps it may be that you will never see him again. Do you remember what you threatened?"

"I do remember what I threatened."

"And did you mean it?"

"No; of course I did not mean it. You, Ada, have heard me speak many angry words; but I do not think that you have known me do many angry things."

"Never one, Tom—never. See him, then, before you go, and tell him so."

"It will be better that we should not meet again. The truth is, Ada, that he always despises any one who does not think as he thinks. If I offered him my hand he would take it, but while doing so he would let me know that he thought me a fool. Then I should be angry, and threaten him again, and things would be worse. You must not quarrel with me, Ada, if I say that he has all the faults of a Yankee."

"And the virtues too, Sir, while you have all the faults of a Southern—"

"But, Tom, as you are going from us, I will not scold you. I have, too, a word of business to say to you."

"And what's the word of business, dear?"

"Tom, getting nearer to her, as a lover should do, and taking her hand in his.

"It is this. You and those who think like you are dividing yourselves from your country. As to whether that be right or wrong I will say nothing now, not will I say anything as to your chance of success. But I am told that those who go with the South will not be able to hold property in the North."

"Did Frank tell you that?"

"Never mind who told me, Tom."

"And is that to make a difference between you and me?"

"That is just the question that I am asking you. Only you ask me with a reproach in your tone, and I ask you with none in mine. I'll have mutually agreed to break our engagement you shall be my adviser. If you think it better that it should be broken—better for your own interests—be man enough to say so."

But Tom Reckenthorpe neither did not think so, or else he wasn't man enough to speak his thoughts. Instead of doing so he took the girl in his arms and kissed her, and swore that whether with fortune or no fortune she should be his, and his only. But still he had to go—to go now, within an hour or two of the very moment at which they were speaking. They must part, and before parting must make some mutual promise as to their future meeting. Marriage now, as things stood at this Christmas time, could not be thought of even by Tom Reckenthorpe. At last he promised that if he were then alive he would be with her again at the old family house at Frankfort, on the next coming Christmas-day. So he went, and as he let himself out of the old house Ada, with her eyes full of tears, took herself up to her bedroom.

During the year that followed—the year 1861—the war progressed only as a school for fighting. The most memorable action was that of Bull Run, in which both sides ran away, not from individual cowardice in either set of men, but from that feeling of panic which is engendered by ignorance and inexperience. After that the year was passed in drilling and in camp-making—in the making of soldiers, of gunpowder, and of cannons. But of all the articles of war made in that year the article that seemed easiest of fabrication was a general officer. Generals were made with the greatest rapidity, owing their promotion much more frequently to local interest than to military success.

Before the end of 1861 both Major Reckenthorpe's sons had become general officers. That Frank, the soldier, should have been so promoted was, at such a period as this nothing strange. Though a young man, he had been a soldier, or learning the trade of a soldier for more than ten years, and such service as that might well be counted for much in the sudden construction of an army intended to number seven hundred thousand troops, and which at one time did contain all those soldiers. Frank, too, was a clever fellow, who knew his business and there were many generals in those days who understood less of their work than he did. As much could not be said for Tom's quick military advancement. But this could be said for them in the South—that unless they did make their general in this way, they would hardly have any generals at all; and General Reckenthorpe, as he so quickly became—General Tom, as they used to call him in Kentucky—recommended himself to the Confederate leaders by the warmth and eagerness with which he had come among them. The name of the old man so well known throughout the Union, who had ever loved the South without hating the North, would have been a tower of strength to them. Having him, they would have thought that they might have carried the State of Kentucky into open secession. He was now worn out and old, and could not be expected to take upon his shoulder the crushing burden of a new contest. But his eldest son had come among them, eagerly, with his whole heart; and so they made him a general.

The poor old man was in part proud of

this and in part grieved. "I have a son a general in each army," he said to a stranger who came to his house in those days; but what strength is there in a fagot when it is separated? of what use is a house that is divided against itself? The boys would kill each other if they met."

"It is very sad," said the stranger.

"Sad!" said the old man. "It is as though the Devil were let loose upon the earth; and so he is; and so he is."

The family came to understand that General Tom was with the Confederate army which was confronting the Federal army of the Potomac and defending Richmond; nevertheless, he kept his engagement with Ada, and made his way into the gardens of his father's house on the night of Christmas-eve. And Ada was the first who knew he was there. Her ear first caught the sound of his footsteps, and he had raised for him the latch of the garden door.

"Oh Tom, it is not you?"

"But it is, though, Ada, darling!" Then there was a little pause in his speech. "Did I not tell you that I should see you to-day?"

"Hush. Do you know who is here? Your brother came across to us from the Green River yesterday."

"The mischief he did. Then I shall never find my way back again. If you knew what I have gone through for this!"

Ada immediately stepped out through the door and on to the snow, standing close up against him as she whispered to him, "I don't think Frank would betray you." "I don't think he would."

"I doubt him—doubt him hugely. But I suppose I must trust him. I got through the pickets close to Cumberland Gap, and I left my horse at Stoneley's, half-way between this and Lexington. I can not go back to night now that I have come so far!"

"Wait, Tom; wait a minute, and I will go in and tell your mother. But you must be hungry. Shall I bring you food?"

"Hungry enough, but I will not eat my father's victuals out here in the snow."

"Wait a moment, dearest, till I speak to my aunt." Then Ada slipped back into the house and soon managed to get Mrs. Reckenthorpe away from the room in which the Major and his second son were sitting.

"Tom is here," she said, in the garden. "Ada, what are we to do? He says that Frank would certainly give him up!"

Mrs. Reckenthorpe was nearly twenty years younger than her husband, but even with this advantage on her side Ada's tidings were almost too much for her. She, however, at last managed to consult the Major, and he resolved upon appealing to the generosity of his younger son. By this time the Confederate General was warming himself in the kitchen, having declared that his brother might do as he pleased; he would not skulk away from his father's house in the night.

"Frank," said the father, as his younger son sat silently thinking of what had been told him, "it can not be your duty to be false to your father in his own house."

"It is not always easy, Sir, for a man to see what is his duty. I wish that either he or I had come here."

"But he is here; and you, his brother, would not take advantage of his coming to his father's house?" said the old man.

"Do you remember, Sir, how he told me last year that if ever he met me on the field he would shoot me like a dog?"

"But Frank, you know that he is the last man in the world to carry out such a threat. Now he has come here with great danger. And I have come with none; but I do not see that that makes any difference."

"He has put up with it all that he may see the girl he loves."

"Pshaw!" said Frank rising from his chair.

"When a man has work to do, he is a fool to give way to play. The girl he loves? Does he not know that it is impossible that she should ever marry him? Father, I ought to insist that he should leave that house as a prisoner. I know that that would be my duty."

"You would have, Sir, to bear my curse."

"I should not the less have done my duty. But, father, independently of your threat, I will neglect that duty. I can not bring myself to break your heart and my mother's. But I will not see him. Good-by, Sir. I will go up to the hotel, and will leave the place before daybreak to-morrow."

After some few further words Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without encountering his brother. He also had not seen Ada Forster since that former Christmas when they had all been together, and he had now left his camp and come across from the army much more with the view of inducing her to acknowledge the hopelessness of her engagement with his brother than from any domestic idea of passing his Christmas at home. He was a man who would not have interfered with his brother's prospects, as regarded love or money, if he had thought that in doing so he would in truth have injured his brother. He was a hard man, but one not willfully unjust. He had satisfied himself that a marriage between Ada and his brother must, if it were practicable, be ruinous to both of them. If this were so, would it not be better for all parties that there should be another arrangement made? North and South were as far divided as the two poles. All Ada's hopes and feelings were with the North.

Could he allow her to be taken as a bride among perishing slaves and ruined whites?

But when the moment for his sudden departure came he knew that it would be better that he should go without seeing her. His brother Tom had made his way to her through cold, and wet, and hunger, and through infinite perils of a kind sterner even than these. Her heart now would be full of softness toward him. So Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without seeing any one but his mother.

Of course General Tom was a hero in the house for the few days that he remained there, and of course the step he had taken was the very one to strengthen for him the affection of the girl whom he had come to see.

Ada Forster and her aunt were passionately Northern, while the feelings of the old man had gradually turned themselves to that division in the nation to which he naturally belonged. For months past the matter on which they were all thinking—the subject which filled their minds morning, noon, and night—was banished from their lips because it could not be discussed without the bitterness of hostility. But, nevertheless, there was no word of bitterness between Tom Reckenthorpe and Ada Forster. While these few short days lasted it was all love. Where is the woman whom one touch of romance will not soften, though she be ever so imperious to argument? Tom could sit up stairs with his mother and his betrothed, and tell them stories of the gallantry of the South, of the sacrifices women were making, and of the deeds men were doing, and they would listen and smile and caress his hand, and all for a while would be pleasant; while the old Major did not dare to speak before them of his Southern hopes. But down in the parlor, during the two or three long nights which General Tom passed in Frankfort, open secession was discussed between the two men. The old man now had given away altogether. The Yankees, he said, were too bitter for him. "I wish I had died first; that is all," he said. "I wish I had died first. Life is wretched now to a man who can do nothing."

His son tried to comfort him, saying that secession would certainly be accomplished in twelve months, and that every Slave State would certainly be included in the Southern Confederacy. But the Major shook his head. "Nothing good can come in my time," he said; "not in my time—not in my time."

In the middle of the fourth night General Tom took his departure. An old slave arrived with his horse a little before midnight, and he started on his journey. "Whatever turns up, Ada," he said, "you will be true to me."

"I will; though you are a rebel, all the same for that."

"So was Washington."

"Washington made a nation, you are destroying one."

"We are making another, dear; that's all. But I won't talk secess to you out here in the cold. Go in, and be good to my father; and remember this, Ada, I'll be here again next Christmas-eve, if I'm alive."

So he went, and made his journey back to his own camp in safety. He slept at a friend's house during the following day, and on the next night again made his way through the Northern lines back to Virginia.

After that came a year of fighting, and General Tom Reckenthorpe remained during that time in Virginia, and was attached to that corps of General Lee's army which was commanded by Stonewall Jackson. It was not probable, therefore, that he would be left without active employment. During the whole year he was fighting, assisting in the wonderful raids that were made by that man whose loss was worse to the Confederates than the loss of Vicksburg or of New Orleans. And General Tom gained for himself mark, name, and glory—but it was the glory of a soldier rather than of a general. No one looked upon him as the future commander of an army; but men said that if there was a rapid stroke to be stricken, under orders from some more thoughtful head, General Tom was the hand to strike it. Thus he went on making wonderful rides by night, appearing like a warrior ghost leading warrior ghosts in some quiet valley of the Federals, seizing supplies and cutting off cattle, till his name came to be great in the State of Kentucky, and Ada Forster, Yankee though she was, was proud of her rebel lover.

And Frank Reckenthorpe, the other general, made progress also, though it was progress of a different kind. Men did not talk of him so much as they did of Tom; but the War Office at Washington knew that he was useful—and used him. He remained for a long time attached to the Western army, having been removed from Kentucky to St. Louis, in Missouri, and was there when his brother last heard of him. "I am fighting day and night," he once said to one who was with him from his own State, "and, as far as I can learn, Frank is writing day and night. Upon my word, I think that I have the best of it."

It was but a couple of days after this, the time then being about the latter end of September, that he found himself on horseback at the head of three regiments of cavalry near the foot of one of those valleys which lead up into the Blue Mountain ridge of Virginia. He was about six miles in advance of Jackson's army, and had pushed forward with the view of intercepting certain Federal supplies which he and others had hoped might

be within his reach. He had expected that there would be fighting, but he had hardly expected so much fighting as came that day in his was. He got no supplies. Indeed, he got nothing but blows, and though on that day the Confederates would not admit that they had been worsted, neither could they claim to have done more than hold their own. But General Tom's fighting was in that day brought to an end.

It must be understood that there was no great battle fought on this occasion. General Reckenthorpe, with about 1000 troopers, had found himself suddenly compelled to attack about double that number of Federal infantry. He did so once, and then a second time, but on each occasion without breaking the lines to which he was opposed; and towards the close of the day he found himself unhorsed, but still unwounded, with no weapon in his hand but his pistol, immediately surrounded by about a dozen of his own men, but so far in advance of the body of his troops as to make it almost impossible that he should find his way back to them. As the smoke cleared away and he could look about him, he saw that he was close to an uneven, irregular line of Federal soldiers. But there was still a chance, and he had turned for a rush, with his pistol ready for use in his hand, when he found himself confronted by a Federal officer. The pistol was already raised, and his finger was on the trigger, when he saw that the man before him was his brother.

"Your time has come," said Frank, standing his ground very calmly. He was quite unarmed, and had been separated from his men and ridden over; but hitherto he had not been hurt.

"Frank!" said Tom, dropping his pistol-arm, "is that you?"

"And you are not going to do it, then?" said Frank.

"Do what?" said Tom, whose calmness was altogether gone. But he had forgotten that threat as soon as it had been uttered, and did not even know to what his brother was alluding.

But Tom Reckenthorpe, in his confusion at meeting his brother, had lost whatever chance there remained to him of escaping. He stood for a moment or two, looking at Frank, and wondering at the coincidence which had brought them together, before he turned to run. Then it was too late. In the hurry and scurry of the affair all but two of his own men had left him, and he saw that a rush of Federal soldiers was coming up around him. Nevertheless he resolved to start for a run. "Give me a chance, Frank," he said, and prepared to run. But as he went—or rather, before he had left the ground on which he was standing before his brother—a shot struck him, and he was disabled. In a minute he was as though he were stunned; then he smiled faintly, and slowly sunk upon the ground. "It's all up, Frank," he said, "and you are in at the death."

Frank Reckenthorpe was soon kneeling beside his brother amidst a crowd of his own men. "Spurrell," he said, to a young officer who was close to him, "it is my own brother." "What! General Tom?" said Spurrell. "Not dangerously, I hope?"

By this time the wounded man had been able, as it were, to feel himself and to ascertain the amount of the damage done him. "It's my right leg," he said; "just on the knee. If you'll believe me, Frank, I thought it was my heart at first. I don't think much of the wound, but I suppose you won't let me go."

Of course they wouldn't let him go, and, indeed, if they had been minded so to do, he could not have done so. The wound was not fatal, as he had at first thought; but neither was it a matter of little consequence as he afterward asserted. His fighting was over, unless he could fight with a leg amputated between the knee and hip.

Before nightfall General Tom found himself in his brother's quarters, a prisoner on parole, with his leg all but condemned by the surgeon. The third day after that saw the leg amputated. For three weeks the two brothers remained together, and after that the elder was taken to Alexandria as a prisoner, there to wait his chance of exchange. At first the intercourse between the two brothers was cold, guarded, and uncomfortable; but after a while it became more kindly than it had been for many a day. Whether it were cold or kindly, its nature, we may be sure, was such as the younger brother made it. Tom was ready enough to forget all personal animosity as soon as his brother would himself be willing to do so; though he was willing enough also to quarrel—to quarrel bitterly as ever—if Frank should give him occasion. As to that threat of the pistol, it had passed away from Tom Reckenthorpe, as all his angry words passed from him. It was clean forgotten. It was not simply that he had not wished to kill his brother, but that such a deed was impossible to him. The threat had been like a curse that means nothing, which is used by passion as its readiest weapon when passion is impotent. But with Frank Reckenthorpe words meant what they were intended to mean. The threat had rankled in his bosom from the time of its utterance to that moment, when a strange coincidence had given the threatener the power of executing it. The remembrance of it was then strong upon him, and he had expected that his brother would have been as bad as his word. But his brother had spared



him; and now, slowly, by degrees, he began to remember that also.

"What are your plans, Tom?" he said, as he sat one day by his brother's bed before the removal of the prisoner to Alexandria.

"Plans," said Tom. "How should a poor fellow like me have plans? To eat bread and water in prison at Alexandria, I suppose."

"They'll let you up to Washington on your parole, I should think. Of course I can say a word for you."

"Well, then, do say it. I'd have done as much for you, though I don't like your Yankee politics."

"Never mind my politics now, Tom."

"I never did mind them. But at any rate, you see I can't run away."

It should have been mentioned a little way back in this story that the poor old Major had been gathered to his fathers during the past year. As he had said himself, it would be better for him that he should die. He had lived to see the glory of his country, and had gloried in it. If further glory or even further gain were to come out of this terrible war—as great gains to men and nations do come from contests which are very terrible while they last—he at least would not live to see it. So when he was left by his sons, he turned his face to the wall and died.

"I suppose you will get home?" said Frank, after musing a while, and looking after my mother and Ada."

"If I can I shall, of course. What else can I do with one leg?"

"Nothing in this war, Tom, of course." Then there was another pause between them.

"And what will Ada do?" said Frank.

"What will Ada do? Stay at home with my mother."

"Ah, yes. But she will not remain always as Ada Foster."

"Do you mean to ask whether I shall marry her; because of my one leg? If she will have me, I certainly shall."

"And will she? Ought you to ask her?"

"If I found her seemed all over with small-pox, with her limbs broken, blind, disfigured by any misfortune which could have visited her, I would take her as my wife all the same. If she were penniless it would make no difference. She shall judge for herself; but I shall expect her to act by me as I would have acted by her." Then there was another pause.

"Look here, Frank," continued General Tom; "if you mean that I am to give her up as a reward to you for being sent home, I will have nothing to do with the bargain."

"I had intended no such bargain," said Frank, gloomily.

"Very well; then you can do as you please. If Ada will take me, I shall marry her as soon as she will let me. If my being sent home depends upon that, you will know how to act now."

Nevertheless he was sent home. There was not another word spoken between the two brothers about Ada Foster. Whether Frank thought that he might still have a chance through want of firmness on the part of the girl; or whether he considered that in keeping his brother away from home he could, at least, do himself no good; or whether, again, he resolved that he would act by his brother as a brother should act, without reference to Ada Foster, I will not attempt to say. For a day or two after the above conversation he was somewhat sullen, and did not talk freely with his brother. After that he brightened up once more, and before long the two parted on friendly terms. General Tom remained with his command, and General Tom was sent to the hospital at Alexandria, for to such hospitalities as he might be able to enjoy at Washington in his mutilated state, till that affair of his exchange had been arranged.

In spite of his brother's influence at headquarters this could not be done in a day; nor could permission be obtained for him to go home to Kentucky till such exchange had been effected. In this way he was kept in terrible suspense for something over two months, and mid-winter was upon him before the joyful news arrived that he was free to go where he liked.

Disturbed as was the state of the country, nevertheless railways ran from Washington to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Frankfort. So that General Tom's journey home, though with but one leg, was made much faster, and with less difficulty, than that last journey by which he reached the old family house. And again he presented himself on Christmas-eve. Ada declared that he remained purposely at Washington, so that he might make good his last promise to the letter; but I am inclined to think that he allowed no such romantic idea as that to detain him among the amenities of Washington.

He arrived again after dark, but on this occasion did not come knocking at the back door. He had fought his fight, had done his share of the battle, and now had reason to be afraid of no one. But again it was Ada who opened the door for him. "Oh, Tom! oh, my own one!" There never was a word of question between them as to whether that unseemly crutch and still unhealed wound was to make any difference between them. General Tom found before three hours were over that he lacked the courage to suggest that he might not be acceptable to her as a lover with one leg. There are times in which girls throw off all their coyness, and are as bold in their loves as men. Such a time was this with Ada Foster. In the course of another month the elder General simply sent word to the younger that they intended to be married in May, if the war did not prevent them; and the younger General simply sent back word that his duties at Headquarters would prevent his being present at the ceremony.

And they were married in May, though the din of war was going on around them on every side. And from that time to this the din of war is still going on, and they are in the thick of it.

## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square one year, 10.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
Half a square one year, 6.00  
Half a square six months, 4.00  
Half a square three months, 2.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 15 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

### AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. J. MANSFIELD.  
Winchester—J. MANSFIELD.  
Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium, by reason of its circulation in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MRS. DEMOREST'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. The above sum will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

### QUOTA OF WOBURN.

Measures have been commenced to raise the number of men—thirty-five—demanded of Woburn under the last requisition of the President. The number supplied by the town in excess of its quota under the October call, was seventeen, which leaves eighteen to be procured now. These ought to be obtained readily through determined effort in the right direction. A meeting was called for Wednesday evening, to begin recruiting operations, but the weather being so cold very few were in attendance, still some business was done. A Committee, consisting of M. A. Tyler, J. W. Hammond, S. O. Pollard, S. R. Dilliver, W. H. Harris, Geo. H. Conn, Wm. Totman, J. R. Kendall and J. Benton Tidd, was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the benefit of those who might enlist. It is hoped that enough money will be raised to give each man at least \$25. Other committees were appointed, and the meeting adjourned until this (Saturday) evening, when every man who wishes his country well, is invited to be present. Speakers have been secured and will address the meeting, and the Woburn Brass Band will enliven the proceedings with good music. Come one! come all! and let Lyceum Hall echo and re-echo with cheers louder than ever before, in honor of those who may enter the grand union-saving army, which is destined, before the year closes, to take part in the capture of Richmond, Charleston, Mobile, and the liberation of the whole of Tennessee from rebel control. And if this were all the glory that is to be won, it would be enough, but it is not all; many other places of immense importance to the rebels will be wrenched from their hold, and gradually will their power become less until little or nothing is left. Who is there that does not wish to be in at the "death" of the rebellion, and thus win a wreath of glory worthy of being perpetuated?

PHALANX ASSEMBLY.—The Assembly in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening, complimentary to Capt. Tay and the Woburn men in the 32d Regt., was decidedly the pleasantest party of the kind that has taken place in Woburn for several years. About three hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, and the dancing seemed to be enjoyed with no common zest—every face was wreathed with a smile, and willing feet kept time to the merry music of Gates' Band. We noticed among the fair women, many brave men who have faced the shock of battle and hurled back the enemies of their country, and who proved on this occasion that they could as easily conduct their fair partners through the maze of the dance as they could lead their comrades to victory and fame. The pleasant associations connected with this party, will long linger in the memories of those present.

SCHOOLS.—The Winter Term of the High School ended yesterday. The Spring Term will commence on Monday, Feb. 29th. The Winter Term of the other Schools will close next week and the week after, and a vacation of two weeks will follow. The usual examinations at the end of each term are done away with, and one examination at the close of the summer term, which reviews the year's studies, is made to take their place.

DEPARTURE OF THE 32d REGT.—It hardly seemed possible last Wednesday, when the gallant men of the 32d once more turned their faces from home and kindred toward Washington and duty, that four weeks had passed away since they were welcomed back to their New England associations, after undergoing the many hardships of a two years' campaign against the enemy. But so it was, and again were they bade God-speed on their patriotic mission. It is said that at roll call in Faneuil Hall, on Wednesday morning, every man that came home with the regiment answered to his name, not one being absent. This is a record worthy of the good name of the 32d, which will prove a source of pleasure to friends left behind, and will give the men themselves a desire to do even more in the future than they have in the past, to uphold their reputation.

THE BOXES WHICH STARTED FROM W. ON THE 12th of January, did not reach us till the 30th. On the day following a box was received containing Towels, Socks, Handkerchiefs, Mittens, from the "Town Appropriation," and Caps, &c., from the "Donation Committee." They were all thankfully received. God bless the donors. There were also a few bottles of some kind of beverage or tonic—some called it wine, not being a judge I could not determine what it was or its quality—but this I will say for it, that when the Company was in line and received each man his due, there was a general smacking of lips and all pronounced it fine. It was a present from one of Woburn's most patriotic citizens and soldiers' firm friend, and was designed for hospital purposes, but a march being on the tapis the officers wisely concluded that it was better to divide it among the Rangers "for duty," than leave it for some veteran Johnny to get boozey over.

On the 2d of January, eight recruits arrived to Co. K. Sprague, Persons, McCarthy, McGoff, Reddy, Dean, Richardson, and Hoskins. Thus the ranks are so filled that a second Lieut. can be mustered through Co. "K."

While I am writing three more recruits have arrived fresh from Mass. Louis M. Walker, Newell Z. Tabor, and Francis West, the latter formed part of the quota of Medford, and was sent to that Company (C), but afterwards concluded to go into K.

The weather is colder now than it has been for the past three weeks, and we look for more severe weather.

Yesterday we were paid off for two months (Nov. and Dec.) O.

On Monday evening next, a levee will be held in the Vestry of the First Congregational Church. It is expected that many of the older members of the Society will be present, and exertions will be made to render the occasion one of pleasure to all. Supper will be provided, tickets for which will be sold at 25 cts. each; and ice cream will be for sale. The price of admission tickets is 15 cts. We understand that the proceeds will be devoted toward defraying the debt now resting upon the piano recently purchased for the vestry.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

A high point on the mountain can be seen a number of rebel camps. All of these sights gave our friends a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure. They have probably seen more of the Army of the Potomac—permeated farther into the heart of what was once rebel soil, than any other citizens of Woburn.

The boxes which started from W. ON THE 12th of January, did not reach us till the 30th. On the day following a box was received containing Towels, Socks, Handkerchiefs, Mittens, from the "Town Appropriation," and Caps, &c., from the "Donation Committee." They were all thankfully received. God bless the donors. There were also a few bottles of some kind of beverage or tonic—some called it wine, not being a judge I could not determine what it was or its quality—but this I will say for it, that when the Company was in line and received each man his due, there was a general smacking of lips and all pronounced it fine. It was a present from one of Woburn's most patriotic citizens and soldiers' firm friend, and was designed for hospital purposes, but a march being on the tapis the officers wisely concluded that it was better to divide it among the Rangers "for duty," than leave it for some veteran Johnny to get boozey over.

On the 2d of January, eight recruits arrived to Co. K. Sprague, Persons, McCarthy, McGoff, Reddy, Dean, Richardson, and Hoskins. Thus the ranks are so filled that a second Lieut. can be mustered through Co. "K."

While I am writing three more recruits have arrived fresh from Mass. Louis M. Walker, Newell Z. Tabor, and Francis West, the latter formed part of the quota of Medford, and was sent to that Company (C), but afterwards concluded to go into K.

The weather is colder now than it has been for the past three weeks, and we look for more severe weather.

Yesterday we were paid off for two months (Nov. and Dec.) O.

On Monday evening next, a levee will be held in the Vestry of the First Congregational Church. It is expected that many of the older members of the Society will be present, and exertions will be made to render the occasion one of pleasure to all. Supper will be provided, tickets for which will be sold at 25 cts. each; and ice cream will be for sale. The price of admission tickets is 15 cts. We understand that the proceeds will be devoted toward defraying the debt now resting upon the piano recently purchased for the vestry.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.



England—A few still linger among us. They were brave and valiant knights, one of them, who enlisted from a neighboring State, has long lived among us, and is now at the head of a Botanic Sanitary Commission. A little peppermint, Mr. Heath, if you please.  
Response by Rev. Wm. Heath.

Our Medical Faculty—Like the profession of war, having like that, a fierce and insidious foe to fight, it deals in attacks and evacuations, in mortars, shells and batteries, in nitre, saltpetre, scalp knives and lances, in blood-letting and amputations, and other fatal instrumentalities. It seeks to conquer disease as the General does traitors, by power and preparations of iron, that either kill, conquer or cure.  
Dr. Mansfield was called upon, but had just left the hall.

Our Grocers—The time has gone by when they will furnish their customers with the mug of flip, foaming with the hot logghead, as in the olden time, and the loggheads have gone by also, and we rejoice that it is so. But there is a cordial, "inocuous" strong, "Man's heart at once inspires and serene," of which we should like a drink round, on this occasion, and our friend, Mr. Philip Wheeler knows how, without a logghead, to make and pour it. Please open your mug, Philip.

Response by Philip C. Wheeler, Esq.  
Justice—Her editors, in this vicinity, may rest assured of their rights, while her scales are poised in the steady hands of our learned and accomplished Police Magistrate, who is head and shoulders above his competitors.  
Response by Judge Upton.

Blackstone Bank—With pure Gold (old from our own native mines, for its President, with a faithful Joshua, whose early culture was in our own soil, and whose later culture was a whole and noble Winthrop on its stocks, a ship that sails and sails from our own port, who so able to tell its specie value and honor drafts upon its attractive stock, the Paying Teller, upon whom we would draw for some current funds and hawkeyes.  
Response by Thos. Winship, Esq.

The Boston and Maine Foundry—While the nation still our nation shake, May they no longer cook stoves make, But cannon balls, and cannon too, Find work for Walker and his crew.  
No response.

Agriculture—A noble profession. Soon may the sword be beaten into ploughshares, and the spears be beaten into pruning hooks, for such a victory we would hope, and pray and fight, as we should most certainly do if we realized of what incalculable use 'tis (Eustis).  
Response by James Eustis, Esq.

Our young ladies women—They are our "corps de reserve" for recruiting our infantry and grenadiers. In the discharge of this important duty, may their arms be ever loaded with young exultations and hawkeyes.  
Response by N. S. Dearborn, Esq.

Our Postmaster—It is said that he has one of the finest deliveries of any public man in the State; and, as it is a part of his daily business to deliver speeches and orations, we ask for a short one, frank and free, this evening.  
Responded to by S. Kingman, Esq., as follows:—"May our Government soon compel the rebels to give up the post-offices and post roads that they have stolen from Uncle Sam, and then may the stars and stripes again wave over our free and happy land."

The President of the Rattan Factory—A rich contributor to the industry, the wealth, the charities, the beauty, (the beauties especially,) and the happiness of our village. May he be ever "blessed in his basket and his store."  
H. L. Eaton, Esq., (from that establishment,) responded as follows:—"Our re-nervating volunteers—We honor their devotion to their country, and will protect their rear."

Our Fair—On this fair eve, in this fair village, this fair and levee, got up in my by our own fair daughters, arranged and superintended by fair hands, made cheerful by fairest countenances, full of fair play and interesting performances, harmonious with music more than fair, supplied with generous and delicious fare, so that all may fare well, and all designed for the welfare of the sick and wounded by fair means, made cheerful by fair, young men who have met an unfair foe, in fair fight, to sustain the fair flag of this fair land, this fair, may it hail in, as fishermen say, such a rich fare, as shall fairly entitle it to the distinctive appellation of a successful fair. Farewell.  
Response—Music.

Saturday evening—It being Saturday evening, and so many people wearied with the unusual labors and excitement of the week, it was feared there would not be many in attendance to make purchases, yet it was thought best to exact a small entrance fee to help the matter along a little. About 400 were present, who seemed as joyful as on either of the previous evenings. After an hour spent in private sales at the tables, the balance of the articles were disposed of at auction, Jas. Eustis and Daniel Allen, Esqs., officiating as auctioneers. The scene was exceedingly lively for upwards of an hour, when the sale was closed.

Among the donations to the Fair was a load of pine wood of superior quality, presented by Henry J. Hart. It stood in front of the Town House, and was auctioneered off at a round price.

The "guess cake," presented by Mrs. Thos. Winship, was an object of interest. After the auction it was announced that Mr. Asaph Clark and Mrs. J. K. Richardson were the successful guessers, between whom the cake was divided. (Thanks to Mrs. Richardson for her kind remembrance of the reporter in a very generous slice of it.) The net proceeds of these entertainments are not yet fully ascertained, but the figures will sum up satisfactorily. The whole was a grand success through the committee very much regret that any should be disappointed in not obtaining tickets for the supper. The tickets should have been placed at double the price they were, but it was not supposed there was so much interest in the matter, and that low priced tickets would encourage whole families to partake of the supper. Seldom has anything occurred in town to excite so general an interest as the entertainments here reported.

To Arms! To Arms!—The Citizen Soldier will find a more deadly foe in the brackish, muddy water and damp night air than in the most determined enemy. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS so purify the blood and strengthen the stomach and bowels that the soldier can endure these hardships and still be strong and healthy. Only 25 cents per box. 230.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove again Victorious.  
The American Hot Air Cooking Stove, manufactured by SHERK, PACKARD & CO., of Albany, was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair at Rochester, Oct. 1863, again at Utica, Sept. 18, 1863. Twice this excellent Stove has stood the test and twice has been pronounced by competent judges the best Stove in the State, and this decision has been fully sustained by the people in this and the adjoining States, as it has received the highest commendations from all sections of the country where it has been introduced.  
For sale by J. F. LORING, Worcester, and PATCH & CO., Fitchburg.

Special Notices.  
Ten Dollars Reward.  
Whereas, the Selectmen have been informed that SHADY TREES, on the Public Highways, have been mutilated, they hereby call the attention of all persons to Sec. 7, Chap. 46, of the General Statutes, and give public notice that the law will be enforced.  
CHAP. 46, SEC. 7.—Whoever wantonly injures, defaces, tears, or destroys an ornamental or shade tree, or shrub, statue, fountain, vase, or other public fixture of ornament or utility, in a street, road, square, court, park, public ground, or other enclosure, shall forfeit not less than five (\$5), nor more than one hundred (100) dollars, to be recovered by complaint, one-half to the complainant and the other half to the use of the person upon whose property, or within whose premises the trespass was committed.  
And they hereby offer a reward of TEN DOLLARS, for the conviction of any person offending as above.  
By order of the Board of Selectmen, A. E. THOMPSON, CLERK.  
Woburn, Feb. 4th, 1864—233w.

NOTICE.  
All persons having demands against the town of Woburn, are requested to present the same for settlement before the FIRST DAY OF MARCH, 1864.  
By order of the Board of Selectmen, A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.  
Woburn, Feb. 5, 1864.

Died.  
In Woburn, Feb. 14th, Mary Louisa, dau. of Mr. Francis Edmunds, aged 23 yrs., 10 months.  
Feb. 14th, Mr. Charles Tidd, 47 years, and 9 months.  
Feb. 15th, Catherine Flynn, aged 1 year, 8 mos., 5 days.  
Feb. 15th, Mrs. Sally K., wife of Stephen Skinner, 1st., aged 56 yrs., and 4 mos. Funeral at 2 o'clock, on Monday afternoon, when friends and relatives are invited to be present.  
Feb. 19th, Lizzy Gage, youngest daughter of Hiram and Bethiah Whitford, aged 3 yrs., 5 mos. Funeral from their residence, on Sunday, at 4 o'clock.  
Feb. 19th, Oscar H., son of A. L. and L. C. Wheeler, aged 7 yrs., 7 mos., 19 days.  
In Reading, Feb. 9th, Mrs. Nancy Cheney, aged 87 yrs.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Woburn Post Office, Feb. 20, 1864.  
Bouhan, John  
Chandler, Anna M.  
Duffan, Mr.  
Fowle, Luther  
Hutton, Mrs.  
Murray, James  
Moulton, James H.  
McMuen, James  
Mail closes at 7 A. M., and 12.30 P. M.  
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Lost or Mislaid.  
A NOTE for One Thousand Dollars, signed by LYMAN DIXIE, payable to the order of F. W. POLAND & CO., and endorsed by the same. Said note being dated Jan. 1st, 1864, on six months from date. All persons are forbidden negotiating the same, as payment has been stopped. E. J. JENKS, Cashier Woburn Bank.  
Woburn, Feb. 9th, 1864.—213w.

Real Estate at Auction.  
WILL be sold at Public Auction, on TUESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of MARCH next, at 10 o'clock, P. M., the following:  
HOUSE AND LAND  
situated on Mount Pleasant Street, in Woburn, and bounded by the house, on the east, by the house of Mr. J. K. Richardson, on the south, by the house of Mr. J. K. Richardson, on the west, and by the house of Mr. J. K. Richardson, on the north. There is a good well of water on the premises. The house is a good one, and is in good repair. The land is a good one, and is in good repair. The house would be convenient for three families or would make a good boarding house.  
This sale is worthy the attention of purchasers, who are invited to be present. Terms at sale.  
SOPHIA THOMPSON, Auctioneer.  
Woburn, Feb. 19th, 1864.—213w.

WOBURN MARBLE & GRANITE STONE-WORKS.  
THE subscribers offer for sale the largest and best assortment of MARBLE Monuments and Gravestones ever offered in Middlesex County, at prices which cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Particular attention given to the fitting up of Cemetery Lots with GRANITE EDGE-STONE and POSTS. Also, all kinds of Granite Stone-work for BUILDING PURPOSES furnished to order.  
OFFICE—Main Street, Woburn Centre, Mass.  
Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1864.—21 y.

NOTICE.  
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of F. W. POLAND & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.  
J. W. POLAND, F. H. SWEETSER.  
Melrose, Feb. 12, 1864.

POUDRETTE! POUDRETTE!  
THE LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of France, has the honor to announce that they have just received a large stock of Poudrette, of the best quality, and at low prices. The experience of thousands of customers attests to the fact that it is the cheapest and the best manure in market, and particularly adapted for Tobacco, Corn, Potatoes, and Garden Truck.  
The Company manufacture also BONE T-FAU (a substitute for Guano), from bone night soil and guano, ground fine. Price 45¢ per ton. A pamphlet containing directions for use, prices, &c., may be had free by addressing a letter to the office of the Company, 66 Courtland Street, New York, or applying to our authorized agent, JOHN M. RICHARDSON, 213 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

Leather Bags.  
JUST received, a lot of LADIES' LEATHER BAGS and PORTEMONNAIES, at Woburn Bookstore.

TO LET.  
THE store recently occupied by S. S. PEXTER, opposite the Central House, Woburn. Possession given the 1st of April. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.  
Woburn, Feb. 6, 1864.

February Magazines.  
For sale at the Woburn Bookstore

# SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution issued on a judgment in favor of Alfred G. Carter, of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, at the term of the Superior Court for said County of Middlesex, holden on the second Monday of December, A.D. 1863, to wit, on the 30th day of January, A.D. 1864, I have taken all the right in equity that Ruth Dean, of Woburn aforesaid, had on the seventeenth day of July last, when the same was attached on the original writ, or now has to redeem the following mortgaged real estate, to wit: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing, situated on New Boston street, near the centre of village of, and in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the South westerly corner of the premises at land formerly owned by J. P. Converse, the line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. The line runs Northerly on said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land formerly of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land



# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of  
**EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.**

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

Blank Books.

Insurance Policies.

Bank Checks.

Circulars.

Programmes.

Pamphlets.

Order of Exercises.

Legal Blanks.

Bill Heads.

Catalogues.

Sermons.

Note Books.

Blank Receipts.

Business Cards.

Address Cards.

Ball Cards.

Order of Dances.

Show Bills.

Posters.

Auction Bills.

Drop Bills.

Milk Bills.

Labels.

de, de, de.

Particular attention paid to printing  
**POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.**

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and  
Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

**JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS.**  
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**STURGIS'S  
ELECTRIC COMPOUND,**  
AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR  
**Neuralgia and Rheumatism.**

Also, invaluable for Spinal Irritation, Hip Complaints, Ache in the face, Tooth Ache, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Earache, Lumbago, &c.

The proprietor, in offering this medicine to the public, desires to state that this preparation does not belong to that class of patent medicines. Its value has been tested for many years, and it has been found to be a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure all diseases, but he claims that it will cure all the diseases for which it is advertised. He claims that it is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians.

It is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure all diseases, but he claims that it will cure all the diseases for which it is advertised. He claims that it is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians.

It is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure all diseases, but he claims that it will cure all the diseases for which it is advertised. He claims that it is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians.

It is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure all diseases, but he claims that it will cure all the diseases for which it is advertised. He claims that it is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians.

It is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure all diseases, but he claims that it will cure all the diseases for which it is advertised. He claims that it is a most reliable and powerful remedy for the above complaints, and many other diseases. It is a compound of the most powerful and valuable ingredients, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians.

**ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.**  
Persons having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE a very convenient ARMY CHECKERBOARD which can be carried in the pocket. It will not only give the correct result, but it will also give the correct result.

Persons having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE a very convenient ARMY CHECKERBOARD which can be carried in the pocket. It will not only give the correct result, but it will also give the correct result.

## WOBURN BOOKSTORE !

THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Stationery, Pencils, Blank Books, Room Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

**Bibles and Testaments**  
is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.  
**FAMILY BIBLES** supplied to order.

**Hymn Books.**  
The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

**Sabbath School Books,**  
Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

**Photograph Albums**  
in good variety, and at different prices, from 50 cts. upwards.

**Juvenile Works,**  
suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. **TOY BOOKS** of all kinds and prices.

**Blank Books,**  
Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memoranda, and all kinds of Blank Books usually called for. **BLANK BOOKS**, of particular kinds, furnished to order.

**School Books.**  
The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

**Writing Paper.**  
The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds—Letter, Bill, Cap, Bank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

**Envelopes**  
Of all colors, sizes and qualities.

**Pens.**  
All kinds of Gillott's, Washington Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

**Penholders,**  
In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

**Paper Hangings.**  
A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

**Miscellaneous.**  
Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper, Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Inkstands, Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior Common and Perfumery Sealing Wax, Water and Stamps, Crayons, Drawing Books, Stencils, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Knives, Paper Tensors, Bill Files, Card Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

**Fancy Goods and Toys.**  
A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff Bags, Round, Flat, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crochet Needles, Emery Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and toys of all kinds.

**Main St. Woburn Center.**  
**Something for the Times !**  
**A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD**

**JOHNS & CROSELY'S  
AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.**

The strongest Glue in the world.  
The most durable Glue in the world.  
The only reliable Glue in the world.  
The best Glue in the world.

**AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE**  
the only article of the kind ever produced which  
**Will Withstand Water.**

**It will Mend Wood,**  
Save your broken Furniture.  
**It will Mend Leather,**  
Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

**It will Mend Glass,**  
Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.  
**It will Mend Ivory,**  
Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easily repaired.

**It will Mend China,**  
Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.  
**It will Mend Marble,**  
That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

**It will Mend Porcelain,**  
No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.  
**It will Mend Alabaster,**  
That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't mend it; mend it; it will never show when put together.

**It will Mend Metals,**  
Any article cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.  
**EXTRACTS :**  
"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of John & Crosely's American Cement Glue."—*New York Times*.  
"It is so convenient to have in the house."—*New York Express*.  
"It is always ready; this cement is to every body."—*Independent*.  
"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water."—*Woburn Spirit of the Times*.

**Economy is Wealth.**  
\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bottle of

**AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE**  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

**JOHNS & CROSELY,**  
(Sole Manufacturers),  
78 William street,  
Corner of Liberty street, NEW YORK.

**MICA OR SHEET ISINGLASS,**  
For Store Doors, Lanterns, &c., constantly for sale at 21 Union street, Boston, by G. H. RICHMOND.

## TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA!

**Lyons' Periodical Drops,**  
**Lyons' Periodical Drops,**  
**Lyons' Periodical Drops,**

**The Great Female Remedy!**  
**The Great Female Remedy!**  
**The Great Female Remedy!**

**Lyons' Periodical Drops**  
**Lyons' Periodical Drops**  
**Lyons' Periodical Drops**

**Are Better Than Pills!**  
**Are Better Than Pills!**  
**Are Better Than Pills!**

**Lyons' Periodical Drops**  
**The Only Fluid Preparation**  
**The Only Fluid Preparation**

**Reliable, And Sure To Do Good!**  
**Reliable, And Sure To Do Good!**  
**Reliable, And Sure To Do Good!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**  
**Safe At All Times!**

## THE HORACE WATERS

**Modern Improved Overstrung Bass**  
**FULL IRON FRAME PIANOS**

Are justly pronounced by the Press and Music Masters to be the best and most thoroughly seasoned materials and will stand any climate. The tone is very deep, round, full and mellow; the touch elastic. Each Piano warranted for three years. Prices from \$175 to \$700.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**—The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.

**NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS**  
In Rosewood cases, iron frame, and with the Patent Frictionless Action. Stop Presses from \$35 to \$50. Organ Harmoniums, with Pedal Bass, \$80, \$95, and \$100; do, with pedal bass, \$100, \$115, and \$120; do, with pedal bass, \$120, \$135, and \$140; do, with pedal bass, \$140, \$155, and \$160; do, with pedal bass, \$160, \$175, and \$180; do, with pedal bass, \$180, \$195, and \$200; do, with pedal bass, \$200, \$215, and \$220; do, with pedal bass, \$220, \$235, and \$240; do, with pedal bass, \$240, \$255, and \$260; do, with pedal bass, \$260, \$275, and \$280; do, with pedal bass, \$280, \$295, and \$300; do, with pedal bass, \$300, \$315, and \$320; do, with pedal bass, \$320, \$335, and \$340; do, with pedal bass, \$340, \$355, and \$360; do, with pedal bass, \$360, \$375, and \$380; do, with pedal bass, \$380, \$395, and \$400; do, with pedal bass, \$400, \$415, and \$420; do, with pedal bass, \$420, \$435, and \$440; do, with pedal bass, \$440, \$455, and \$460; do, with pedal bass, \$460, \$475, and \$480; do, with pedal bass, \$480, \$495, and \$500; do, with pedal bass, \$500, \$515, and \$520; do, with pedal bass, \$520, \$535, and \$540; do, with pedal bass, \$540, \$555, and \$560; do, with pedal bass, \$560, \$575, and \$580; do, with pedal bass, \$580, \$595, and \$600; do, with pedal bass, \$600, \$615, and \$620; do, with pedal bass, \$620, \$635, and \$640; do, with pedal bass, \$640, \$655, and \$660; do, with pedal bass, \$660, \$675, and \$680; do, with pedal bass, \$680, \$695, and \$700; do, with pedal bass, \$700, \$715, and \$720; do, with pedal bass, \$720, \$735, and \$740; do, with pedal bass, \$740, \$755, and \$760; do, with pedal bass, \$760, \$775, and \$780; do, with pedal bass, \$780, \$795, and \$800; do, with pedal bass, \$800, \$815, and \$820; do, with pedal bass, \$820, \$835, and \$840; do, with pedal bass, \$840, \$855, and \$860; do, with pedal bass, \$860, \$875, and \$880; do, with pedal bass, \$880, \$895, and \$900; do, with pedal bass, \$900, \$915, and \$920; do, with pedal bass, \$920, \$935, and \$940; do, with pedal bass, \$940, \$955, and \$960; do, with pedal bass, \$960, \$975, and \$980; do, with pedal bass, \$980, \$995, and \$1000; do, with pedal bass, \$1000, \$1015, and \$1020; do, with pedal bass, \$1020, \$1035, and \$1040; do, with pedal bass, \$1040, \$1055, and \$1060; do, with pedal bass, \$1060, \$1075, and \$1080; do, with pedal bass, \$1080, \$1095, and \$1100; do, with pedal bass, \$1100, \$1115, and \$1120; do, with pedal bass, \$1120, \$1135, and \$1140; do, with pedal bass, \$1140, \$1155, and \$1160; do, with pedal bass, \$1160, \$1175, and \$1180; do, with pedal bass, \$1180, \$1195, and \$1200; do, with pedal bass, \$1200, \$1215, and \$1220; do, with pedal bass, \$1220, \$1235, and \$1240; do, with pedal bass, \$1240, \$1255, and \$1260; do, with pedal bass, \$1260, \$1275, and \$1280; do, with pedal bass, \$1280, \$1295, and \$1300; do, with pedal bass, \$1300, \$1315, and \$1320; do, with pedal bass, \$1320, \$1335, and \$1340; do, with pedal bass, \$1340, \$1355, and \$1360; do, with pedal bass, \$1360, \$1375, and \$1380; do, with pedal bass, \$1380, \$1395, and \$1400; do, with pedal bass, \$1400, \$1415, and \$1420; do, with pedal bass, \$1420, \$1435, and \$1440; do, with pedal bass, \$1440, \$1455, and \$1460; do, with pedal bass, \$1460, \$1475, and \$1480; do, with pedal bass, \$1480, \$1495, and \$1500; do, with pedal bass, \$1500, \$1515, and \$1520; do, with pedal bass, \$1520, \$1535, and \$1540; do, with pedal bass, \$1540, \$1555, and \$1560; do, with pedal bass, \$1560, \$1575, and \$1580; do, with pedal bass, \$1580, \$1595, and \$1600; do, with pedal bass, \$1600, \$1615, and \$1620; do, with pedal bass, \$1620, \$1635, and \$1640; do, with pedal bass, \$1640, \$1655, and \$1660; do, with pedal bass, \$1660, \$1675, and \$1680; do, with pedal bass, \$1680, \$1695, and \$1700; do, with pedal bass, \$1700, \$1715, and \$1720; do, with pedal bass, \$1720, \$1735, and \$1740; do, with pedal bass, \$1740, \$1755, and \$1760; do, with pedal bass, \$1760, \$1775, and \$1780; do, with pedal bass, \$1780, \$1795, and \$1800; do, with pedal bass, \$1800, \$1815, and \$1820; do, with pedal bass, \$1820, \$1835, and \$1840; do, with pedal bass, \$1840, \$1855, and \$1860; do, with pedal bass, \$1860, \$1875, and \$1880; do, with pedal bass, \$1880, \$1895, and \$1900; do, with pedal bass, \$1900, \$1915, and \$1920; do, with pedal bass, \$1920, \$1935, and \$1940; do, with pedal bass, \$1940, \$1955, and \$1960; do, with pedal bass, \$1960, \$1975, and \$1980; do, with pedal bass, \$1980, \$1995, and \$2000; do, with pedal bass, \$2000, \$2015, and \$2020; do, with pedal bass, \$2020, \$2035, and \$2040; do, with pedal bass, \$2040, \$2055, and \$2060; do, with pedal bass, \$2060, \$2075, and \$2080; do, with pedal bass, \$2080, \$2095, and \$2100; do, with pedal bass, \$2100, \$2115, and \$2120; do, with pedal bass, \$2120, \$2135, and \$2140; do, with pedal bass, \$2140, \$2155, and \$2160; do, with pedal bass, \$2160, \$2175, and \$2180; do, with pedal bass, \$2180, \$2195, and \$2200; do, with pedal bass, \$2200, \$2215, and \$2220; do, with pedal bass, \$2220, \$2235, and \$2240; do, with pedal bass, \$2240, \$2255, and \$2260; do, with pedal bass, \$2260, \$2275, and \$2280; do, with pedal bass, \$2280, \$2295, and \$2300; do, with pedal bass, \$2300, \$2315, and \$2320; do, with pedal bass, \$2320, \$2335, and \$2340; do, with pedal bass, \$2340, \$2355, and \$2360; do, with pedal bass, \$2360, \$2375, and \$2380; do, with pedal bass, \$2380, \$2395, and \$2400; do, with pedal bass, \$2400, \$2415, and \$2420; do, with pedal bass, \$2420, \$2435, and \$2440; do, with pedal bass, \$2440, \$2455, and \$2460; do, with pedal bass, \$2460, \$2475, and \$2480; do, with pedal bass, \$2480, \$2495, and \$2500; do, with pedal bass, \$2500, \$2515, and \$2520; do, with pedal bass, \$2520, \$2535, and \$2540; do, with pedal bass, \$2540, \$2555, and \$2560; do, with pedal bass, \$2560, \$2575, and \$2580; do, with pedal bass, \$2580, \$2595, and \$2600; do, with pedal bass, \$2600, \$2615, and \$2620; do, with pedal bass, \$2620, \$2635, and \$2640; do, with pedal bass, \$2640, \$2655, and \$2660; do, with pedal bass, \$2660, \$2675, and \$2680; do, with pedal bass, \$2680, \$2695, and \$2700; do, with pedal bass, \$2700, \$2715, and \$2720; do, with pedal bass, \$2720, \$2735, and \$2740; do, with pedal bass, \$2740, \$2755, and \$2760; do, with pedal bass, \$2760, \$2775, and \$2780; do, with pedal bass, \$2780, \$2795, and \$2800; do, with pedal bass, \$2800, \$2815, and \$2820; do, with pedal bass, \$2820, \$2835, and \$2840; do, with pedal bass, \$2840, \$2855, and \$2860; do, with pedal bass, \$2860, \$2875, and \$2880; do, with pedal bass, \$2880, \$2895, and \$2900; do, with pedal bass, \$2900, \$2915, and \$2920; do, with pedal bass, \$2920, \$2935, and \$2940; do, with pedal bass, \$2940, \$2955, and \$2960; do, with pedal bass, \$2960, \$2975, and \$2980; do, with pedal bass, \$2980, \$2995, and \$3000; do, with pedal bass, \$3000, \$3015, and \$3020; do, with pedal bass, \$3020, \$3035, and \$3040; do, with pedal bass, \$3040, \$3055, and \$3060; do, with pedal bass, \$3060, \$3075, and \$3080; do, with pedal bass, \$3080, \$3095, and \$3100; do, with pedal bass, \$3100, \$3115, and \$3120; do, with pedal bass, \$3120, \$3135, and \$3140; do, with pedal bass, \$3140, \$3155, and \$3160; do, with pedal bass, \$3160, \$3175, and \$3180; do, with pedal bass, \$3180, \$3195, and \$3200; do, with pedal bass, \$3200, \$3215, and \$3220; do, with pedal bass, \$3220, \$3235, and \$3240; do, with pedal bass, \$3240, \$3255, and \$3260; do, with pedal bass, \$3260, \$3275, and \$3280; do, with pedal bass, \$3280, \$3295, and \$3300; do, with pedal bass, \$3300, \$3315, and \$3320; do, with pedal bass, \$3320, \$3335, and \$3340; do, with pedal bass, \$3340, \$3355, and \$3360; do, with pedal bass, \$3360, \$3375, and \$3380; do, with pedal bass, \$3380, \$3395, and \$3400; do, with pedal bass, \$3400, \$3415, and \$3420; do, with pedal bass, \$3420, \$3435, and \$3440; do, with pedal bass, \$3440, \$3455, and \$3460; do, with pedal bass, \$3460, \$3475, and \$3480; do, with pedal bass, \$3480, \$3495, and \$3500; do, with pedal bass, \$3500, \$3515, and \$3520; do, with pedal bass, \$3520, \$3535, and \$3540; do, with pedal bass, \$3540, \$3555, and \$3560; do, with pedal bass, \$3560, \$3575, and \$3580; do, with pedal bass, \$3580, \$3595, and \$3600; do, with pedal bass, \$3600, \$3615, and \$3620; do, with pedal bass, \$3620, \$3635, and \$3640; do, with pedal bass, \$3640, \$3655, and \$3660; do, with pedal bass, \$3660, \$3675, and \$3680; do, with pedal bass, \$3680, \$3695, and \$3700; do, with pedal bass, \$3700, \$3715, and \$3720; do, with pedal bass, \$3720, \$3735, and \$3740; do, with pedal bass, \$3740, \$3755, and \$3760; do, with pedal bass, \$3760, \$3775, and \$3780; do, with pedal bass, \$3780, \$3795, and \$3800; do, with pedal bass, \$3800, \$3815, and \$3820; do, with pedal bass, \$3820, \$3835, and \$3840; do, with pedal bass, \$3840, \$3855, and \$3860; do, with pedal bass, \$3860, \$3875, and \$3880; do, with pedal bass, \$3880, \$3895, and \$3900; do, with pedal bass, \$3900, \$3915, and \$3920; do, with pedal bass, \$3920, \$3935, and \$3940; do, with pedal bass, \$3940, \$3955, and \$3960; do, with pedal bass, \$3960, \$3975, and \$3980; do, with pedal bass, \$3980, \$3995, and \$4000; do, with pedal bass, \$4000, \$4015, and \$4020; do, with pedal bass, \$4020, \$4035, and \$4040; do, with pedal bass, \$4040, \$4055, and \$4060; do, with pedal bass, \$4060, \$4075, and \$4080; do, with pedal bass, \$4080, \$4095, and \$4100; do, with pedal bass, \$4100, \$4115, and \$4120; do, with pedal bass, \$4120, \$4135, and \$4140; do, with pedal bass, \$4140, \$4155, and \$4160; do, with pedal bass, \$4160, \$4175, and \$4180; do, with pedal bass,











**SMALL POX HAS ALREADY SACRIFICED** some of our best and bravest troops. Soldiers, listen to the voice of reason, supply yourselves with **HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT**. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the stomach, while the Ointment removes all pain, and prevents pit marks. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

### Special Notices.

#### Ten Dollars Reward.

Whereas, the Selectmen have been informed that **SHADE TREES**, on the Public Highways, have been mutilated, they hereby call the attention of all persons to Sec. 7, Chap. 46, of the General Statutes, and give public notice that the law will be enforced.

CHAP. 46, Sec. 7.—Whoever wantonly injures, defaces, tears, or destroys an ornamental or shade tree, or shrub, statue, fountain, vase, or other plant or fixture of ornamental or utility, in a street, road, square, court, park, public garden, or other enclosure, shall forfeit not less than five (\$5), nor more than one hundred (\$100) dollars, to be recovered by complaint, one half to the complainant and the other half to the use of the person upon whose property, or within whose premises the trespass was committed.

And they hereby offer a reward of **TEN DOLLARS**, for the conviction of any person offending as above.

By order of the Board of Selectmen,  
A. E. THOMPSON, CLERK.  
Woburn, Feb. 4th, 1864—23-3w.

### NOTICE.

All persons having demands against the town of Woburn, are requested to present the same for settlement before the Board of Selectmen, on March 1, 1864.

By order of the Board of Selectmen,  
A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.  
Woburn, Feb. 5, 1864.

### TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections, (free of charge), by sending their address to  
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, King's County,  
New York.

17-6w

### The American Hot Air Cooking Stove again Victorious.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove, manufactured by **SHEER, PACKARD & CO.**, of Albany, was awarded the **FIRST PREMIUM** at the State Fair at Rochester, in 1862, and at the Fair at Utica, Sept. 15, 1863. This excellent Stove has stood the test, and has been pronounced by competent judges the best Stove in the State, and this decision has been fully sustained by the people in this and the adjoining States, who have received the highest commendations from all sections of the country where it has been introduced.

For sale by J. F. LORING, Worcester, and PATCHEL & CO., Fitchburg.

### TO HORSE OWNERS.

**DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR HORSES** is unrivaled by any, in all cases of Lameness, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain. Harrow or Saddle Galls, Scalds, Mange, &c., it will also cure speedily. Sprain and Ringbone may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the possibility of a radical cure. No case of the kind, however, is so desperate or hopeless but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and its faithful application will always remove the Lameness, and enable the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will effectually prevent those formidable diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

### HAVE YOU

A head of Hair, or Whiskers or Moustaches, of an unbecoming color?

DO YOU wish to change that color to a handsome deep brown, or a perfect natural black without injury to the fibres, without trouble or inconvenience? If so,

MUST USE **CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR DYE**, which is the only hair dye, certain, instantaneous and truly natural Hair Dye in the world.

SHOULD YOU Doubt these statements, try the article, and if it fails denounce it. Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size.

CRISTADORO'S Hair Preservative, is invaluable with his dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the hair. 25 cents, \$1, and \$2, per bottle, according to size.

### Hostetter's Bitters

Have received the warmest encomiums from the press and people throughout the Union as a valuable tonic for the cure of Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Constipation, and general nervous debility. It can not be approached by any other tonic, and its great effect is chronicled through our principal journals. There is nothing equal to the enjoyment to that which the afflicted experience when using this valuable specific. Its mild tone, its sure and vigorous action upon a disordered stomach, and the cleansing of the entire human body should recommend it to all classes of our community. **SHOO! Advertisers!**

For sale by Druggists and dealers generally everywhere.

### Preserve your Beauty,

Symmetry of form, your health and mental powers, by using that safe, pleasant, popular, and specific remedy known as **HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT MUCILAGE**. Read the advertisement in another column, and profit by it—Diseases and Symptoms enumerated. Cut it out and preserve it. You may not now require it, but may at some future day.

It gives health to the weak, and bloom to the faded cheek. It saves long suffering and exposure. Beware of Counterfeits! Cures Guaranteed!

### GILLESPIE

**THE GREAT MAGICIAN AND VENTRILOQUIST**

WILL PERFORM AT **LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,**

Friday Evening, March 4th.

Mr. Gillespie begs permission to inform the people of this town and vicinity, that he will on this occasion give a Grand Entertainment, which can not be equalled by any other performer.

GO AND SEE HIM.

### EXECUTOR'S SALE OF

**REAL ESTATE, IN WOBURN.**

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, of the estate of **CHARLES TIDD**, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Manufacturer, deceased, and taken upon the estate of said deceased, to be sold at public sale, on **MONDAY, the 27th day of MARCH** next, at 10 o'clock A.M., on the premises, a **FRAMING HOUSE**, and a **Shed and Shop** adjoining, with about 2,000 feet of choice land, situated on the North side of Charles street, in Woburn, and of the subscriber. **CHARLES TIDD**, Executor.

Terms and further particulars, at the sale.

**SAMUEL THURSTON**, Executor.  
Woburn, Feb. 25th, 1864—22-3w.

### NOTICE.

I HEREBY notify all persons, that I have given to my son, **CHARLES S. JONES**, full liberty to do business for himself, and that I shall claim none of his earnings, or pay any debts of his contracting, after this date.

**CHARLES JONES.**  
Woburn, Feb. 8, 1864—22-3w.

### NOTICE

It is hereby given, that the subscriber has been appointed Administrator of the estate of **CHARLES TIDD**, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Manufacturer, deceased, and taken upon the estate of said deceased, to be sold at public sale, on **MONDAY, the 27th day of MARCH** next, at 10 o'clock A.M., on the premises, a **FRAMING HOUSE**, and a **Shed and Shop** adjoining, with about 2,000 feet of choice land, situated on the North side of Charles street, in Woburn, and of the subscriber. **CHARLES TIDD**, Executor.

Woburn, Feb. 25th, 1864—22-3w.

### Lost or Misaid,

A NOTE for One Thousand Dollars, signed by **KIMES** and payable to the order of **THOMAS & LYNDSE**, and endorsed by the same. Said note being dated Jan. 25th, 1864, on six months from date. All persons are forbidden negotiating the same, as payment has been stopped. **E. J. JENKS**, Cashier Woburn Bank.

Woburn, Feb. 25th, 1864—22-3w.

### Real Estate at Auction.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on **TUESDAY, the EIGHTH day of MARCH** next, at 2 o'clock P.M., the

### HOUSE AND LAND

situated on Mount Pleasant Street, in Woburn, and belonging to the subscriber. The house contains three rooms; has a good cellar, and has been built about six years. There are attached a **BARN** and **OUTBUILDINGS**, all in good repair. There is a good well of water on the premises. The land consists of between 15,000 and 15,000 feet. This is a desirable property for a family or would make a good boarding house.

This sale is worthy the attention of purchasers, who are invited to be present.

**SOPHIA THOMPSON.**  
Woburn, Feb. 19th, 1864—22-3w.

### WOBBURN MARBLE & GRANITE STONE WORKS.

THE subscribers offer for sale the largest and best assortment of **MARBLE**

### Monuments and Gravestones

ever offered in Middlesex County, at prices which cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Particular attention given to the

### Fitting up of Cemetery Lots

with **GRANITE** and **STONE** and **POSTS**. Also, all kinds of **Granite** and **Stone** for **Building** purposes furnished to order.

**OFFICE—Main Street, Woburn, Mass.**

Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1864—21-y.

### NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of **J. W. POLAND & CO.**, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

**J. W. POLAND,**  
Melrose, Feb. 13, 1864.

**F. H. SWEETSER.**

THE subscriber continues to manufacture at his Laboratory in Melrose, his **WHITE PINK COMPOUND**, and other popular remedies.

**J. W. POLAND.**

**POUDRETTE! POUDRETTE!**

THE LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY, with an experience of 24 years, again offer for sale a uniform article of **Poudrette** at low prices. The experience of thousands of customers attest to the fact that it is the cheapest and the very best measure in market, and particularly adapted for **Laborers, Farm, Estates, and Garden** Trunk.

The Company manufacture also **BONE TAPES** (a substitute for Gunny), from home, night soil and guano, ground fine. Price \$5 per ton.

A pamphlet containing directions for use, prices, &c., may be had free by addressing a letter to the office of the Company, 60 Courtland Street, New York, or applying to any authorized agent.

**JOHN M. RICHARDS,**  
21-2m. 125 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

### C. S. ADKINS,

DEALER IN

**BOOKS, STATIONERY, PERIODICALS,**

**CONFECTIONERY, &C., &C.**

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a good assortment of

Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Sand, Mucilage, Sealing Wax, and all articles usually found in a Stationery Store.

Daily Papers and Periodicals of the day. Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental.

Violin and Guitar Strings.

Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best quality.

Also, **HOVEY'S HAIR BALM**, one of the best preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

**"TOWNSMAN" BUILDING,**

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

### Leather Bags.

JUST received, a lot of **LADIES' LEATH-ER BAGS** and **PORTFOLIOS**, at **WOBBURN BOOKSTORE.**

### THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

51 Wesley Street, New York.

SINCE its organization, has created a new

Wholesaling Teas in this Country.

They have introduced their selection of **TEAS**, and are selling them at not over

Two Cents per pound above cost.

Never deviating from the **ONE PRICE** asked.

Another peculiarity of the Company is that a **TEA TASTER** not only devotes his time to the selection of their **TEAS** as to quality, value, and particular styles for particular localities of country, but he helps the tea buyer to choose out of their enormous stock such teas as are best adapted to his particular wants, and not only this, but points out to him the best bargains.

It is easy to see the incalculable advantage a **TEA BUYER** has in this establishment over all others.

If he is no judge of tea, or the market, if his time is valuable, he has all the benefits of a well-organized system of doing business, of an immense capital, and the judgment of a professional Tea Taster, and the knowledge of superior salesmen.

This enables all Tea buyers—no matter if they are thousands of miles from this market—to purchase on as good terms here as the New York merchants.

Parties can order Teas and will be served by us as well as though they came themselves, being sure to get original packages, true weights and tares, and the **TEAS** as to quality, value, and price.

We issue a price list of the Company's Teas, which will be sent to him who orders it, comprising

Hyson, Young Hyson, Imperial,

Gunpowder, Twankay & Skin,

Oolong, Souchong, Orange & Hyson,

Pekoe, Japan Tea, of every description, colored and uncolored.

This list has each kind of Tea divided into four classes, namely: **CAIGO**, **HIGH CAIGO**, **FINE**, and **VERY FINE**, which every one may understand from description, and the prices are so arranged that the Company are determined to under sell the whole Tea trade.

We guarantee to sell **ALL** our Teas at not over **TWO CENTS** (20 cents) per pound above cost, believing this to be attractive to the New York market, heretofore being paying enormous profits.

**GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,**

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS,

33m No. 51 WESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

**Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,**

Just received and for sale by **W. C. BRIGHAM**

**Killiknick! Killiknick!!**

Just received and for sale by **W. C. BRIGHAM**

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment in favor of **Alfred G. Carter**, of the County of Middlesex, in the County of Middlesex, at the Court for said County of Middlesex, held on the second Monday of December, A.D. 1863, to wit, on the 20th day of January, A.D. 1864, I have taken all the right in equity that said Dean of Woburn aforesaid, had on the seventeenth day of July last, when the same was attached on the original writ, or now has to redeem the following mortgaged real estate, to wit—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing, situated on New Boston street, near the village of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the South-westerly corner of the premises a land formerly owned by J. P. Converse, the line runs Northerly to said New Boston street, to a ditch at land formerly of Joshua Rand; thence Easterly by land formerly of said Rand as the ditch now runs, to a fence at other land corner of said Rand; thence Southerly by land formerly of said Rand and land formerly of William L. Dean, to the fence now stands, to said land formerly owned by said Converse; thence Westerly by said last named land to the point of beginning. And on **THURSDAY, the TWENTY FOURTH day of MARCH** next, at four o'clock P.M. at my office in Woburn, No. 7, Wide Wharf, I shall offer for sale at Public Auction, said right in equity of redemption, to satisfy said execution and all costs and charges of sale.

**HORACE COLLAMORE**, Sheriff.

Woburn, Feb. 20th, 1864—21-3w.

### COOKING STOVE.

It will take, boil and roast better than any other Stove, with a saving of 30 per cent in fuel, and a very large percentage in convenience.

They have the following advantages:

1st. They are constructed with a view of great durability; all the plates exposed to the fire are made of extra thickness.

2d. The flues are lined with non-conducting cement, thereby applying the heat directly to the food, and the oven is heated and kept in baking order with less fuel than any other Stove.

3d. They have a hot air draft, which not only makes the fuel burn freely and last longer, but adds to the heating and baking facilities.

4th. They consume all the gases from the fuel, and the oven is kept in a constant state of heat, thereby adding largely to the amount of heat obtained from the quantity of fuel used.

5th. The Stove is made, under circumstances, in the most superior manner. The oven is large and well ventilated. The Stove is convenient in form, and easy to adapt, the language of some who have used this Stove, "it will do more work with less fuel than any other Stove." In proof we add the following testimony:

**American Hot Air Cooking Stove.**

J. H. DAVIS, Esq.—Dear Sirs: We find the Stove I purchased of you the first part of June last, called the **American Hot Air Cooking Stove**, in all respects as recommended; and we could not but be much pleased to find that the Stove was so well adapted to our use, and that we were able to replace it with one of the same kind. To make a long story short, it is perfect in every respect, and we are much pleased to find that it is so well adapted to our use, and that we were able to replace it with one of the same kind. To make a long story short, it is perfect in every respect, and we are much pleased to find that it is so well adapted to our use, and that we were able to replace it with one of the same kind.

**IRON IN THE BLOOD.**

It is well known to the Medical Profession that the Vital Principle, or Life Element of the Blood, is **IRON**. This is derived chiefly from the food we eat, but if the food is not properly digested, or if, from any cause whatever, the necessary quantity of iron is not taken into the circulation, or becomes reduced, the whole system suffers. The blood will irritate the heart, will clog up the lungs, will produce a general debility, and will send its disease producing elements to all parts of the system, and every one will feel in whatever organ may be predisposed to disease. To take medicine to cure disease occasioned by a deficiency of

**IRON IN THE BLOOD,**

without restoring it to the system, is like trying to repair a building when the foundation is gone.

It is only when the deficiency of the valuable combination known as **PERUVIAN SYRUP**, that the great power of this **VITALIZING AGENT** over disease has been brought to light.

**The Peruvian Syrup,**

is a Protected Solution of the PROTOXIDE OF IRON, a new discovery in medicine, it strikes at the Root of the disease, and restores the Vital Principle or Life Element, IRON.

This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhea, Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitution, Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, and all diseases originating in a BAD STATE OF THE BLOOD, or accompanied by Debility or a low state of the system.

Being free from Alcohol in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing Strength, Vigor, and New Life into all parts of the system, and building up an **IRON CONSTITUTION!**

It is an excellent substitute for Wine or Brandy when a stimulant is needed.

The following names are taken from our pamphlet of testimonials, which will be sent free to any address.

Rev. John Pierpont, Lewis Johnson, M.D., Rev. Warren Burton, Rev. J. P. Dinsmore, M.D., Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, S. K. Reed, M.D., Rev. Gordon Robins, W. L. Chisholm, M.D., Rev. Sylvester H. Smith, Rev. Antonio J. de Jesus, M.D., Rev. T. Starr King, Marcellino Aranda, M.D., Rev. Ephraim Nute, Jr., A. A. Hayes, M.D.

There can be but one stronger proof than the testimony of the above named authorities, and that is a personal trial. It has cured thousands where other remedies have failed to give relief, and has laid to rest all doubts as to its efficacy.

For Dyspepsia and all Chronic Diseases, characterized by debility, it is a specific.

Prepared as heretofore by **N. L. CLARKE & CO.**

For sale by **SETH W. FOWLE & CO.**, 14 Tremont street, Boston; and by **J. P. DINSMORE**, 40 Broadway, New York, and by all Druggists. 14-6m

**SKINNERS' PULMONALES**

FOR the immediate relief of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c. They go right to the spot, stop your cough, clear your throat, purify the breath, and give volume to the voice. They are adapted for allaying inflammation in the Larynx, Trachea, and Bronchi. They relieve all the chronic diseases of the respiratory organs. They will prevent a cold setting upon the lungs. They contain no poisonous ingredients, and are perfectly safe for children. They are useful in every house. They are convenient to carry in your pocket, and particularly adapted to the use of speakers and singers. They will find them effective for clearing and strengthening the voice. They are pure in quality and in form of a wafer, and are perfectly safe to use for all Bronchial and lung complaints, and have a specific and certain effect on all diseases of the mucous membrane.

The dose can be graduated so as to be suitable for the infant in the cradle, to the individual of the score years and ten. Officers and soldiers should not be without them. The **PULMONALES** will be sent by mail to any address for forty cents.

PREPARED BY

**E. M. SKINNER, M.D.,**

27 Tremont Street,

38-1y Opposite the Museum, Boston, Mass.

**The Three Graces in Business.**

WHAT ARE THEY?

Public Spirit, Advertising, and General Printing.

Let the Three Graces appear by consulting

**THOMAS DAVIS,**

15 Washington St., (Hapgood's Gun Store),

FOR multiplying means by judicious publicity, **THOMAS DAVIS** is just the man to consult. Experience and tact, joined with industry, enable him to let his clients know how to share the benefits arising from his unflagging perseverance. With a large circle of newspapers in this immediate neighborhood, and a general advertising Agency, his facility cannot be equalled. In Job Printing, Thomas Davis has facilities which cannot even be approached. For names, dispatch and cheapness. Ask any of Thomas Davis' customers to step in and see him in 15 Washington Street.

**CHARLES A. SMITH,**

DEALER IN

**AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,**

**NEW BANK BUILDING,**

Main street, Woburn.

**Killiknick! Killiknick!!**

Just received and for sale by **W. C. BRIGHAM**

**Killiknick! Killiknick!!**

Just received and for sale by **W. C. BRIGHAM**

### FIRST PREMIUM

### COOK STOVE.

THIS Stove took the First Premium at the State Fair held at Rochester, October 1st, 1862, and again at Utica, September, 15, 1863.

### Economy is Wealth?

This maxim will be fully demonstrated by buying an

### AMERICAN HOT AIR







# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : : No. 23.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### The Little People.

A dreary place would be this earth  
Were there no little people in it;  
The song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart surrender;  
No little hands on breast and brow,  
To keep the thrilling love-chorus tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,  
No little feet toward slumber tending;  
No little knee in prayer to bend,  
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,  
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing;  
No tiny dresses to embroider?  
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,  
With satchel to the school-house hastening;  
No merry shouts as home they rush;  
No precious morsels for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,  
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;  
The men on business all intent,  
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,  
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,  
And man to stoic coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,  
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,  
The little ones with cherub smile  
Are still our Father's face beholding.\*

So said his voice in whom we trust,  
When in Judah's realm a preacher,  
He made a child confront the proud,  
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,  
Were there no babies to begin it;  
A doleful place this world would be,  
Were there no little people in it.

\*Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. [Matt. xviii. 10.]

## Select Literature.

### THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"No boy, you can not go. The country does not need you; its armies are full, its triumphs are yours. You must not leave your mother, George, now that she has no other arm to lean upon."

There was a painful pathos in the woman's voice—entreaty blended with something of command. A tear, too, stood in her eye, as laying her hand upon her boy's arm, she added:

"I have given one son, George, to the cause; it can not be asked that I should give you too, my last and only one."

They stood in the library, mother and son, the summer twilight folding them in its soft halo. Already on the mother's forehead age had sifted its snows, but the face was beautiful and noble still—a page without blot or blemish. The son, standing with conscious power in the maternal presence, carried all that mother's shining womanhood in his mien, touched only with a masculine hardness and force; but it was plain within, from all his appearance, that he had grappled as yet with few of life's stern duties; in obedience rather had marked through his one-and-twenty years, out of which no blossom of achievement had sprouted into growth. This night, however, there was a new inspiration upon him, and very soon he spoke again:

"You know, mother, I would not be undutiful; but would you have me stand on the flaming edges of this great conflict and have no participation in it? You did not in your heart begrudge Edward to the cause; you are willing, surely, to give the world through me a testimony that you do not mourn that sacrifice? Oh, my mother, could I lift my face among men when this war is done and our scarred heroes come marching home, if I had done nothing to secure the triumph crowning their tattered banners?"

"Would you not rather see me laid under the grasses where Edward is lying than feel that you had a coward for your son? But while I say all this, you know, my mother, I would be dutiful—dutiful to you next to my own conscience and the pleadings of humanity."

The twilight deepened, but the mother, with a deep yearning in her eyes, took no note of the drifting moments. For a time perfect silence reigned; then at last she said:

"You have been a true, thoughtful son, George; I know it: I am no idle caprice that prompts your purpose; I give my consent—go, and God bless and guard you!"

It was indeed no idle caprice that had determined George Marsland's choice of a career. Born in the midst of luxury, hedged about through all his earlier years by every comfort that affluence and position could confer; educated rather to maintain the ancestral eminence in the more refined and polite social spheres than to fill a place in the bustling working world; lifted above the necessity of exertion, with no internal predisposition thereto, he had matured into a polished, purposeless drone, spending his days in trivial pursuits, which afforded neither genuine pleasure nor durable results. But when suddenly over the land the war trumpet blew its shrill call to arms, and the nation out of its profound peace, rose with flaming face to meet the peril of rebellion, the voice of duty stirred into vigorous action the slumbering impulses of his better nature; life

grew to be, in his estimation, an earnest, solemn thing; he saw in it vast possibilities of growth and achievement; he saw opportunities opening every where, tempting the earnest soul to effort and adventure, and out of his selfishness and dumb apathy there came, under the sharp inspiration of the time, a longing to be useful, to earn a place in the world's regard, to do something for liberty that through all the royal years of his broadening away should make his name luminous and noble. But at first this longing was not gratified. An older brother, in the first red days after Sumter fell, went off from his Massachusetts home by stealth, and George, obedient to the commands of affection, remained for a time behind, the one thought of his duty burning deeper and deeper into his soul. At last the first-born of the house—the dear brother of his love—in a hot charge at Bull Run, fell never to rise; then, with a purpose yet more intense, George determined, come what might, to go to the field; and now at last, after repeated opportunities, the mother's ban had been removed, and his dream was to be fulfilled.

But one thought troubled him still, as with thoughtful pace he left the library and passed into the little boudoir opposite. What would Mary Spencer say—would she, the companion of all his later years, the more than sister, whose life he hoped some day to knit unto his own, would she, with warm Southern blood in her veins, and Southern memories lying like sunny pictures on her heart, approve his decision? Oh late he had concealed from her his real thought; but he felt, from what had passed when he had months before named it to her, that she would attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. She stood, as it were, so entirely alone in the world, dependent wholly upon the bounty of his mother, whose ward she was, that it would be only natural she should cling to one upon whom she had learned to lean, one whom she felt in his inmost consciousness she loved with all her strength. But no tie of affection, no bland solicitation of hope, should woo him now to disgraceful ease, and with that thought pulsing in his veins, he sought the quiet retreat where he knew he was awaited.

How he told her of his purpose; how, in the sudden emotion, the pallid face, the tender expression of the eye, he read the confession he longed to hear and know: how he combated the objections which love suggested; how the discussion, begun in tenderness, grew at last passionate and vehement, the very consciousness of the power of mutual affection adding to the wilfulness of the moment; how, while the one grew stern and inexorable in the thought that he was on trial for the truth that was in him, the heart of the other, stung by the pangs of a jealousy that could not brook the bestowal of precedence on any other object, and moved, perhaps, by innate indifference to the cause the other loved, became bitter and perverse—why rehearse it here? Suffice it that at last, touched by some bitter word spoken in the heat of a passing gust of passion, he rose to go, saying, as his face paled,

"I had thought you brave and true, Mary, willing to do and suffer for your country; but I was mistaken. I should not be worthy to fight for this holy cause if I could permit any selfish tie, any considerations like those you have addressed to my conscience, to keep me here as you wish."

The words were crisp and sharp, and the voice had a rebuke sharper than any sting in it. The pale, girlish face flushed under the taunt they embodied.

"Go, then, if you will; a love that flies its object so soon upon possession is scarcely worth a true heart's keeping."

It was over—this difference—in a moment; but so, in some pivotal second of time, lives are darkened or made bright, suns are obscured, mountain tops of joy are won or lost, kingdoms and crowns are achieved or broken in the dust.

That night, before sleep came to soothe his restlessness, George Marsland had volunteered in a city regiment, bravely putting under his feet the love he had hoped, a little while before, might enrich and exalt him to new heights of blessedness and joy.

Nor did Mary Spencer find more of comfort than he had done, as she communed through the night with her own heart. The moment he had quitted her presence, obedient to the noblest impulses of his deepening manhood, all the vastness of her loss forced itself upon her consciousness. She saw, spite of her indifference to the cause, how greatly she had erred, crucifying her own better emotions while wronging his patriotic instincts in laboring to dissuade him from his purpose. And could she have done it, so abused did she become in her own esteem, she would have entreated on her knees pardon for her offense. But this now she could not do: He would never seek her presence again; she knew his nature too well to hope for that. Obedient to the gentlest solicitation of true affection, he had yet ever been as flint when once wronged or betrayed. Besides, he would leave upon the morrow. Her only hope, therefore, was that in some way she might make him understand how grieved she was for her offense, that he might sometimes think of her in the future at least repentant and longing to make amends for her fault. Perhaps, some day, he might return, and then, it might be, his heart, empty and desolate, would not spurn the love she would keep fresh and pure for him. Some day! Alas!

there was another thought; he might, some day, fall in the battle's front and never return, and then for her life would never more have one singing-bird of content piping amidst its leaves, not one hope to brighten the "dumb, waste places of the dark." That thought was like a knife searching for the very life of the sad heart, and through all the night it stung and harassed her, until at last the morning came, purpling the east and mocking with its brightness her great grief.

But she must act now, if she would have George—how the very name thrilled her!—carry with him one thought of her. Hastily and with nervous hand, she pencilled on a card the words, "I was in fault—forgive me;" then slipping into the still silent parlor, thrust the meek appeal into the niche where his letters were always placed, and this done, stole away again in the dim dawn to her chamber.

The morning broadened over the world.—Mother and son met at breakfast; but Mary, timid and weak with all her devouring anxiety, sent an excuse which he regarded as only a pretext unworthy of an honest heart.—It was a silent meal; each felt it might be the last they should ever take together. At length, rising, all their little plans having been discussed, with a warm embrace, with tears on their faces, with unuttered prayers in their hearts, they went apart, the son going with hasty step, as if he would escape his own sad memories, to join his regiment, which that day marched aloft, the mother hurrying into the privacy of her own chamber, there to think of her boy, and pray that no harm might come to him in the battle days whose hail and fire he might be called to face.

Weeks slipped by, the summer deepening and fading, and George Marsland was in camp in Virginia, in General Banks' Division. Almost daily hopeful letters came to the New England home whence he had gone for Freedom's sake, and daily the mother's heart grew stronger in patriotic purpose, in ability to repress all selfish thoughts, and elevate only, as the one thing worth living for, her country's good. But daily also on Mary's face the shadow deepened, and the way in which she walked grew more difficult and weary. She knew he was safe and well; that, indeed, was a comfort; but no word for her ever came from the distant camp, and that was more than she could bear. Certainly, she thought, he must have found her farewell message. It had at least been removed from the niche where she placed it.—His silence, therefore, could only mean that his heart was still closed against her. And so, with doubt and fear shadowing her penitence, the time crept grimly on.

At last, when the summer was quite gone and the leaves had begun to fall, there came one of his brief messages: "We cross the Potomac to-morrow, and expect an engagement with the enemy. We are prepared all of us, to do our duty; but we can not tell what may happen. May God keep you!"

Almost with the letter came the news along the wires of the engagement at Ball's Bluff. Mary Spencer knew that he was there. At first the intelligence was only partial; but she seemed to have won a victory with but little loss. But gradually the truth was disclosed, and all the terrors of that defeat burst upon the public eye. Who of us can forget what a pang pierced our hearts when we heard of Baker's death? Who can forget how every soul was stirred as we learned how, under a mercilessly savage fire, the gallant Massachusetts soldiers stood firm as Bunker Hill, their heroic daring matching the noblest exhibitions of old Roman courage? Who can forget how from every lip a blessing was poured on the State whose sons had redeemed that day from utter and complete disgrace?

Many an act was that day performed, whose story only the Day of Revelations will rehearse. George Marsland was in the forefront of the conflict. When Baker fell, and dismay for a moment seized our little band, he stood firmly in his lot, rallying around him the confused and struggling column, and meeting the foe foot to foot. When the summons came to surrender, he it was who answered the demand with defiance. When our smitten, wounded, dying heroes, forced to the river's brink, plunging into the tide, seeking a refuge in its depths as preferable to surrender, it was he who covered their retreat with a score of other lion-hearted ones, who laughed with him at death.

The conflict had reached a pause; the crash and roar of musketry had for the moment ceased. George Marsland stood by the river's edge comforting a wounded comrade whose life was ebbing fast. Suddenly a body of rebel cavalry dashed from the wooded height, and discharging their carbines at random among the group by the river's brink, wheeled and swept away. But they left another gap in the Massachusetts band. George Marsland, struck in the breast by a wandering shot, fell dead in their very midst.

In the hush of a sombre twilight days thereafter one who was with him there broke the news to the mother in the home over whose threshold he should never come again alive. Here was a heart of noble stuff, spite of weakness in the past, and though a deeper shadow fell upon her life she only said, "He fell in his country's cause, and that, sacred before, it will now be doubly so;" and with that simple word laid away her grief out of sight, and bravely shouldered the work which her loss seemed to inti-

mate to her awakened consciousness was henceforth peculiarly her own.

A fortnight after she had abandoned her luxurious home, and in the hospitals at Washington was laboring with heroic fidelity in the service of the sick and wounded ones, who to her were as sons. To-day, at Newbern, among the many self-sacrificing, kindly teachers of the Freedmen, there is one to whom all look with especial reverence and affection; one whose face, always wearing a patient smile, brightens all who catch its glow; and the face is that of George Marsland's mother, and the smile that with which, shining through her tears, she gave him her parting benediction.

Not so did Mary Spencer accept the tidings of his death and her loss. To her, sitting without the gate of Hope, the news came like a decree of banishment, shutting it forever against her, putting out the last promise which had prophesied of brighter days to come. Nor was the future only dark and forbidding. The past had at first no solace for the sick soul; her own infidelity to truth and duty darkened all the retrospect.

But one day, while this fearful mood was still upon her, a coffin was brought into the still house. At its side Mary Spencer sat down, with her grief gnawing fiercely at her heart. Alone, through the chill October night, she sat there with the dead. And the Father who pities the erring touched her heart in the silent night-watches, and with the morning she rose up with a better, purer thought; and thenceforward, having washed away in tears of penitence the stains and dross of her life, performed with serene rejoicing a true woman's work in the grand conflict of the time.

"Perhaps," she said to her heart—"perhaps, looking down from his rest, he will behold me bearing on his work, striving to make it triumphant and complete, and so will come to meet me, when I too am called, at the outer gate of the City, 'eternal in the heavens.'"

Shall we tell of her work? Mayhap, in these later days, you have heard her voice pleading with assembled thousands for Liberty, for Justice, for Union; stirring the pulse of whole communities, touching the souls of senators, lifting all to new planes of patriotism and courage?

Blessed are the dead who die for Freedom's sake! for out of their sacrifice harvests of recompense are born in the present, and in the future thronging generations shall gather inspiration from their high example.

Blessed, too, are the living, who, in the same holy cause, have abandoned ease and all life's accustomed enjoyments to suffer in the field. Often, doubtless, they long—these brothers of ours—to sit in the old chair at the table's head, to hear the prattle of children climbing to their knees, to feel the mother's soft hand upon their foreheads. Standing on lonely outposts, pacing the weary sentry-rounds, do not glimpses of the peaceful Past flutter through their souls, and dear familiar faces beam upon them, now and then, through the silence of sweet dreams, with pleading love? But their hearts fall not, their purpose falters not; they have concentrated themselves to the nation's cause, and they go straight on wherever duty leads. Think of them, care for them;—care, too, for all bruised, bereaved ones in these free communities, remembering that there are thousands of homes which, in this grand strife with barbarism, this struggle for the very soul of our enlightened civilization, have been made desolate and childless as was that out of which George Marsland went to the field and to immortality.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hands, is my Father."

A "big Injun" having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about, he drew himself up and exclaimed, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself, and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such short-sightedness, continued: "No, Injun no lost—wigwam lost; (striking his breast) Injun here."

USEFUL HISTORICAL INFORMATION.—The Illinois Register says:—"A gentleman who is not given to historical research invites us to inform him whether the battle of Waterloo was fought before or after the surrender of Cornwallis? We answer, it was."

A false friend is like a shadow on the sun-dial, appearing in sunshine, but vanishing in shade.

## Beneath the old Elm's Shade.

"Let me die with my head beneath the old Elm's shadow," were among the last words of an aged christian lady who recently died in Winchester.

Earth's twilight gray is deepening fast,  
Above the aged, marked brow;  
Day's waning light is well nigh past,  
For the worn pilgrim now,  
Waiting calm, for the Victor's tread  
The closing which is made:  
"Let me die with my weary head  
Beneath the old Elm's shade."

There the long journey had begun,  
And on those death-dimmed eyes  
There first had gleamed life's morning sun.  
The joys so cheap that rise  
In childhood's careless, happy day,  
She knew, as oft she strayed  
So long ago in merry play,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

In sunny youth, when clouds were light,  
With her, had gathered there,  
A joyous band who traced the light  
And watched hope's rainbow fair.  
The glad laughter rang; love cheered that home;  
Life's solemn plans were laid,  
And purest faith resplendent shone,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

In pleasant paths, or thorny ways,  
In hours of trust or fear,  
There still had risen songs of praise  
While felt the human tear.  
God's word was found a lamp, a light;  
And earnest voices prayed,  
Through sunshine clear, and wintry blight,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

Long years have passed, the loved are gone;  
The music there grew still;  
The heart's light fell on one above,  
Who counted seats unfilled.  
Now the trailing robes are rending,  
From the spirit undimmed;  
And her falling breath is ending,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

The morn, the noon, the day is past,  
But through the chilling night  
The star of hope shines out at last;  
It marks the golden light,  
The rosy dawning of that morn,  
That darkness ne'er can fade;  
It shows her rest beyond time's storm,  
Beyond the old Elm's shade.

W. M. C.

WINCHESTER, Jan., 1864.

## By the Camp Fire.

The research of learned men has unfolded an infinity of knowledge useful and interesting. And yet the infinity of facts ascertained together with the farther knowledge which from those facts has been deducted, is but as a straw from the still more infinite haymow of the universe. Such use of the word infinite doubtless will appear somewhat paradoxical and extravagant, but extravagance of expression, has for many years been conceded to be the American's birthright. Not only is this true of a searcher after truth in a general way, but also of him who makes any special art or science his study. Beyond a doubt Lewis Agassiz, has long ere this found out that his poor life is all too short to explore even the half of the natural mysteries which so far have been his study. It is not then that at the first one great fact which he has not as yet discovered. How does this knowledge of the littleness of the human mind in general affect mankind? This is a question which each person must answer for himself, looking carefully at the emotions of his own intellectuality within and judging carefully of those of others without. The greater portion of the human family does not perceive their ignorance. Whether the old dictum,

"Where ignorance is bliss  
'Tis folly to be wise,"

could be quoted here with wisdom, each one must judge for himself.

Seeing one's own ignorance, the determination to arise therefrom would seem to be one of the two following. First, as that I do not know is always sure to overbalance that I know, what use is there working toward an end which I can never reach? I will therefore know all I can easily know, and productive of sordid, tangible benefit. All else is useless and weariness to the soul. Or second, seeing the immense field of knowledge, awaiting my search, and knowing that it would yield much profit as well as pleasure; I will increase my stock of knowledge as far as possible. Which of these determinations will I adopt, each one will decide from his own temperament and accustomed habits of thinking. Which determination is best admits of more argument than appears evident at the first consideration. Action upon the former is not without a certain portion of earthly comfort and mental ease.

As with the miser, who possessing much treasure yet ardently longs for more, so the scholar possessed of a certain amount of knowledge still is harassed by an uneasy feeling in regard to the many things he has left unlearned. This disquietude ignorance escapes. The unlearned by their little knowledge are blinded to the universe of truth which always awaits their investigation. The less is known the less is knowledge sought, but increase in wisdom begets increase of desire for it. Ignorance by its blindness to the immensity of knowledge obtains freedom from anxiety.

Knowledge is power. In ancient times a knowledge of natural causes and natural effects, and from the former how to produce the latter, was very often productive of temporal power. A knowledge of human nature, and the springs of action is social power. By its popularity is gained, friendship retained, admiration and emulation stimulated.—

Knowledge of books, closet knowledge, is scholarly power, it leads to the high places in the world of letters.

But knowledge of one's self is a power like to God's. As man was created in the similitude of the Deity the consideration of this heavenly handiwork must bring him nearer to God, the maker. Buried in the depths of a subject so profound he must with awe and reverence acknowledge the immensity and divinity of Him who created this perfect structure, man. By such consideration man brings himself the nearest possible to the mighty architect of his being, and makes the nearest approximation to His attributes. Man knowing well himself then can look down from a pinnacle of celestial power second only to God's. For self-knowledge is celestial and God-given.

Who shall put limits to the commencement or to the termination of wisdom. Before reason ascends the throne of human intellect the bodily senses are acquiring knowledge. In the other direction the patent facts of the universe lie stretched far beyond the limits of human existence. In life man, like the shipwrecked mariner who feels only the pressure and dampness of those water drops which immediately press against his person, only perceives and learns those facts which are nearest his existence. Beyond stretches the immensity of knowledge, in the bare contemplation of which his mind loses itself.

Knowledge, and especially of self, approximates to the Divinity. Is not excellence sought after by even the most material? As immortality is superior to mortality, selfishly then is not man judicious in making advances, be they never so little toward immortality, the state of excellence? Who chooses knowledge obtains for himself a treasure superior to gold, superior to bodily enjoyment; which makes him a god and powerful for all time. The boundaries of humanity and divinity are but shortly separated and knowledge bridges the chasm.

"Knowledge is power."

HOPKINS.

Brandy, Dec. 17th, 1864.

## Write to the Soldiers.

Occupation is a grand thing, and quite as important to the tone and heart of an army as hard bread and bacon. The monster which Dr. Kane fought so successfully in the Arctic night, with theatre and frolic, wanders listlessly up and down our camps. Would you believe—and yet it is true—that many a poor fellow in this army of the Cumberland has literally died to go home; died of the terrible, unsatisfied longing, home sickness? That it lies at the heart of many a disease bearing a learned name? It is a languor, debility, low fever, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, death, and yet, through all, it is only that sad thing they call Nostalgia. Who shall dare to say that the boy who "lays him down and dies," a-hungry and starving for home, does not fall as well and truly for his country's sake as if a rebel bullet had found his heart out? Against it the surgeon combats in vain, for "who can minister to a mind diseased?"

The loved ones at home have something to answer for in this business, and it pains me to think that more than one man has let his life slip out of a grasp too weak to hold it, just because his dearest friends did not send him a prescription once a week, price three cents—a letter from home. Is some poor fellow sinking at heart because you do not write him? If there is, lay my letter down at once and write your own, and may He who sent a messenger all the way from heaven to earth, with glad tidings, forgive you for deferring a hope to some soldier boy. You would not wonder at my warmth had you seen that boy waiting and waiting, as I have, for one little word from somebody. Too proud to own, and yet too sincere to quite conceal it, he tries to strangle the thought of home, and goes into the battle, whence he never comes forth. Let me relate one incident.

An Indiana soldier was struck in the breast at Chicamauga and fell. The bullet's errand was about done when it reached him; it pierced coat and underclothing, and there was force enough left in it to wound if not to kill him; it had to work its way through a precious package of nine letters indited by one dear heart and traced by one dear hand; that done, the bullet's power expended, there it lay asleep against the soldier's breast! Have you been making such a shield, dear lady, for any body? Take care that it does not lack one letter of being bullet-proof.—*Cor. Chicago Journal.*

A Worcester contemporary tells of a pugnacious goat, who seeing his shadow in a hole made in the ice, lowered his head, shook his caudal appendage spasmodically, and at a tremendous gait rushed upon the shadow, went into the hole out of sight under the ice and has not since been seen. Moral: never rush into anything without giving the subject due consideration.

It is beginning to be the fashion, now that the Empress Eugenie shows the traces of waning beauty, to speak of her Majesty as possessing an immense fund of wit and great cultivation. It has just been divulged that her favorite poets are Lopez de Vega, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset.

## "How are you, Sanitary?"

BY F. B. HART.

Down the picket-guarded lane  
Rolled the comfort laden wain,  
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,  
Soldier-like and merry—  
Phrases such as camps may teach,  
Sabre cuts of Saxon speech,  
Such as "Bully!" "Them's the peach!"  
"Wade in, Sanitary!"

Right and left the caissons drew  
As the car went lumbering through,  
Quick succeeding in review  
Squadrons military—  
Sunburnt men, with beards like fire,  
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these:  
"U. S. San. Com." "That's the cheese!"  
"Pass in, Sanitary!"

In such cheer it struggled on,  
Till the battle-front was won:  
Then the car, its journey done,  
Lo! was stationary,  
And where bullets whistling fly,  
Came the sadder, fainter cry:  
"Help us, brothers! ere we die:  
Save us, Sanitary!"

Such the work. The phantom flies,  
Wrapped in battle-clouds that rise;  
But the hero's dying eyes,  
Veiled and visionary,  
Sees the jasper gears swung wide,  
Sees the parted through outside—  
Hears a voice to those that ride—  
"Pass in, Sanitary!"

## Heroic Capture by a Boston Boy.

A letter dated at Port Hudson, Jan. 28th, gives the following account of the capture of the rebel Colonel Bradford by a Boston boy, a private in the 3d Massachusetts cavalry:—"One of our scouts, Philbrick, of the 3d Massachusetts cavalry, recently rode out alone, within the enemy's lines, and captured a rebel Colonel with an audacity that deserves especial notice. Col. Bradford was visiting his affianced at a plantation house four miles from Jackson, where he supposed himself entirely safe, for the rebel pickets were within call. Philbrick, late at night stole into the negro quarters and learned from the slaves, who are always our friends, all that he wished to know. Quietly fastening his horse, he crept to the front door, burst it open, and, pistol in hand, astonished the assembled party with the sight of a Union soldier on the rampage.

"The scout thundered out his orders to an imaginary company, through the back window, kicked over the whist table, smashing the goblets and a bottle of 'Widow Cligot' that had probably paid recent duty at Baton Rouge, disarmed the colonel and took both him and his servant prisoners, mounted them on their own horses, and brought them off amid the tears and lamentations of the affianced and her friends. Through byroads the unlucky colonel was brought safely to camp, and is now on his way to Virginia with a letter of introduction to Gen. Butler. The prisoner nearly ground up a fine set of natural teeth when he learned that his capture had been effected by a single soldier, armed no better than himself. The hero of this bold and dashing exploit (says the Journal) is private Charles P. Philbrick, jr., son of Mr. Charles P. Philbrick of Boston, for several years the efficient superintendent of hacks and carriages, and a valued member of the police department; but more recently and at present a special officer in the employ of the Metropolitan railroad company. Young Philbrick enlisted in the 41st regiment of volunteers, Col. T. E. Chickering commander, and bears the reputation of being a thorough and fearless soldier, as this achievement attests.

PLUNK OF COTTON.—It is stated in a carefully prepared article in the *Manchester (England) Examiner* that the quantity of cotton likely to flow into the British markets the coming year, will be 2,440,000 bales, or fully equal to the imports of the year 1857, the largest year but one on the list.

This is the result of the stimulation of high prices in all the cotton growing districts outside of North America.

The sooner therefore the rebellion is put down, the better for the leading agricultural interest of the Southern states, and one of the greatest interests of the whole country.

WHY THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—The reason why the dying never weep is because the manufacturers of life have stopped forever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye is dead weeps not; not that all affection is dead to the heart, but because there is not a tear drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip.

IS MAN A RUMINATING ANIMAL?—The New Bedford Mercury is responsible for the following:—"One of our dentists has met with a man who ruminates like an ox—all his food in due time, after being swallowed, being returned to the mouth and remasticated. This is done without any exercise of the patient's will, and is attended with the same quiet enjoyment that marks the countenance of a ruminating cow. The case is to be reported in the *Dental Cosmos*, and we may refer to it again. It is certainly a most extraordinary physiological fact."

A false friend is like a shadow on the sun-dial, appearing in sunshine, but vanishing in shade.



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square one year, 10.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
Half a square one year, 6.00  
Half a square three months, 2.00  
Half a square six months, 3.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 15 cents per line for one insertion, each, and 10 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—DR. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stoughton.—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Worcester.—J. H. HAYES.  
Reading.—L. E. D. GLEASON.  
S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), No. 100 Broadway, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

To Advertisers.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 5, 1864

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MRS. DEMOREST'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. (Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

## THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

The opening of the spring campaign, for this may be called the late movements of the Union forces, has thus far resulted rather unfavorably to the Federals. So it is said and so it is believed by many—for the blunder or mismanagement that caused defeat in Florida, and the retreat of Gen. Smith to Memphis without fully accomplishing his object, have given a slight upward tendency to gold and the reverse to public sentiment; but viewed in the effect they will have upon future movements will these slight checks not result in ultimate good? Certainly some of our generals will learn lessons thereby from experience, that it seems impossible for them to learn in any other way; and these experiences will certainly nerve the troops to fiercer struggles in future engagements.

If the many exaggerated and false reports of the enemy's weakness and exhaustion, which have been so current in the North, have led to place too much confidence in the Northern army and consider the rest of that labor for that army to be slight, those persons will be right by these little reverses. Rebellion is not crushed and there must be much hard fighting before its final overthrow. As in their death-throes, gladiators have been known to exhibit almost superhuman strength, so in the death of the monster rebellion, we may well expect his last efforts will be his most desperate, for his very existence is at stake. Hence we see the need of frequent and heavy blows at the Gorgon's vitals.

Gen. Sherman, if successful, will in conjunction with the fleet, strike one fatal blow at Mobile. Gen. Gilmore still hammers away well at Charleston. Gen. Grant will do all he says he will and more, for he is a man of deeds, not words. Gen. Kilpatrick is doing on a small scale what should be done on a grander scale by forces from Fortress Monroe and Newbern, namely, marching on Richmond.

The future looks auspicious for Union successes and we believe that the hearts of millions will be gladdened, ere the summer campaign closes, with the tidings of a series of most brilliant and telling victories.

CALL.—At a meeting of the First Unitarian Parish, of Woburn, held on Wednesday evening, it was voted unanimously to extend a call to Rev. Eli Fay, of Leominster, to become their pastor. We understand that the Society are enthusiastic in their admiration of Mr. Fay as a preacher, and have great hopes that he will accept the call they have tendered him. Mr. Fay has preached several times in Woburn, and on each occasion gave the best of satisfaction to his hearers.

NEW DEPOT OMNIBUS.—We observe that a fine new Omnibus has been provided by D. D. Hart & Co., for the convenience of railroad passengers over the Woburn Branch. The want of such a conveyance has been seriously felt, and the new vehicle looks so nice that one would almost be tempted to ride against his will.

The South must think a sponge an article of great value. She will pay all her debts with one.

## War Meeting.

The third of a series of war meetings was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 27th. In the absence of Capt. Grammer, Hon. Stephen M. Allen presided. Upon taking the chair he addressed the meeting at length upon their individual duties as citizens and as patriots. "Farmer" Allen, of So. Reading, was expected to be present but was necessarily detained, to the great disappointment of the audience. At 9 o'clock, the meeting adjourned, having failed to obtain a single recruit.

On Monday evening, another meeting was held, Capt. Crane presiding. Our old friend and story teller, Rev. Mr. Squires, formerly of Stoneham road of Franklin, Mass., addressed the audience for a half hour, addressing himself directly to the enrolled men—men of wealth and the ladies. His remarks were interspersed with fact, feeling and wit. Failing to obtain recruits as fast as was desired, he presented the roll directly to each of the male persons present, thereby offering an opportunity for them to give an unequivocal public expression of their intentions. At the close of the meeting the Roll showed seven additional signatures:—Franklin B. Finn, Chas. W. Wellman, Elisha J. Mann, Henry T. Lord, Jacob Ames, W. T. Kendall, Uriah Perkins. Joseph Kilpatrick has since called. All the above are sworn into the service and are to join the 50th Infantry. A letter addressed to the Chairman and signed by "A Soldier's Wife," was read by the Secretary. It was full of patriotic feeling, strong argument, and—doubtless to many—unpleasant questions, altogether it was a spicy communication. At a late hour the meeting adjourned having failed to fill our quota. Fifteen are now required to insure us against the unpleasant contemplation or unpatriotic necessity of a draft. The following named persons, enlisted on Saturday last previous to the meeting:—Michael Foley, Co. F, 16th Regt. and Chas. Bush, Co. K, 30th Regt.

RUNAWAYS.—On Wednesday evening, two horses ran away doing considerable damage. One, belonging to Mr. A. J. Wade, ran with a buggy from Railroad street, near the village of Wood's Hill, to Thompson's farm, thence up Main street, to the Machine Shop, and then back to Pleasant street, where he came in contact with another team, damaging both very much; still considering the ground he travelled over in his mad career, the damage done was slight.

The other horse that ran away was driven by Mr. John Ellard, who was accompanied by his brother, William Ellard. This horse became frightened near the residence of Mr. Porter on Pleasant st., and, shying, struck a post, which upset the occupants, throwing them quite a distance, and somewhat bruising them. The horse continued on toward Cummingsville, and when stopped had not materially damaged the buggy.

NEW HEARSE.—The subject of funeral undertaking having recently been brought before the Board of Selectmen, they voted to appoint Mr. L. H. Allen Funeral Undertaker for Woburn, provided he would furnish a good hearse, and agree to meet the desires and wants of the community. This he has done, and in a card in another column, he makes known his facilities for performing the work entrusted to him. The Selectmen, in taking this matter in hand, have been actuated solely by a desire to serve the best interests of the town, and their endeavors in this direction ought to receive the countenance of every good citizen. The selection of Mr. Allen for the position of undertaker, is a good one, and we have no doubt but that he will give satisfaction in all respects.

PRESENTATION.—At the regular monthly meeting of Mount Hope Lodge of Free Masons of this town, held on Wednesday evening, Charles Kimball, Esq., was presented with a very fine Past Master's Jewel by the members of the Lodge. From this we are led to judge that the estimable qualities of this gentleman shine as well in secret as in public, and that his good works follow him in all the paths of life. Mr. Kimball entertained his friends at supper, at the Central House, at the close of the meeting.

AN apology is due to our readers for the dearth of variety in this week's inside. The excuse we have to offer is—our utter inability to procure the help necessary to do the work. The enlistment of one of our hands last week, left us helpless in a measure, and at this moment composers are not to be had for any consideration. In the course of a week or two we hope to be all right again.

REV. T. STAR KING died at San Francisco yesterday, March 4th, of diphtheria. Mr. King went to California about four years ago. Since penning the above we have been told that Mr. King first sermon was preached in Woburn, about 19 years ago.

THE DRAFT.—We believe that the draft has been postponed until April 1st, until which time the Government bounty will be paid. This gives an opportunity for another rally for the cause, which we hope will result in filling the quota of our town. We need but a few more men, and these few must be obtained by volunteering and not drafting.

ROOM PAPER.—A large and varied stock of new spring patterns of Room Paper, has just been received at the Woburn Bookstore, from New York. Purchasers are invited to call and examine the assortment.

FULLBLOOM.—Corp. T. Marvin Parker, of Co. K, 39th Regt., arrived home last night on a furlough of twenty days. Mr. Parker has been sick in Washington for some time.

We understand that Dr. B. Cutter, is confined to his bed with typhoid fever. We can but express the universal wish, that he may soon become convalescent.

## Letter from the Rangers.

CAMP NEAR MITCHELL'S STATION VA. }  
FEBRUARY 26TH, 1864. }

DEAR JOURNAL.—The Christian Commission having furnished a canvas covering for a chapel, Col. Davis immediately had a building 17 by 30 feet constructed for that purpose. It is built of oak logs, split and hewed. On entering the door you first notice the rostrum and opposite is a gallery for a band. Left side is a large brick fire place, from the ridge-pole hangs a chandelier made of walnut wood, upon which rest the candles which give light to the multitude.

The walls are very tastefully decorated with evergreen and cedar boughs. The letter "G," made of sprigs of Cedar enclosed within a wreath of the same, hangs at one end of the hall and has something to do with the mysteries of the Masons. Directly opposite this is the number of our reg't "39."

The bright rifles and the banners of our nation and state adorn the walls; the former almost speaking its ability to defend the latter wherever they are carried, and giving the whole thing a military aspect.

Such was the appearance of the hall on the evening of its dedication Saturday, 20th inst. A large audience had assembled early in the evening, and although the largest portion of it was composed of the rank and file, there was a good representation of the shoulder straps and crinolines.

The exercises consisted of music by 16th Maine Band, Prayer, Reading of scriptures, singing, and speeches were made by Chaplains 10 7th Penn. and 16th Maine, Col. P. S. Davis, Surgeon Alexander, and Quartermaster White. On the whole the occasion was a pleasant one and it is to be hoped that the object for which the house was built will be fully realized and it would be if a grain of life and activity was introduced into the affairs of the Chaplain, who receives a first Lieutenant's pay.

It is a shame that the government should be obliged to be to so great an expense and receive so little benefit in return.

Lieut. Luther F. Wyman has been transferred to Co. "A," and Sergt. Major Edwin Mills of Somerville, having been commissioned 2d Lieutenant, has been assigned to "K." Private Edward F. Crocker Co. "C," having been on detached service for the past seven months at Division Head Quarters, is promoted Sergeant Major. Private Samuel McFeeley has been promoted to Corporal vice Parker Eaton resigned. Under the new call of the President cannot Co. K, of the 39th Mass. receive enough more recruits to fill the company. We have now upon our roll, 91 men, 4 of whom have been transferred to the Invalid Corps, but of whom we have had no official information. This will leave the number of recruits wanted 11. Let the company which was always called the Woburn Company, be called the Woburn Co. still, and in order to preserve its name let its ranks be kept full by recruits from home, so long as there stands ready a man who desires to come into the service of his country. O.

EAST TENNESSEE.—The Resolves relating to the suffering people of East Tennessee were discussed on Thursday last week, the pending question being on a motion to reconsider the vote adopting the amendment offered by Mr. Smith of Gloucester, which struck out the resolve appropriating one hundred thousand dollars and inserted two resolves recommending that the Governor issue a brief to the people, appointing a Legislative committee to co-operate, &c. &c. Messrs. Bulard of Royalston, Allen of South Reading, Hopkins, of Northampton, and Borden of Fall River, favored the reconsideration and the adoption of the original resolves, and Messrs. Disbee of Worthington, Farlow of Newton, and Rainey of Boston spoke in opposition.

Mr. Allen of South Reading, known as "Farmer Allen," made a humorous allusion to the different views which the lawyers had presented in regard to the constitutionality of the appropriation. He said that the gentlemen of the legal profession seemed to be about equally divided in opinion, and inquired what the farmers, who did not profess to know much about the law, were to do in such a case. For himself he had listened to the entire discussion and his mind was fully made up to vote for the resolves as originally reported, and all he had heard confirmed him in the conviction that he had the right to vote so and that it was a patriotic privilege and duty to vote for them. But while listening to the gentlemen of the bar, some of whom argued that we had no constitutional right to make this appropriation, and others equally eminent and equally able argued just as strenuously that we had a perfect right to make it, he could not help thinking of the Dutch Justice out West. This justice had a case before him in which two Yankee lawyers appeared. The first opened his cause and presented his side of the question with great vehemence and ability, making it out with apparent clearness that the law was with him. When he had finished, the justice turned to the other lawyer and said, he need not present his argument—the cause was already decided. But, said the lawyer, I insist upon speaking. I have a right to speak, the law gives me the right, and I demand a hearing. Very well, said the justice, go on. When the second lawyer had concluded, after arguing with equal ability and clearness, altho' taking precisely the opposite ground from his opponent, the Dutch justice seemed a little puzzled; but, after a while, scratching his head, he turned to the lawyers and forcibly remarked: "Gentlemen, you talk well, you have each of you made out a good case, and all I have to say is, that one of you lies like the d—l!" The house rang with laughter at this hit, and Farmer Allen resumed his seat, leaving the members to make the application.

At private of the Invalid Corps was last week passed by the Casey Examining Board for the rank of Colonel of a colored regiment.

## Burning of the Church in Wilmington.

Of our dear lofty church, we were but justly proud: Its steeples tapering soared, to touch the truant cloud: Its tip by bird adorn'd—a golden chandelier, The vagrant wind to catch, and show its wily veer.

The quiet seats for all, and beautiful arch within, Where rose the wise good man, to lure us back from sin; The music not so ill, and hymn of sweet accord, Were rites to bind true worshippers of Christ the Lord.

And busy recollection runs from friend to friend: Away are some, and many at life's journey's end. How they set here or there, they were, and then were gone; This structure too, is ashes now and crumbling stone.

All look'd in fear and awe, when round the spire's tall height, Thick smoke was pierc'd with flame in arrowy tongues of light, Then lower down they sprang, resplendent in their sheen, The glory dazzling ken, as we had never seen.

Ere midnight's murky gloom this last great rite was done, And desolation sat enthroned, when rose the Unsacred by time this house for ages might have stood; This temple by our fathers built of precious wood.

For all our pleasant things laid waste we lift our cry, As Judah's people mourned, as homesick captives sigh; In sadness and in silence and in solemn thrall, We bow and turn our hearts to Thee Great God of all.

Wilmington, Feb. 1864.

## SOUTH READING.

SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.—Ten of the schools will have their public exhibitions on Thursday and Friday of next week, as follows:—On Thursday a. m.,—No 1 and 2 Center Primaries (and Greenwood. Thursday p. m.,—North and Montrose schools. Friday a. m.,—Woodville and Center Junior Intermediate. Friday p. m.,—the two West Ward schools, and Center Senior Intermediate. The private examinations a. c. being made the present week.

WELCOME TO RE-ENLISTED SOLDIERS.—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 23d, a meeting was held at the army under the auspices of the Fire Department, to welcome home the returned re-enlisted soldiers of the 24th and other regiments. These veterans were introduced by Mr. Lewis Fairbanks, one of the Engineers of the Department, when Mr. Horatio Dolliver, another of the Engineers, as also one of the Selectmen, being called upon to preside over the meeting, extended to them a cordial welcome, and in behalf of the citizens thanked them for their readiness to return to the scenes of danger and conflict in the service of their country. Apt remarks were made by Messrs. Peter Folsom, D. B. Wheelock, Hon. Lillie Eaton, Hon. P. H. Sweetser, Eliam Porter, Esq., and Capt. Wm. H. Walker. After these exercises, the Company, under the escort of Capt. Dunn, retired to the hall below, where a bountiful collation had been prepared by Mr. Fairbanks. This was no unmeaning gathering, for the people have some appreciation of the services which these veteran soldiers have already rendered, and of their willingness to endure other privations and hardships in the cause of our common country.

HORTICULTURAL.—Interesting meetings of the Horticultural Society have been held during the winter evenings. Last Monday evening it was held with Doctor J. G. Brown; two weeks previous, with Capt. Samuel Kingman, and the next on March 14, will be held with Samuel Gardner, Esq. The small fruits will be the subject for discussion.

OUR QUOTA.—Last week we stated that our quota was full. Since then it has been reported that we lacked some 8 men, and measures were adopted to procure them.—There is a difference of opinion between the authorities at the State House, and the Provost Marshall. According to the decision of the former our quota was full, but according to opinion of the latter, we were deficient.—Probably the decision of Gen. Schouler was correct, but to make sure in the matter, the committee continued to recruit until they obtained the number that would be satisfactory to the Provost Marshall.

PERSONAL.—Chester W. Eaton, Esq. has taken an office over the shoe store of Charles E. Niles, on Main street, where he may be found in readiness to enter into any engagement, connected with the legal profession.

SOCIABLE.—A social gathering in aid of the Soldiers Relief Association will be held in the Town Hall, next Monday evening.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE DRAFT.—The Secretary of War, in response to a note addressed to him by Senator Wilson, requesting his views regarding the joint resolution of the House to continue the payment of bounties, to the first of April says that in his opinion the requisite troops can be more expeditiously raised by continuing the payment of bounties as proposed than by any other means; Secondly, That at present great exertions are being made in the several States to raise their quotas by volunteers so as to avoid a draft, the people preferring that method of raising troops. Thirdly, That Gen. Burnside and Hancock, the State Legislatures and Executives are earnestly requesting the continuance of the bounties until the 1st of April; Fourthly, That in his opinion the joint resolution of the House is wise and judicious, and that its speedy passage by the Senate would greatly promote the public welfare and strengthen the military force more quickly and effectually than can be accomplished in any other mode. The joint resolution now only awaits the President's signature to become a law.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SOCIAL GATHERINGS.—The want of opportunities whereby many of our townspeople could be brought together oftener in a social manner has been long apparent. Especially have new comers felt this, and remarked upon the fact that they had been in town for a long time without becoming acquainted with, it may be, their near neighbors or at any rate, others with whom they would esteem it a pleasure to meet in fraternal intercourse. The two religious denominations have their frequent meetings which bring their adherents together for various purposes and afford some occasion for the exhibition of the social spirit. But outside of these, there are a large number who do not attend these meetings, and hence have very few opportunities (if any) to meet each other, or those before referred to.

The meetings of the Soldiers' Aid Society have accomplished some good in this respect, as affording a common ground upon which all could meet and labor together in a benevolent work. We need in this community to have more of the social element drawn out and seen in our lives and conversation. It is gratifying to notice here the fact, that during the past winter, more than usual, quite a number of social gatherings have taken place among neighbors, friends and acquaintances. The younger portion of the community have not been overlooked, but provision has been made for their entertainment in several homes, where they have received a kind and cordial welcome and passed a leisure evening in the enjoyment of those innocent pleasures which help to smooth the rugged path of life.

The fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, have in some instances had their gatherings where they have met their friends, old and young, in social converse and around the festive board where the sterner realities of life have been for awhile forgotten, and the thoughts fixed on happier themes. One of these social gatherings, took place last week at the residence of one of our most esteemed citizens on Walnut Street. The guests were received and entertained by their hosts with that generous hospitality for which they are well known. The rooms were fragrant with numerous choice bouquets of flowers, while their surroundings indicated the marks of refined and cultivated taste of the occupants of the house. The opportunity of meeting with friends was pleasantly improved and the ties of friendship renewed and strengthened. During the evening, the company were invited to the supper table, which was liberally spread with tempting viands, sufficient to satisfy the most epicurean taste. The efforts of our worthy hosts were unremitting that their guests should be acquainted with each other, and their hospitality was meted out in an unstinted measure. Let such occasions be multiplied, where the social feeling shall predominate, political differences be forgotten and the delights of fraternal fellowship be kept alive and strengthened. Let us provide for our young people such opportunities for innocent recreation and amusement as shall prevent them from going elsewhere to obtain it in not so desirable a form. Let us welcome whatever will conduce to such results and not feel ourselves that we are above the need of them, or that our children can dispense with their beneficial influences.

CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.—Surgeon Goodwin late of the U. S. Army, gave his experience of Hospital and Camp life in the Army of the Cumberland and that of the Potomac, in the vestry of the Cong. Church last Friday evening, for the benefit of the Christian Commission.

SCHOOLS.—The public examination of the schools for the winter term closed on Friday last week. That of the High School occupied the last day and was fully attended notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The examination was very creditable, the reading particularly so. The average attendance the past term was 41 out of 43 scholars.

LECTURE.—Luther Hills of Boston, Anthropologist, will give an address upon the subject of "Physical Development, as essential to Moral, Intellectual and Social Improvements, and governed by the inevitable law of Heredity" on Thursday Evening next, in lower Lyceum Hall. This will be free to all, as he desires to give a course of lectures provided sufficient encouragement is given. He is well recommended, and the subject is one of interest and importance.

DEPOT MASTER.—Mr. Sanford the Depot Master at this place, feeling that the work devolving upon him was rather onerous, and having another situation tendered him, recently resigned his office. The Corporation being unwilling to lose the services of so valuable an officer have induced him to withdraw his resignation, and given him an additional assistant. The Corporation have in this instance acted wisely and well, as the departure of Deacon Sanford would not only be a great loss to them, but to those who travel on the railroad, who cannot fail to recognize in him a faithful, public servant.

FISH.—It may not be generally known, that the law provides that whoever takes and catches any pickerel in the waters of our town from the first day of December to the first day of May, is liable to prosecution, and if convicted of the offence, to pay one dollar for every pickerel so taken. Our vigilant Piscatorial Committee, whose duty it is to see that this law is not violated, found recently that certain persons from Woburn, not having the fear of the law before their eyes, were catching pickerel within our borders. The guilty parties were arrested, and after examination before a Justice were sentenced to pay a small fine. Had the Committee pursued their investigations in other parts of the town, they would have found some more victims. Fishermen, however much your appetites may tempt or your leisure opportunities incline, beware how you break through the ice and tempt the fishes with your living bait, lest you be caught by a

Bracket in such a way that it will be expensive to free yourselves and the damage inflicted not be light. Really as the business of this Committee is increasing, we may hope to hear a written report from them at the next Town Meeting. It has puzzled some of our citizens to know what were the duties of this important Committee, composed as it is of one who knows how to carve in stone or marble the human face and form; another an able expounder of constitutional law; and a third who sees that law is enforced as well as provides for the wants of those inclined to use other than "shank's mare" in business or in pleasure; with such ability on the part of its members, there can be no question but that this Committee will act wisely and well in the work assigned them.

THE SOLDIER'S TRUE FRIEND.—For over forty years, Doctor Holloway has been supplying all the Armies of Europe with his PILLS AND OINTMENT, they having proved themselves the only Medicine able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scoury, Sores, Wounds and Bruises. Every knapsack should contain them. Only 25 cents per box or pot, 23c.

FACTS CANNOT LIE.—It would be easy to fill a column of this newspaper with testimonials in favor of *Gravel, Catarrhs, Sufferers*, but its merits are so universally known that press-publicity is almost needless. The proprietor feels happy to know that his Salve is now in almost every home, not only in New England, but in the Middle and Western States. It cures rheumatism, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, boils, piles, salt-rheum, and all eruptions of the skin. The fact of its having cured all these and other inflammatory diseases of the cuticle cannot be disputed. See advertisement in another column.

## Special Notices.

## A CARD.

To the Inhabitants of Woburn.—As appears from the Records of the Board of Selectmen, on the 19th of August, 1863, a committee was appointed to take into consideration the matter of procuring a new hearse for the Town. Before any definite action was had in the case, Mr. L. H. Allen proposed to the Board that he would furnish a hearse which should be perfectly satisfactory to the people of Woburn, at his own expense, on condition that he should be appointed an Undertaker. Knowing the competency of Mr. Allen for the business in question, and taking into consideration the fact, that several hundred dollars could be saved to the town, the following order was passed unanimously by the Board, Dec. 3, 1863.

RESOLVED, That, "As a better Hearse is required by the town than the one now in use, and a better system is demanded for the burial of the dead, We, therefore, do constitute and appoint Mr. L. H. Allen, a Funeral Undertaker for Woburn, on condition that he shall furnish at his own expense, such a hearse and appendages as shall be approved by our Board."

A committee of our Board has examined the Hearse and requisite appendages as furnished by Mr. Allen, and reported the same as highly satisfactory, and said report has been accepted by the Board; so we have now appointed our respected fellow townsman, Mr. Leonard Houghton Allen, a Funeral Undertaker for Woburn, and as such we commend him with our best wishes, to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, who may have occasion for his services. It is conditional in this appointment that the funeral charges of the Undertaker shall not more than his heretofore been paid, so that no complaint can be made of the change on account of expense.

We have well consulted the Statutes, which we as Selectmen and Board of Health, are bound to observe, (see General Statutes, chapter 36, Sec. 1, Chapter 38, Sec. 6, &c.) and we feel strong in our conviction that we have law, right and duty on our side.

VOTED, (March 3d, 1864) That a statement of facts in the case be published by the Board in the "Middlesex Journal" and the "Townsmen."

A. E. THOMPSON,  
Clerk of the Board of Selectmen of Woburn.  
Selectmen's Office, Woburn, March 4th, 1864.—1w.

## Warren Academy.

The Spring term at this institution will commence March 21 to continue thirteen weeks. There will be a preparatory department under the charge of a female teacher, in which children will be received as young as their parents may choose to send them.

BENJAMIN CUTLER, Sec'y.

## TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections, (free of charge,) by sending their address to

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, King of County,  
17-6w New York.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove again Victorious.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove, manufactured by SILE A. FARNHAM & CO. of Albany was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair at Rochester, Oct. 1st, 1863, again at the Fair, Sept. 15, 1864. Twice this excellent Stove has stood the test and twice has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best cooking Stove in the country, and has been fully sustained by the people in this and the adjoining States, as it has received the highest commendations from all sections of the country where it has been introduced.

For sale by J. F. LORING, Worcester, and FATCH & CO., Fitchburg.

## Preserve your Beauty.

Symmetry of form, your health and mental powers, by using that safe, pleasant, popular, and specific remedy known as *HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU*. Read the advertisement in another column, and profit by it—Diseases and Symptoms enumerated. Cut it out and preserve it. You may not now require it, but may at some future day. "It gives health and vigor to the frame, and blood to the system, and cures all diseases. It saves long suffering and exposure. Beware of Counterfeits! Cures Guaranteed!"

## Married.

SMITH.—FLINT.—In Woburn, 3d inst. by Rev. J. C. Bodwell, Sergt. B. Frank Smith, of the 4th Mass Battery, to Susan, daughter of Mr. F. Flint, of this town.

## Died.

In Woburn, Feb. 28th, Owen Reddy, aged 49 years.

In Woburn, Feb. 28th, Abigail Hackett, 78 yrs, 10 mos.

In Winchester, Feb. 28, Mrs. Jane R. wife of Mr. Stephen Nichols, aged 64 yrs, 7 mos, 10 days.

In Winchester, Feb. 15th, from effects of a cold, Katie Flynn, aged 1 year 8 months.

Feb. 21st, Emily L., daughter of Ozo Kimball, aged 3 years, 2 months.

SHEA.—In Woburn, Feb. 25, Ellen, daughter of John and Mary Shea, 1 year 9 mos.

MURPHY.—29th Mary, daughter of John and Mary Murphy, 1 year 8 months.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Woburn Post Office, Mar. 5, 1864.  
Chittenden, M. A. Gustin, Susan C. Mrs.  
Gallegher, Catherine Harmon, Stephen  
McGowan, Margaret Murray, Elsie  
Mooney, Hugh Town, Henry  
Mail closes at 7 A. M., and 12.30 P. M.  
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

## L. H. ALLEN, FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.

FURNISHES at his Ware-room, three doors north of depot, Caskets of all sizes and qualities. Black Walnut, Mahogany, White Wood, and Pine coffins, of every size and price. Plates of various styles, and Plain and Fancy Handles. Tricots, Cashmere, Colored, Lawn, Muslin, and Cambric Shrouds. Metallic Caskets furnished at the shortest notice. Every thing furnished at the lowest living prices.

The subscriber having received from the Board of Selectmen the appointment of Funeral Undertaker for the town, now offers to the public his new and elegant HEARSE, which has been manufactured expressly to his order, and which he will furnish with one or a pair of horses, at the usual price.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies of deceased persons by cold air alone, without the direct application of fire, which is so repugnant to the feelings. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the ordinary way. All orders are filled with the promptness of business, and delivered within ten miles free of expense.

L. H. ALLEN.  
Woburn Center, March 4, 1864.—2d 6w



## COLLECTOR'S SALE

## IN SOUTH READING.

THE following described parcels of Real Estate in South Reading, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, owned or supposed to be owned by the persons hereinafter named, and assessed for the year 1862, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said assessments, will be offered for sale at Public Auction at the office of E. A. Upton, over the store of Charles E. Niles & Co., on the easterly side of Main Street, in said South Reading, on THURSDAY, the 31st day of March current, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for non-payment of taxes assessed for the year 1862, and all incidental costs and charges unless the same shall have been previously discharged.

E. A. UPTON,  
Collector of the Town of South Reading for the year 1862.

South Reading, March 1, 1864.

John Addison—2 acres of meadow land near Bare Hill Brook.

Highway Tax, \$0.05.

John Addison, Jr.—2 acres of tillage land near Bare Hill Brook.

Tax, \$0.31. Highway Tax, \$0.15.

A. H. Allen—1 acre of land on Greenwood Street.

Tax, \$1.26. Highway Tax, \$0.08.

John Buckman—1 acre of land on McKay's Plan.

Tax, \$0.84. Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Wm. L. Brown's Estate—1 acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of Main Street and bounded westerly by said Main Street; northerly by land of G. S. Churchill; easterly by land of Oliver E. Skinner and Luther Crocker, and southerly by land of Edward Mansfield.

Tax \$25.20.

Also 1 acre of land on Wiley Street, and bounded westerly by said Wiley Street; northerly by land of E. E. Wiley's heirs; easterly and southerly by land of the South Reading Branch Railroad.

Tax, \$0.34.

Also 3/4 acres of pasture land situated on the northerly side of Cordis Street.

Tax, \$2.94.

O. W. Bartlett—Lots 14, 15 on Plan of House Lots of D. J. Norcross, and bounded easterly by Main Street; south by Lot No. 16, on said Plan; west by land of the Boston and Maine Railroad; and north by Lot No. 18 on said Plan.

Tax, \$3.36. Highway Tax, \$0.20.

H. J. Bosworth—Lot No. 41 on A. Wiley's Plan. For description see Book of Plans No. 4, Page 75, Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.42. Highway Tax, \$0.03.

H. A. Brewer—Lot No. 19, on Robinson's Plan, and recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds.

Tax, \$0.42. Highway Tax, \$0.03.

E. C. Bailey—Lot No. 62 on Robinson's Plan, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.84. Highway Tax, \$0.05.

E. C. Bailey—Lot No. 62 on Robinson's Plan, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.42. Highway Tax, \$0.03.

Edward Brown—Lot No. 30, situated on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.05.

Geo. W. Bennett—Lot No. 31 on Sargent's Plan of House Lots.

Tax, \$1.68. Highway Tax, \$0.10.

John B. Bennett—Lot No. 5, Sullivan's Plan, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$1.05.

Wm. V. Clendenen—1 acre of land being Lots 11 and 18 on Plan of Adam Wiley, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.63. Highway Tax, \$0.04.

For particular description of Lot No. 38, see deed recorded in said Registry, Book 638, Page 355.

Tax on Lot No. 11, \$0.63.

Highway Tax, 4

Thomas H. Cooper—1 acre of land with building thereon, situated on Mechanic Street, and bounded northerly by said street; easterly by land of Wm. M. Arrington; south by land of Jas. E. Parker, and westerly by land of Joseph D. Mansfield.

Tax, \$2.31. Highway Tax, \$0.13.

A. L. & W. Cooley—House Lot on Prospect Street.

Tax, \$1.26. Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Samuel Cummings—Lot No. 30, on Robinson's Plan, which is recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.63. Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Eron Damon—one acre of meadow land and two acres of woodland adjoining, situated on the westerly side of Grove Street, and bounded east by said Grove Street; west by the Boston and Maine Railroad, and northerly and southerly by owners unknown.

Tax, \$0.63.

Charles H. Davis—1 acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on Park Street, and bounded east by Joseph Cartwright; south by land of Lucinda Spaulding; west by land of Josiah Norcross; north by said street.

Tax, \$1.18.

A. L. Dennison—2 lots of land on Franklin and Nahant Street, about 1/2 of an acre, bounded east by land of Cyrus Philpot; south by said Franklin Street; west by land of Dager, and north by said Nahant Street.

Tax, \$1.68.

A. S. Ferguson on Loan and Fund Association—1 acre of land with dwelling house thereon, bounded southerly by land of Wm. S. Brown; west and north by land of C. W. Green, and east by a private way.

Tax, \$0.24. Highway Tax, \$0.05.

J. P. Ferdinand—1 acre of land being Lots Nos. 56 and 60 on Sargent's Plan No. 3, which is recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 14.

Tax on No. 60, \$0.42. Tax on No. 60, \$0.42.

J. Fulton—House Lot, 1/4 acre of land on Grove Street, being Lot No. 13 in Sargent's Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 65.

Tax, \$1.26. Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Edward Gallagher—1 1/2 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Water Street, and bounded north by said street; easterly by land of Wm. J. Butler, and southerly and westerly by land of Jeremiah Green.

Tax, \$10.92.

Daniel Green—4 acres of woodland.

Tax, \$1.26. Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Edward W. Green—One acre of tillage land on Elm Street, and bounded northerly by said street; easterly by land of Davis Foster's heirs; southerly by land of Joseph Hartshorn, and westerly by land of Geo. A. Winn, and is a part of the orchard of the late Suel Winn.

Tax, \$2.62. Highway Tax, \$0.15.

Charles Givens—Lot No. 2, on P. H. Satter's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 76.

Tax, \$0.84. Highway Tax, \$0.03.

A. P. Ham—Lot No. 23, on J. Sullivan's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, Page 68.

Tax, \$1.26.

Jos. L. Hurd—1/4 acre of land situated on the southerly side of Salem Street, and bound-

ed northerly by said Street; easterly by land of Rhoda Lee, and southerly and westerly by land of Lilley Eaton.

Tax, \$0.82. Highway Tax, \$0.83.

Jos. M. Holden—1/4 acre of land near Railroad Bridge.

Tax, \$3.78. Highway Tax, \$0.23.

Wm. E. Hale—Lot No. 29 on Moses Sweetser's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 72.

Tax, \$0.42. Highway Tax, \$0.03.

Susannah Hawkes—Lot of land on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.68. Highway Tax, \$0.10.

J. & W. W. Hastings—Lots Nos. 49 and 55 of Plan No. 1, of P. R. Slater, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax on No. 49, \$0.254.

Tax on No. 55, \$0.254.

L. A. & L. U. Hopkins—1 1/4 acres of pasture land on Prospect Street.

Tax, \$4.62.

South Reading Ice Co.—4 acres of land with ice houses thereon situated near Crystal Lake, and bounded south by said Lake; east by land of the Boston and Maine Railroad Company; north by Broadway, and west by land of E. R. Warren.

Tax, \$26.88.

Silas Jones—Lot No. 7, on Gould Street.

Tax, \$1.68. Highway Tax, \$0.10.

Joel Knights—Lot No. 12, on Robinson's Plan which is recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, Page 7.

Tax, \$0.21. Highway Tax, \$0.02.

Leonard Kendall—Lots 77 and 78 with the buildings thereon situated on the southerly side of Salem Street, in South Reading, and bounded northerly by said Street; easterly and southerly by land of Jonathan Nichols, and westerly by land of Jos. L. Wiley.

Tax, \$4.20.

Samuel Kimball—Lot of land with the buildings thereon situated in the southerly part of South Reading, westerly by the Boston and Maine Railroad.

Tax, \$13.86. Highway Tax, \$2.38.

Freeman Leavitt—1/4 acre of land with buildings thereon, bounded northerly by A. W. Chapman's land; easterly by land of A. W. Chapman's heirs; southerly by an owner unknown, and northerly by a private way called Emerson Street.

Tax, \$7.77. Highway Tax, \$1.73.

A. D. Lamson—Lot No. 2, on Plan of House Lots of John Gould's estate, bounded northerly by Salem Street, one hundred and thirty feet; easterly by Lot No. 1 on said Plan, 95 feet; southerly by Lot No. 11, one hundred and thirty feet, and westerly by Lot No. 3, ninety-two and a half feet.

Tax, \$4.20. Highway Tax, \$0.25.

Thos. J. Lord—5 1/2 acres of tillage land near Main Street.

Tax, \$5.88.

Also 16 acres of pasture land adjoining.

Tax, \$8.40.

Also 2 acres of meadow land. Tax, \$0.84.

Also 1/4 acre of woodland. Tax, \$0.46.

Alvah P. Lord—1/4 acre of land on Oak Street.

Tax, \$2.26.

Marcus A. Metcalf—Lots 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 26 on Sargent's Plan No. 2, recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax on Lots 16, 17, 18, 19, \$2.80.

" " " " 20, 26, 1.40

" " " " 21, 22, 2.10

Darius A. Martin—2 1/2 acres of land being Lots 29, 30, 46, 47, 48, 49, 55, 57, 58, 59, on Sargent's Plan of the year 1847, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 14. Also three-sixteenths acre of land being Lot No. 2, on P. H. Sweetser's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 72.

Tax on Lots 29, 30, \$0.92.

" " " " 46, 47, 48, 49, 1.84.

" " " " 55, 46.

" " " " 57, 58, 59, 1.38.

Richard Merrill—1/4 acre of land.

Tax, \$1.26. Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Assa Murdock's estate—Lot No. 19 on Plan No. 1, of P. R. Slater, recorded with Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65. Also Lot No. 16 on Plan No. 2, of said Slater recorded in said Book, Page 12. Also 1/4 acre on Green Street.

Tax on Lot No. 19, \$0.56.

" " " " 16, 0.66.

" " " " 1/4 acre of land, 56.

James Mahany—1/4 acre of tillage land.

Tax, \$1.68. Highway Tax, \$0.10.

Mason and Weston—Lot No. 10 on R. H. Sweetser's Plan, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 76.

Tax, \$0.63. Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Michael Murphy—5 1/2 acres of land and buildings thereon, situated on Hart Street.

Tax, \$7.35.

Also four acres of mowing and tillage land in Woodville.

Tax, \$3.36.

Also 6 acres of woodland on Water Street.

Tax, \$2.10.

Nathaniel C. Mayo—3 1/2 acres of land situated on Park Street, and bounded southerly by said Street, westerly by land of Josiah Norcross, and northerly by land of Jeremiah Bryant and easterly by an owner unknown.

Tax, \$11.55.

W. & G. B. Neagle—Lot No. 60, on Slater's Plan No. 1, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.25. Highway Tax, \$0.02.

S. L. Noyes—Lot No. 18, on E. E. Wiley's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 73.

Tax, \$0.63. Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Eliza Pierce—Lot No. 27, on Sullivan's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, Page 68.

Tax, \$0.84.

Lois Pope—1/4 acre of land on Elm street; bounded Northerly by said Elm Street, West-erly and Southerly by land of Davis Foster's heirs, and Easterly by land now or late of John Perkins and Wm. H. Willis.

Tax, \$0.21. Highway Tax, \$0.02.

Caleb Putney—Lot of land and buildings thereon, situated on the Southerly side of Water Street, and bounded Northerly by said Street; Easterly by land of Ira Wiley; southerly by land of said Wiley, and West-erly by land now or formerly of Assa Murdock.

Tax, \$6.72. Highway Tax, \$1.47.

Samuel Putney—Lot of land and buildings thereon, situated on Lowell street, and bound-ed Southerly by Lowell street; West-erly by land formerly of Samuel P. Avery; North-erly by land of Jane E. Woods, and East-erly by land of Abraham Gould.

Tax, \$7.56. Highway Tax, \$1.77.

Unknown owners—Lots 2, 3, 5, 8, 17, 33, 34, on Sargent's Plan No. 2, recorded with

Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 17.

Tax on Lots Nos. 2 and 3, \$2.40.

" " " " 8, 1.20.

" " " " 17, 1.20.

" " " " 33 and 34, 2.40.

Jas. G. Pendleton, Lots 166, 167, on Ice Company's Plan; recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 71.

Tax, \$1.47. Highway Tax, \$0.09.

Julius T. Parkhurst—Lots 21 on Slater's Plan No. 2, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 6.

Tax, \$0.30. Highway Tax, \$0.02.

Michael Reagan—the southerly half of Lot No. 118, on Robinson's plan, and bounded Northerly by land of J. P. Reagan, easterly by land formerly of O. S. Moulton, southerly by a Private Way known as Bainter street, and westerly by land now or formerly of Lawrence Flynn.

Tax, \$0.63. Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Michael G. Riley—Lot No. 70 on plan of P. R. Slater, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.63.

Thomas Searle—Lot No. 1, on P. H. Sweetser's plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 76.

Tax, \$0.84.

Hezekiah A. Stark—Lots 123, 124, Ice Company's plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 71.

Tax, \$0.84. Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Also, Lot No. 125, on Sargent's plan No. 3, recorded in said Registry, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 14.

Tax on Lots Nos. 123 & 124, 1.68.

" " " " 125, .84.

" " " " 42 & 64 equally, .84.

W. E. Stetson—One acre of tillage land south of Smith's Pond.

Tax, \$2.62. Highway Tax, \$0.15.

J. H. Targett—Lot No. 3, Robinson's plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, Page 7.

Tax, \$0.34. Highway Tax, \$0.03.

E. L. Tuttle—Lot 64, on Slater's Plan No. 1, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.42. Highway Tax, \$0.03.

Jas. P. Whitcomb—Lot No. 18 on Sullivan's plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, Page 68.

Tax, \$0.84.

Henry Thompson—Lot of land with the buildings thereon, bounded east and south by land of Edwards, westerly by land of William Tyzzer, and north by a Private Way.

Tax, \$1.97.

B. Waldmeyer—1/4 acre of land.

Tax, \$1.26. Highway Tax, \$0.08.

A. S. Weymouth—Lot No. 22 on Lord's estate.

Tax, \$1.26. Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Michael Woods—Lot No. 23, on Sullivan's plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, Page 68.

Tax, \$1.05.

Charles Wilson—Lot No. 12, on Sullivan's plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, Page 68.

Tax, \$0.84.

**VOLUNTEERS AND CONSCRIPTS!**

To Soldiers or any others wishing to in-

crease their income, there is no better way of doing so at this time, than from the sale of our Watches. They are warranted as represented!

"Particularly valuable for officers in the Army and travellers."—Frank Leslie's, Feb. 21.

"Prettiest, best and cheapest timepieces ever offered."—N. Y. Illustrated News, Jan. 10.

"Very pretty and durable Watches for the Army."—N. Y. Army & Navy Journal, [Government Organ.] Aug. 20.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—Louisville, Ky., Journal, July 31.

**MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS.**

Being a Hunting or Open Face or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch Combined, with Patent Self-Winding Improvement, a most pleasing Novelty.

One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest time-pieces for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate time-piece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, \$204. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, \$35.

**Silver Watches.**

First Class Hunting Time-Pieces for accuracy of movement, beauty of material, and above all, cheapness in price, these watches must insure universal approbation.

The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Sterling Silver, while the inner one is German silver, it cannot be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it, not only in appearance, but in durability, the best substance of Solid Sterling Silver in existence.

The sale of these Watches in



# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

W<sup>e</sup> call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS.

INSURANCE POLICIES.

BANK CHECKS.

CIRCULARS.

PROGRAMMES.

PAMPHLETS.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

LEGAL BLANKS.

BILL HEADS.

CATALOGUES.

SERMONS.

NOTE BOOKS.

BLANK RECEIPTS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ADDRESS CARDS.

CALL CARDS.

ORDER OF DANCES.

SHOW BILLS.

POSTERS.

AUCTION BILLS.

SHOP BILLS.

MILK BILLS.

LABELS.

Particular attention paid to printing

POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS.

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

STURGIS'S

ELECTRIC COMPOUND,

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR

Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

Also, Invaluable for Spinal Irritation, Hip Complaints, Ague in the Face, Tooth Ache, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Earache, Lum- bago, &c.

The proprietor, in offering this medicine to the public, desires to state that this preparation does not belong to that class called patent medicines. Its value has been tested for many years, and it has been found in every case to be a most reliable and efficacious remedy for the above complaints, which other celebrated remedies have failed to reach, and which have baffled the skill of eminent physicians. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure but one class of disease. All persons who are afflicted with any of these complaints, and earnestly requested to try this Compound and judge for themselves.

Among the Advantages of this medicine are the following:

Its effect is very rapid, in most cases instantaneous.

It is external in its application, and the patient runs no risk in using it. It does not strike to the stomach.

It reaches the nerves and muscles, as it is believed no other medicine does.

It has cured some of the most violent and obstinate cases of Neuralgia ever known.

It can be used on a child or an aged person alike.

While it is very powerful, it is perfectly harmless.

The proprietor has been allowed to publish the names of many persons who have cured their diseases by the use of this Compound with the most beneficial results. He inserts here a few of them. They are among the most respectable citizens of Woburn, and their residences and places are given.

Rev. H. M. Dexter, of Boston.

Joseph H. Allen, 19 Washington street, Boston.

N. P. Kemp, Tract Society, 40 Cornhill.

Adrian Boyden, 40 Washington st., firm of Hayley, Morse, & Boyden.

D. C. Rogers, Conway Insurance Company, 79 State Street, Boston.

Miss Rogers, 22 Milford street, Boston.

Mrs. J. S. Atwood, 5 Cherry Street, Boston.

J. B. Skinner, 128 Washington Street, Boston.

Mrs. H. Hale, Alpine Street, Roxbury.

Mrs. C. H. Dickinson, 5 Briggs Place, Boston.

Mrs. J. A. Rowe, 3 Concord st., Charlestown.

C. C. Barry, Cashier of City Bank, Boston. And many others.

The proprietor is permitted to publish the following letter from O. C. Pitkin, Esq., Principal of the High School in the city of Chelsea, and well known as one of the most successful teachers in New England.

CHESLEY, April 30, 1863.

FRIEND WILLIAMS: Yours of the 26th is received. My wife was troubled with severe Neuralgia in the face. She tried your Compound with decided good effect. I think it an excellent article, and have recommended it in one instance, where it also produced good effect. You certainly have the liberty to refer to me. With much respect, yours truly, O. C. PITKIN.

B. W. WILLIAMS, Proprietor,

106 Washington street, Boston.

For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Apothecaries.

ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.

Persons having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE a very convenient Army Checkers Board which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost but NINE CENTS to send this article by mail. Call and examine.



## HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the

Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps, and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bilious Weakness, or from Indigestion, or from the use of

Nothing that is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no acrid botanical element, no fiery extract, but it is a combination of the most rare and valuable medicinal plants with the purest and most delicate of all active ingredients.

It is to be forewarned that disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human means against malady, it is a most valuable and wholesome atmosphere, impure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safe and certain remedy.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventative and irremediable as a remedy, and thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the scourge; and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities, are cured by a very brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague, however, when accompanied with quinine for months in vain, may be fairly said to be cured by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by the agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and in less common cases of Indigestion. Acting as a gentle and painless aperient, as well as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the congested state of the bowels, and restores the regular action of the digestive and secretory organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Loss of Sleep, and Life of Leisure, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agency of Bilets Cotic is immediately assisted by the stimulating and tonic effect of the Bitters, and the return of the complaint may be prevented.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

As a remedy for HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other ailments, it is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

## WOBURN BOOKSTORE !

THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Inkstands, Pencils, Blank Books, Room Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

Bibles and Testaments

is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.

FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.

Hymn Books.

The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

Sabbath Sch'l Books,

Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

Photograph Albums

in good variety, and at different prices, from 50 cts. upwards.

Juvenile Works,

suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

Blank Books,

Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memoranda, and all kinds of Blank Books, usually called for. BLANK BOOKS, of particular kinds, furnished to order.

School Books.

The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

Writing Paper is always

The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds—Letter, BUILT, Cap, Bank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

Envelopes

Of all kinds, sizes and qualities.

Pens.

All kinds of Gilted, Washington Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

Penholders,

In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

Paper Hangings.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

Miscellaneous,

Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper, Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office, Labeled, Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Penning Wax, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Water and Stamps, Crayons, Drawing Boards, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes, Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Teachers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Ballers, Ivory Folders, Shaving Brushes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

Fancy Goods and Toys.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff, Book, Round, Pine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crochet Needles, Ivory Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and toys of all kinds.

Main St. Woburn Center.

Something for the Times !

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSELY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut-Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be made as good as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter what that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; it will never show when put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:

"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosely's American Cement Glue."—New York Times.

"It is so convenient



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 24.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### Our Home beyond the Tide.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

[Written on receiving from a friend a beautiful engraving with the above title.]  
Our home is beyond the tide, friend,  
Our home is beyond the tide,  
Where the glorious city of light is seen  
Whose gates are open wide;  
Through the golden streets of that city fair  
We soon shall pass along,  
And a holy joy shall be our hearts  
As we greet the shining throng,  
Who walk those streets through the endless  
day,  
Earth's dear ones side by side—  
Oh, the bliss that awaits us when we reach  
Our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,  
Our home is beyond the tide,  
Where the river of life with its water bright  
Is rolling deep and wide,  
There the tree of life with its fruit so fair  
O'er the sparkling water bends,  
And beneath its shade with unmeasured  
bliss,  
We shall meet our cherished friends,  
Oh, we shall rest in those sacred bow-  
ers.

Where no cynic our love shall chide,  
And the saints' communion unhindered  
share  
In our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,  
Our home is beyond the tide,  
And tho' between us and that blissful shore  
The river of death may glide,  
Yet its waters, though surging around our  
barques,  
Can never our souls o'erwhelm;  
We've hope for our anchor, and love for the  
breeze.

And our anchor at the helm,  
We shall safely pass o'er the Jordan of death,  
To the land where the saints abide,  
To the home of the angels, the mansions of  
joy,  
To our home beyond the tide.

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,  
Our home is beyond the tide,  
And many a loved one, speeding there,  
Has vanished from our side;  
For us will the voiceless Charon soon  
With his muffled oar draw nigh,  
And bear us to meet the welcome sweet  
Of loved ones now on high.  
How thrills the heart with the thought of  
tones  
Which never from our hearts have died,  
Of the faces dear which we hope to greet,  
In our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,  
Our home is beyond the tide,  
And we must not sigh with a vain regret  
For the ill which here betide,  
But off, from the heights of faith sublime,  
Gaze far o'er the darkness wave,  
And bless our God for the rest from care  
In the land beyond the grave.  
The waves of sin surge no more round the  
Rock.

In the cleft of which we hide:  
Oh, with longing hearts we call the call  
To our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,  
Our home is beyond the tide,  
And we must not sigh for those earthly joys  
"Best Wisdom" hath denied;  
For the thorns of earth there are flowers in  
heaven,  
For its cares there is long repose,  
For the value of tears there's the mouth of  
joy.

Where the heart with rapture glows,  
Then, with loving hearts, we will do His  
will,  
In whose promise our hearts confide,  
And patiently wait for our turn to reach  
Our home beyond the tide.

## Select Literature.

### NETTY'S TOUCHSTONE.

I'm only Netty's maiden-aunt; but for all that I couldn't help noticing how beautiful she appeared on a certain evening not long ago, when George Holmes and Henry Kirtland sat talking with her by the library window. Both of the young men were evidently of my opinion; but George Holmes, if I may say it, seemed to take in the idea rather differently from Henry Kirtland. The clear, haughty eye and softly modulated voice of the latter seemed to say, as plainly as any voice could say, "You're very pretty, Miss Netty, pretty enough to suit even my fastidious taste, and I can well appreciate your satisfaction in having a fine young fellow like me among your admirers." But George Holmes seemed to just sit and drink in her loveliness until it choked him.

I like George by far the best, and it provoked me enough to see him looking almost gawky in his self-forgetfulness, while Henry Kirtland posed himself elegantly upon the sofa, holding his hat like a prince of the blood, and sending forth a flow of rippling small talk that caused Netty's eye to sparkle with merriment. If she chanced to shyly look up at either of them, I (sitting nearly behind her in my corner) could readily tell at which one she was looking. If at Henry, I knew it by a peculiar brightness in his glance, and a placid elevation of his eyebrows. If at George, the stupid fellow looked instantly as red as a beet and as expressionless as a pumpkin. I had no patience with him, and I could not help thinking to myself, as I sat there knitting, that if he lost Netty altogether it was just his own fault.

Pretty soon Henry, after covertly consulting his watch, arose with a listless and at the same time reluctant air.

"Are you going?" asked Netty, with mock sorrowfulness.

"Indeed I must go," responded Henry, in

the same style, "sorry to distress you, but" (with an air of intense security) "I leave you in such good company that I doubt not your tears will soon be as mist."

"Oh, oh!" interrupted Netty, laughing, "almost a pun, I declare. I really thought better than that of you, Mr. Kirtland. But before you leave us do tell me one thing. Is it true that you are going to the war? Some one at Mrs. Watkin's soiree told me that you had been drafted."

"Not I, indeed! I believe this goodly town did do me the honor of drawing my poor name from one of its autocratic wheels, but I have already cancelled the obligation. A better soldier than I would care to be in this fraternal brawl will do that share of my work for me, while I shall remain here attending to my own affairs, which he would be quite incompetent to manage. Our social scheme, you see, balances all these things beautifully," and Henry Kirtland, with a graceful bow which somehow included George and myself, though he didn't fairly look at either of us, took his departure without waiting to discuss the matter further.

A puzzled expression gleamed in Netty's blue eyes as she bade him "good evening," and then turned toward George said, rather abstractedly,

"I suppose I must congratulate you upon a better fortune, for I have not yet heard of your name being among those drawn."

"You are right," returned George, quietly. "I have taken care that mine shall never be upon their lists."

"Why," exclaimed Netty, opening her eyes wider yet, "have you really such a horror of being drafted?"

"I have, indeed," was the candid response. "Poor Netty! Those three words from George's lips evidently stung her far more than she would have confessed. I saw that plainly enough, though I hardly raised my eyes from my knitting. Meantime my own opinion of the young gentleman fell down nearly to zero."

"Oh, if I were but a man!" burst almost unconsciously from Netty's lips.

He looked at her inquiringly while, strange to say, a pleased expression played about his face.

"And if?" he suggested.

"Why, I'd act like a man," was the indignant rejoinder. And if Netty had looked pretty an hour ago, I am sure she was doubly beautiful now, with her flushed cheek and flashing eye, and her head, with its rich waves of golden hair, thrown proudly back.

Just then the door-bell rang, and in an instant two insipid specimens of "Young America" were ushered into the room.

Thanking my lucky stars that my time for being attractive to their particular species had passed away, I busily plied my needles, weaving in with the coarse blue yarn many a tender, yearning thought of "the brave soldier boys" for whom I had been steadily knitting and working for months.

Presently George came to my quiet corner, and, seating himself beside me, talked so manfully and cheerfully of the war, of our duties, both men and women, and of the many things that he seemed instinctively to feel would interest a busy, happy old woman like me, that I quite forgot his paltry confession about the draft. It may seem foolish in me to say so, but I have always noticed that when a young gentleman can enjoy an hour's quiet talk with a woman neither young, beautiful, nor fascinating in any way, but simply hopeful and in earnest, there's sure to be something good and genuine in him. He even told me of a lotion which his mother had used very successfully for her rheumatism (and, by the way, I mean to try it myself when I get time.) Then he hinted so gently that he thought I was making my sock a little too big (as if you could get a hospital thing too big!) and everything just as natural and easy in his manner as if he'd been an old bachelor brother instead of the handsome youngster that he was.

It struck me that George wanted to outstay the other visitors; but they were so much delighted either with Netty or themselves (though she looked weary enough of their chit-chat, poor girl!) that he unwittingly took his departure late in the evening, leaving them still in possession of the field, or rather, the sofa.

All the next day I had such trouble with Netty. It was almost impossible to get on with the child. She was neither cross nor ill-natured (my darling was too sweet-tempered naturally for that) but she was so fitful, so feverish, and so inclined to sigh every five minutes, that when I found she couldn't be coaxed into taking a little magnesia or going to bed and having warm bricks to her feet I began to be really worried.

At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as we sat working together, just as I had turned the heel of the last one of my half dozen pair, out came the real trouble.

"Did you ever see two such stupid, Aunt?"

Thinking, of course, that she alluded to last night's committee from "Young America," I replied, promptly:

"They certainly were very insipid, my dear. I wondered that you could endure them for an instant."

"Ma'am!" ejaculated Netty, in real astonishment.

"Oh, if you mean George Holmes and Henry Kirtland," I laughed, "I'll retract. I consider them both very fine young men, though George is my favorite."

"He isn't my favorite," said Netty, tossing her head. "In times like these true men would never shrink from their duty. They're cowards, both of them; but I must say George Holmes' fear of being drafted is perfectly amusing." And she burst into tears by way of illustration.

She didn't intend that I should know it, but I saw the bright drops falling one by one upon her sewing.

"Don't think of them, dearie," I said, soothingly. "There are plenty of brave young fellows in the world, and better worthy of my girl's thoughts. Henry Kirtland, if I am not mistaken, is a—"

"So he is," interrupted Netty, excitedly. "I really am sick and tired of his nonsense; and last night his shameless avowal of unpatriotic sentiments made me fairly despise him. He is agreeable and amusing enough; but I hate these agreeable men," she added, biting off her thread with a snap, as though it were the "one neck" of all mankind so longed for by that old tyrant in Plutarch's Lives.

"Then you must hate George Holmes, too," I said, as a sort of left-handed plea for my protégé; "for he is certainly very agreeable at times."

"I do hate him, and he isn't one bit agreeable," pouted Netty, as she made a vigorous stitch, drawing her thread through with a jerk.

"He was a little gawky last night, I own," was my amiable response; "but—"

"Gawky!" cried Netty. "Well, if that isn't a strange charge to make against George Holmes. I'm sure I never saw anything in the least way gawky about him. It's his principles that I object to."

"Ah, his principles!" I echoed, remembering his anti-draft notions. "Yes, they're not what they ought to be, that's certain."

"Why, Aunt Hester!" exclaimed Netty, laying her work upon her lap, and looking me full in the face; "what in the world has Mr. Holmes ever done to you that you should talk so dreadfully about him?"

In sheer despair of suiting the poor, distracted child, I explained.

"Oh, it's only about not wanting to go to the war, my dear; in other respects I consider him to be one of the finest young men I ever knew."

"Umph!" she answered; "I don't see anything particularly fine about him for my part. One thing is certain, he's a coward, though he professes to be such a staunch Union man. I'll have nothing more to say to him; and Netty's sewing caught one tear after another, smothering their fall in its soft folds as though it pined her.

I was just thinking what I should say next when the door-bell rang.

In an instant our new colored boy handed in a letter.

"For Miss Netty," said he, looking with no little curiosity around the room as he spoke, for it was all novel to him, yet. The man's words for an answer."

Netty read her letter. It contained something important; I knew that by her manner. Then she got out her little desk and sat writing for a few minutes. Her lips were pale, and I could see that her hand trembled a good deal. After the messenger had gone away with her reply, I took out an old aunt's privilege and asked her who her letter was from.

"From Henry Kirtland, Aunt Hester," she replied, quite sobered down. "He—he won't come here any more, I think."

And this was all she ever said to me about it, though I know very well that his letter contained an offer of marriage, and that she refused him.

It is a strange circumstance (but I am writing about just what happened), in less than an hour the bell rang again, and our waiter-boy soon after bolted into the room with a quizzical.

"Here's a snapper note for Miss Netty."

"Is—the person waiting?" stammered Netty, holding the still unopened letter in her hand.

"No marm."

"You may go, then."

I wouldn't have been human if I hadn't looked up from my knitting a few times while the child was reading it—anyhow I couldn't help doing so. At last, after seeing her blush and start, and finally bury her face in her hands with a quick sob, I walked straight up to her and wound my arms about her neck.

"What is it, dearie?" I whispered, kissing her.

She handed me the letter to read, and I held it up with one hand while with the other I stroked her soft, beautiful hair.

Surely the men must have been possessed after my Netty that day. This letter, too, contained an offer of marriage; but it was from George. Oh! how beautifully he told the old, old story. I can't remember half the letter contained, but I know it said that he had loved her for a long time but had not been in a position to offer a fitting home; that he had at last gained, what for her sake he had steadily labored for, a competence; but he felt he had no right to linger by her side now that his country was in danger, and that he had lately entered the army. He had intended the night before to tell her about it, and all he felt, and so on. In the evening he would call to "learn his fate," and bid her farewell for a time, unless, indeed, she should banish him forever. There was much more in it that I can't recall now, but I remember the letter made me fairly cry with joy; for

Netty was the orphan child of my only sister, and the young man was one after my own heart.

Netty looked up at me when I had finished reading.

"You see," she said, smiling brightly through her tears, "we were mistaken about his courage after all. God grant that mine may not falter. It is right for him to go."

"So it is," I responded, heartily. "We might have known, bless his heart! what he meant by saying that his name should never be upon the drafted list."

Netty was looking dreamily before her, but with such a happy light in her eye that I thought it wasn't best to talk much, so I sat down again and narrowed off my toe.

I wasn't in the room that evening, so I cannot, of course, be expected to tell what happened.

I only know that I am very busy now, for Netty and the Captain are to be married when he comes home on his first furlough, and there are lots of things to be made.—*Harper's Magazine.*

### Strength of our Armies.

The figures below are derived from official sources.

According to the Official report of the Provost-Marshal-General to Congress, 68,243 volunteers enlisted in the army from the 1st of January to the 1st of November, 1863. The draft, during the same period, realized 36,000 men. A total of about 105,000 new men were thus added to the army in the ten months mentioned. Our losses, in the same time, by battle, disease, capture and discharge, did not exceed that number; so that on the 1st of November last the strength of the Federal army was substantially the same as on the preceding 1st of January. Since the 1st of November up to last Monday, between 110,000 and 112,000 volunteers, under the President's last call, have been formally mustered into the United States service. About 10,000 more are enlisted, but they are not yet formally mustered in. I do not include them in my calculations. Thus, our army is at this moment 112,000 stronger than it was on the 1st of January, 1863, nearly fourteen months ago. Nor is this all. Up in the end of last week, no less than 65,000 colored troops have been reported as regularly organized to the department. About 15,000 more are enlisted, but not yet formed into regiments. Of the former number, at least one-third are already so efficient in all military duties that they can safely be employed in offensive operations. The remaining forty thousand are proficient enough to be used for garrisoning towns and fortifications, guarding depots, protecting lines of communication, &c. As they fill the places of an equal number of white troops, that could be well regarded as a corresponding accession to our effective strength. Next come the Invalid Corps. Its numbers at this time nearly 25,000 men. Here and elsewhere its services have proved invaluable, and as it has relieved an equal number of troops, fit for field duty, it may likewise be put down as a clear gain to the army. Its usefulness is great, not only in garrisoning, guarding, &c., but also in doing away with the principal cause of the depletion of our armies in the first and second years of the war, viz: absence without leave, by the system of provost-marshals and provost-guards, now extended to every county in the loyal States. Since its creation, some seventy thousand deserters and absentees have been sent to their regiments, of whose services the Government was deprived at the beginning of the year, and whose return is tantamount to a re-enforcement of the army to the same number. Thus it appears that the Federal army must have at the present time—the losses in 1863 being balanced, as shown above, by volunteer enlistments and the draft, in the same period—strength greater by at least 250,000 men than it had on the 1st of January, 1863. This may seem a large figure, but I know it is rather below than above the footings up of the war Department. That we have gained 150,000 men—112,000 whites, the balance colored—in the last two months, is absolutely proved by the official returns. There are still other reasons for a hopeful contemplation of the future. A misimpression prevails among the public at large in the North as to the number of old soldiers that will be lost to the service in the course of the year, by the expiration of their terms of enlistment. The total number of men whose three years' service will end previous to the 1st of January next, is not over two hundred thousand. Only about one-sixth of these are entitled to a discharge before the first of August next, so that the great mass of the veteran soldiers would remain available under all circumstances, at least for another Spring and Summer campaign. But there is already a certainty that the services of more than half of their number will be retained by the country during the war. On Monday last, the veteran enlistments footed up over 80,000, and it is confidently expected by the War Department that, before the 10th of March, the number will reach from 110,000 to 120,000.—*Washington Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.*

If we do our duty the spring campaign will be to the rebel confederacy its "fall" campaign.

### What for Breakfast?

Leigh Hunt, who had a very judicious notion of good living, and who, when he played jackal to Byron, was fed, as Tom Moore says, with "sops every day from the lion's own pan," has left behind him a pretty fair recipe for a "breakfast in cold weather." Here it is:—"Imprimis, tea and coffee; secondly, dry toast; thirdly, butter; fourthly, eggs; fifthly, ham; sixthly, something potted; seventhly, bread, salt, mustard, knives, forks, etc."

This bill of fare is well enough as a specimen of an Englishman's idea of a morning meal; but it would not meet the views of a Scotchman or of an American. We like the accompaniments of the essayist's breakfast better than the collation itself. "One of the first things," says Hunt, "that belongs to a cold weather breakfast, is a good fire. There is a delightful mixture of the lively and the snug in coming down to one's breakfast room of a cold morning, and seeing everything prepared for us—a blazing grate, a clean tablecloth, and tea things; the newly-washed faces and combed heads of a set of good-humored urchins; and the sole empty chair at its accustomed corner, ready for occupation." A very nice picture; but one would like to have some guarantee for the behavior of the urchins. It was our lot, once upon a time, to breakfast with one of that genus, who, although perfectly good-humored, was possessed of a lively desire to wash his hands in the slop-bowl and put his chubby little feet in the butter—idiosyncrasies of urchinhood which interfere with the sublime calm necessary to epicurean enjoyment and healthy digestion. This may seem to some folks an ill-natured reflection on "rosy childhood," but we venture to say that the Breakfast Professor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, or any other man who understands the philosophy of the thing, will agree with us.

Few "peoples," as our Hungarian friend Kossuth would say, have a better idea of the constituents of a breakfast than the "cannie Scots." The "Glasgow bodies," and eke the burghers of Inverness at the foot of the Highlands, thoroughly understand what is good for the inner man in the morning. Potted *char-*—a rare fish of the Scotch lochs—garnished with buttered barley bannocks, and oatmeal cakes, muffins, rolls, crumpets, waffles, venison pastry, pickled salmon, potted lobster, buttered toast, broiled "finnan haddies," and broiled bacon, are among the dainties they set before the newly risen men in that hospitable region. It must be confessed that they flank these comestibles with forbidden dainties—such as Glenlivet and Usquebaugh. But what will you have of it—the climate is drizzly, and the meekie Scotch mist seems to quench the fiery influence of the stimulants.

But after all, an American breakfast—especially at this appetizing season—is the beau ideal of a matutinal feast. "Juno when she banquets" has nothing equal to it. What is Olympian ambrosia to buckwheat cakes? And then at coffee-making we can best even the French. Not that we always do it, but there are artists among us whose concoctions of the fragrant berry put the Parisian cafes to shame. Our broiled spring chicken is a thing to thank Heaven upon with epicurean uncton. Talk of your English spatch-cocks—they are not worthy to be named in the same decade with it. Done of an amber brown, anointed with fresh butter, and duly seasoned, it is a dish to take the reason prisoner. Some prefer broiled quail; and one might

"decide, without great wrong to either, it were much better to have both than neither."

We wonder how the Children of Israel "fixed" their quails. If Moses was the man we take him to have been, he split his birds down the back, and cooked them on a gridiron. Again, the American porter house steak—would that it had a more melodious and less toperish name—is an article *sui generis*. John Bull believes in rum steak—pummeling it with a rolling-pin makes it tender; and yet, despite this quarter-staff practice, it is not tender at all. Old Front-de-bœuf cannot hold a candle to us in the steak department. He won't acknowledge it, for he is one of those obstinate old "heavy fathers" that never give anything up; but the fact is patent to the unprejudiced of all nations.

Of buckwheat cakes we enjoy a monopoly. The less enlightened countries of Christendom have not the sagacity to adopt this crowning glory of the breakfast table. Like monkeys who warm their shifless hands by fires they have not sense enough to keep up the outsiders of the earth partake with rapacity of the products of our griddles, without having the capacity to mix the batter and fry the articles for themselves. Ah! those cylindrical columns of dimpled amber-brown pancakes, light as snow newly fallen, more delicious than "honey or honeycomb,"—how can Europe do without them? Baptized with sweet butter, they almost "raise a mortal to the skies," and might "tempt an angel down." One cannot write of them without feeling a pleasant tingling of the palate, and a craving sensation a little below the thorax.

What is mind? No Matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the soul? It is immaterial.—(Punch)

The world has a million of roasts for a man, but only one nest.

### Gossip about Tea.

We dearly love to have it made much of! It can scarce be talked of too often, for our taste—especially when the talker is learned in the weed. Somebody thus charmingly discourses in the *Lancet*:

"That tea has an influence over the tissue of the body is now among the things admitted in physiology. This influence is of a conservative nature, and its value to the poor can scarcely be overrated. To them tea is virtually tissue, and makes a supply of food that would otherwise be inadequate to maintain the weight of the body, sufficient for that purpose. Doubtless, an unlimited supply of food, capable of replacing any effete tissue, would be preferable to a substance which simply goes to prevent tissue from becoming effete; but this is impracticable—the unlimited supply of nitrogenous food being a thing that, as yet, neither Providence nor politicians have given to us. Doubtless, too, alcohol has, in common with tea and other substances, this power of retarding the waste of the tissues of the body; probably it acts differently, and certainly it is open to strong objections which cannot be made against tea. This preservative power of tea over the tissues has not been explained. Perhaps it may not be altogether unconnected with another influence of tea which we proceed to notice—namely, an influence over the temper, or rather the mood, or, speaking physically, after our fashion, over the nerves. Nothing affects the wear of the tissue more than mood; and tea has a strange influence over mood—a strange power of changing the look of things, and changing it for the better; so that we can believe and hope and do under the influence of tea, what we should otherwise give up in discouragement or despair—feelings under the influence of which tissue wears rapidly. In the language of the poor, who, in London, we are told, spend an eighth of their income in buying tea, it produces a *feeling of comfort*. Neither the philosopher nor the philanthropist will despise this property of tea, this power of conferring comfort or removing *ennui*, of promoting those happier feelings of our nature under which we can do most and bear most. There is no denying the considerable dependence of our moods and frames upon substance; and as moods are as important as muscles, as they affect largely a man's ability for the great ends of life, we cannot regard the cheapening of substances—when devoid of noxious qualities—as other than a most interesting experiment for medical observers to watch."

Tea is, indeed, a great fact in our present mode of life. It has the making of an additional meal amongst us since the "good old days" when people lived on three meals a day. Justice has severely been done to the magnitude of the change when gentlemen—say, and ladies, too—took beer to their early breakfast, when they dined at eleven, supped between five and six, and went to bed at ten. Tea and Coffee have been the principal causes of this revolution.

"One of the most important results in the use of tea is the prolongation of the social evening. At the time of evening leisure, it gives the feeling of morning lightness and freshness. It has something like the effect of sleep upon us. It removes that heaviness which follows the principal meals, and would take us to bed at 'ten.' It postpones the hour of sleep. As a consequence of the postponement of the hour of sleep, follows inevitably the postponement of the hour of waking. Early rising has probably no such enemy as tea. There are not a few people who breakfast, when their fathers used to think of dinner, who dine when their fathers supped, and who take their enlivening cup at the hour when their fathers were getting stupid, and making ready for bed. No doubt there is some evil in all this, but there is more good. The mere alteration in the hours of sleep, or even the taking of an additional hour for this purpose, are not necessary evils. The question of evil or good turns upon the character of our waking hours, and we believe we are not saying too much for our present life, when we say that life never was so active and so fruitful of good results as now. Of course, the increased consumption of tea which is to happen may involve some physiological consequences of a disagreeable nature; but not many. For the class to whom the cheapening of tea will be the greatest temptation are troubled with 'nerves.' They have so much hard work to do, and so little of luxury in their lot, that the addition of a little good tea to their daily fare can only be a great comfort and a great boon, for which they will bless the name of Mr. Gladstone."

A negro went into a menagerie, in which was a large baboon in a cage. He approached the cage closely, while the baboon went through several gyrations, such as nodding and shaking his head, holding out his hand to shake, etc., to the evident delight of both negro and baboon. Finally, the baboon seemed so intelligent and knowing, the negro addressed him some remarks, which the baboon only answered by a nod of the head. At length the negro was still more delighted, and broke forth with the remark: "You're right; don't open your mouth; I saw if you spoke a word the white man'd have a shovel in your hand in less than a minute."

He that hopes to look back with satisfaction upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's faults—not to be blind to them—that is an impossibility or a folly.

### A Masonic Funeral.

The first Masonic funeral that ever took place in California, occurred in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that upon the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Master Mason, upon which was engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholders the most *outré* exhibition of Masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red or blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the Entered Apprentice. There were the Holy Bible, the Square and the Compass, the twenty-four inch Gauge, and the common Gavel. There were also the Mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented Tassel which surrounds it, and the Blazing Star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquids, were the emblems appertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz., the Plumb, the Square and the Level. There were also five columns, representing the five Orders of Architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the Trowel presented itself, with all the other working tools of operative Masonry, besides all the emblems peculiar to the degree of Master Mason. Conspicuously on his breast were the Great Lights of Masonry. Over his heart was the Pot of Incense. On other parts of his body were the Bee Hive, the Book of Constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's Sword; the Sword pointing to a naked Heart, the All-Seeing Eye; the Anchor and Ark, the Hour Glass, the Sycote, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid; the Sun, Moon, Stars and a Comet; the three steps, emblematical of Youth, Manhood and Age. Admirationly executed was the weeping Virgo, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the book of Constitutions. In her left hand she held the Pot of Incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted right hand a sprig of acacia, the beautiful emblem of immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her, stood winged Time with his scythe by his side, "which cuts the brittle thread of life," and the Hour Glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that "our lives are drawing to a close." The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were delicately placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and in all probability, such as the fraternity may never witness again. The brother's name was never known.

A PARAGRAPH FOR BUSINESS MEN.—On fact has come to be pretty universally recognized, viz, that fortunes are not made in trade without some forms of advertising. There are more fortunes established in a judicious system of advertising than in anything else, and knowing exactly how to advertise, is knowing exactly how to get trade. The public have become accustomed to having the claims of all leading establishments presented to them in some form of advertisement. Each man has his own way of expressing himself, and each trade has its own special wants. There is the fact, of course, that the absolute necessities of life must be bought somewhere, and in the long run people will buy where they can buy the cheapest; but many a shop could, by good advertising, obtain a business in six months which it would otherwise be obliged to wait years for. Everything should be advertised—every new invention, every luxury, every discovery; and it is here that the greatest degree of talent is requisite and manifest. If a man fail in the advertising department of his business, he will fail in all departments.

James I. once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the King enter, left his text to disclaim against swearing, for which the King was notorious. When he had finished, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked what connection swearing had with it? "Since your Majesty came out of your way to hear me," said the clergyman, "I could not do less than go out of mine to meet you."

A POWERFUL WEAPON.—The pen, in the hand that knows how to use it, is one of the most powerful weapons known. As the tongue of the absent, how charming! When self-respect gives it a new vigor, how pleasing! When virtue guides it, how beautiful! When honor directs it, how respected! When wit sharpens it, how fatal! When scurrility wilds it, how contemptible! 'Tis the weapon of the soul.

He that hopes to look back with satisfaction upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's faults—not to be blind to them—that is an impossibility or a folly.











# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

W<sup>e</sup> call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS,

INSURANCE POLICIES,

RANK CHECKS,

CIRCULARS,

PROGRAMMES,

PAMPHLETS,

ORDER OF EXERCISES,

LEGAL BLANKS,

BILL HEADS,

CATALOGUES,

SERMONS,

NOTE BOOKS,

BLANK RECEIPTS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

ADDRESS CARDS,

BALL CARDS,

ORDER OF DANCES,

SHOW BILLS,

POSTERS,

AUCTION BILLS,

SHOP BILLS,

MILK BILLS,

LABELS,

Particular attention paid to printing

POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and

Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

STURGIS'S

ELECTRIC COMPOUND,

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR

Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

Also, invaluable for Spinal Irritation, Hip

Complaints, Ache in the face, Tooth

Ache, Pain in the Side,

Back and Limbs,

Earache, Lum-

ago, &c.

The proprietor, in offering this medicine to the public, desires to state that this preparation does not belong to that class called patent medicines. It has been found to be a most valuable remedy for the above complaints, and it has been found to be a most valuable remedy for the above complaints, and it has been found to be a most valuable remedy for the above complaints.

Among the Advantages of this medicine are:

Its effect is very rapid, in most cases instantaneous.

It is internal in its application, and the patient runs no risk in using it. It does not irritate the stomach.

It reaches the nerves and muscles, as it is believed to enter the system.

It has cured some of the most violent and obstinate cases of Neuralgia ever known.

It can be used on a child or an aged person alike.

While it is very powerful, it is perfectly harmless.

The proprietor has been allowed to publish the names of many persons who have cured themselves of the above complaints by the use of this Compound.

He inserts here a few of them. They are among the most respectable citizens of Boston, and their names and places are given.

Rev. M. Moore, Late Editor of "Boston Recorder."

Rev. H. M. Dexter, of Boston.

Joseph H. Allen, 19 Washington street, House No. 15.

N. P. Kemp, Tract Society, 40 Cornhill.

Adeline Boyden, 40 Washington st., firm of Hayley, Morse, & Boyden.

D.C. Rogers, Conway Insurance Company, 79 State Street, Boston.

Miss Rogers, 23 Milford Street, Boston.

Mrs. J. S. Alden, 5 Cherry Street, Boston.

Mrs. R. Skinner, 129 Washington Street, Boston.

Mrs. R. Hale, Alpine Street, Roxbury.

Mrs. C. H. Dickinson, 3 Bridge Place, Boston.

Mrs. C. A. Rowe, 3 Concord st., Charlestown.

C. C. Barry, Cashier of City Bank, Boston. And many others.

The proprietor is permitted to publish the following letter from G. C. Phipps, Esq., Principal of the High School in the city of Chelsea, and well known as one of the most successful teachers in New England.

CHESLEA, April 30, 1863.

FRIEND WILLIAMS: Yours of the 24th is received. My wife was troubled with severe Neuralgia in the face. She tried your Compound with decided good effect. I think it is an excellent agent, and have recommended it in our institution, where it has proved good effect. You certainly have the liberty to refer to me. With much respect,

Yours truly, G. C. PHIPPS.

B. W. WILLIAMS, Proprietor,

106 Washington street, Boston.

For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Apothecaries.

# HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of the system, efficacious in all cases of the

Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache,

Constipation, Biliousness, Depression of

Spirits, Constipation, Cold, Intermittent

Fever, Cramps and Spasms, and all

Complaints of the Stomach, Liver and

Bowels, arising from Biliousness, whether

inherent in the system or

produced by special

causes.

Nothing is so necessary, general and restorative

in its nature enters into the composition of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This

popular preparation contains no noxious or

any kind, no deadly botanical element, no fiery

but it is a combination of the extracts of

the most potent herbs and the purest

and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be forewarned against those who, so far

as the human system can be protected by human

means against malarial engorgement by an un-

wholesome atmosphere, impure water and other

external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may

be relied on as a safeguard.

In dietetic infirmities with Fever and Ague, it has

been found infallible as a preventive, and irre-

fractable as a remedy and thousands who resort to

it under apprehension of an attack, escape the

scourge; and thousands who neglect to avail

themselves of its protective qualities in the early

stages of the disease, are cured by a very brief course of this marvelous

medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being

plunged into quinine for months in vain, until fast

saturated with that dangerous alkaloid, are not

unfrequently restored to health within a few days

by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the

appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and the

digestive and secretory functions are set on foot

and the system is brought back to its normal

condition. It works wonders in cases of DYSPEPSIA

and in less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION.

Acting as a gentle and powerful aperient, as well

as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the

constipation superinduced by irregular action

of the digestive and secretory organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous At-

tacks, Loss of Spirit and Pale Complexion, find

it a most valuable and reliable remedy.

The testimony on this point is most conclusive,

and from both sexes.

The agency of BILIOUS COLIC is immediately as-

suaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by

continued resorting to it, the return of the com-

plaint may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

produces effects which must be experienced or

witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In

cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In

many cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In

many cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In

many cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In

many cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In

many cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In

many cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In

many cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In

many cases of Debility and Deceptive arising from

# WOBURN BOOKSTORE !

TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA !

THE HORACE WATERS

Modern Improved Overstrung Bass

FULL IRON FRAME PIANOS

Are justly pronounced by the Press and Music

Masters to be superior instruments. They are

built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned

materials and will stand any climate. The tone is

very deep, round, full and mellow; the touch elastic.

Each Piano warranted for three years. Prices

from \$175 to \$700.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"The Horace Wa-

ters Pianos are known as among the very best.

We are enabled to speak of these instruments with

some degree of confidence, from personal knowl-

edge of their excellent tone and durable quality."

—New York Tri-Weekly.

We speak of the merits of the Horace Wa-

ters Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of

the very best quality. — Christian Intelligencer.

\$150.—NEW T-OCTAVE PIANOS

In Rosewood cases, iron frames, and

overstrung bass, of different makes, for \$150;

do., with mouldings, \$160; do., with carved legs and

inlaid panels, \$175, \$185, and \$200; do., with

pearl case, \$225, \$250 and \$300; new 10-octave, \$130;

do., with mouldings, \$140; do., with carved legs and

inlaid panels, \$150, \$160, and \$170; do., with

pearl case, \$180, \$200, and \$220; do., with

mouldings, \$190, \$210, and \$230; do., with

carved legs and inlaid panels, \$240, \$260, and

\$280; do., with pearl case, \$300, \$320, and

\$340; do., with mouldings, \$350, \$370, and

\$390; do., with carved legs and inlaid panels,

\$400, \$420, and \$440; do., with pearl case,

\$450, \$470, and \$490; do., with mouldings,

\$500, \$520, and \$540; do., with carved legs and

inlaid panels, \$550, \$570, and \$590; do., with

pearl case, \$600, \$620, and \$640; do., with

mouldings, \$650, \$670, and \$690; do., with

carved legs and inlaid panels, \$700, \$720, and

\$740; do., with pearl case, \$750, \$770, and

\$790; do., with mouldings, \$800, \$820, and

\$840; do., with carved legs and inlaid panels,

\$850, \$870, and \$890; do., with pearl case,

\$900, \$920, and \$940; do., with mouldings,

\$950, \$970, and \$990; do., with carved legs and

inlaid panels, \$1,000, \$1,020, and \$1,040; do., with

pearl case, \$1,050, \$1,070, and \$1,090; do., with

mouldings, \$1,100, \$1,120, and \$1,140; do., with

carved legs and inlaid panels, \$1,150, \$1,170, and

\$1,190; do., with pearl case, \$1,200, \$1,220, and

\$1,240; do., with mouldings, \$1,250, \$1,270, and

\$1,290; do., with carved legs and inlaid panels,

\$1,300, \$1,320, and \$1,340; do., with pearl case,

\$1,350, \$1,370, and \$1,390; do., with mouldings,

\$1,400, \$1,420, and \$1,440; do., with carved legs and

inlaid panels, \$1,450, \$1,470, and \$1,490; do., with

pearl case, \$1,500, \$1,520, and \$1,540; do., with

mouldings, \$1,550, \$1,570, and \$1,590; do., with

carved legs and inlaid panels, \$1,600, \$1,620, and

\$1,640; do., with pearl case, \$1,650, \$1,670, and

\$1,690; do., with mouldings, \$1,700, \$1,720, and

\$1,740; do., with carved legs and inlaid panels,

\$1,750, \$1,770, and \$1,790; do., with pearl case,

\$1,800, \$1,820, and \$1,840; do., with mouldings,

\$1,850, \$1,870, and \$1,890; do., with carved legs and

inlaid panels, \$1,900, \$1,920, and \$1,940; do., with

pearl case, \$1,950, \$1,970, and \$1,990; do., with

mouldings, \$2,000, \$2,020, and \$2,040; do., with

carved legs and inlaid panels, \$2,050, \$2,070, and

\$2,090; do., with pearl case, \$2,100, \$2,120, and

\$2,140; do., with mouldings, \$2,150, \$2,170, and

\$2,190; do., with carved legs and inlaid panels,

\$2,200, \$2,220, and \$2,240; do., with pearl case,

\$2,250, \$2,270, and \$2,290; do., with mouldings,

\$2,300, \$2,320, and \$2,340; do., with carved legs and

inlaid panels, \$2,350, \$2,370, and \$2,390; do., with

pearl case, \$2,400, \$2,420, and \$2,440; do., with

mouldings, \$2,450, \$2,470, and \$2,490; do., with

carved legs and inlaid panels, \$2,500, \$2,520, and

\$2,540; do., with pearl case, \$2,550, \$2,570, and

\$2,590; do., with mouldings, \$2,600, \$2,620, and

# THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII.: No. 25.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

(TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS)

## Poetry.

### Am I for Peace? Yes!

[The following is the poem that President Lincoln requested the eminent elocutionist, Mr. Murdock, to read at an entertainment given by him in the Senate Chamber.]

For the peace which rings out from the cannon's throat,  
And the sullen of shot and shell,  
Till rebellion's spirit is wrangled down  
To the depths of its kindred hell.

For the peace which shall follow the squadron's tramp,  
Where the brazen trumpets bray,  
And, drunk with the fury of storm and strife,  
The blood-red chargers neigh.

For the peace which shall wash out the leprous stain  
Of our slavery—foul and grim,  
And all the fetters which creak and clank  
On the down-trodden dark man's limb.

I will curse him as traitor, and false of heart,  
Who shrinks from the conflict now,  
And will stamp it, with blistering, burning brand,  
On his hideous, Cain-like brow.

Out! out of the way! with your spurious peace,  
Which would make us rebellion's slaves;  
We will rescue our land from the traitorous grasp  
Or cover it with our graves.

Out! out of the way! with your knavish schemes—  
You trembling, trading pack!  
Crouch away in the dark, like a sneaking hound  
That its master has beaten back.

You would barter the fruit of our fathers' blood,  
And sell out the stripes and shame,  
To purchase a place with rebellion's votes,  
Or escape from rebellion's scars.

By the widow's wall, by the mother's tears,  
By the orphan who cry for bread,  
By our sons who fell, we will never yield  
Till rebellion's soul is dead.

## Select Literature.

### AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I am an old man; and yet it seems a very short time since I climbed the tall poplar tree that grew before the vicarage, in search of the starling's nest. I can fancy I hear the shout that greeted my descent with the long-coveted prize, and feel again the turning of the vicarage, I saw an expression of pain on the pale face of my father as he stood at the study window.

It seems to me but yesterday since I stood in the centre of that group of lads, and now—  
“They are all gone, the old familiar faces.”  
Dick, the surgeon's son, died many years ago in India. Harvey Vernon, the bravest of them all, was slain on the field of Waterloo; and when the village bells rang for the victory, the rudest fellow in the village was touched as he passed the Grange and saw the blinds down, and knew of the breaking heart of old Widow Vernon.

It was a sad day for us at the vicarage, especially for Emily. My father stayed in his library all day; though I do not think he read a page in any of his books—even in his favorites, Sophocles and Horace.

Emily and my mother were in my mother's chamber all the day. From that day Emily gradually drooped and faded. Her beautiful face grew more exquisitely beautiful—the dark, deep eyes became more full and lustrous, but they wandered restlessly, as though seeking some missing resting place her golden hair (I have still a thick lock of it amongst an old man's memories of other days ‘days of auld lang syne’) hung more carelessly about her shoulders, and her pale cheeks were suffused with a rosy tint that gradually deepened into a burning crimson, while her sweet voice sank almost into a whisper. As I looked at her, her startled beauty reminded me of the language of the book my mother used to read to her as she lay on the couch in the drawing room. Her ‘face was the face of an angel.’

“Ah me! how I am wandering from the circumstances I sat down to write about; but you must forgive an old man for whenever I think of Emily it is always so. Let me see—yes, I remember perfectly.

It was Christmas eve, in the year 1791, and the snow had been falling heavily all day, blotting out the hedges and walls that surrounded the vicarage, and burying the sundial that Willie and I had carved with great pains during the long winter evenings.

I had come from my father's study, where I and Willie had been having our usual lesson in Latin. Willie was a high-spirited lad, of a very loving and affectionate disposition; though when excited, or in a passion, his temper was fearful to behold, and his eyes flashed with a strange light that made us all tremble except my father. It was some time before my father came down, but when he did, we heard him lock the study door after him, and he came down alone. He looked stern and angry; he was in one of those moods which sometimes took possession of him when he was disturbed. Though my father was always silent when in these moods, yet I always thought there was a vivid resemblance between them and Willie's outbursts of passion.

“Willie will not come down to night,” said he, “I have left him in the study with a lesson that will keep him all night.”

I thought I saw a tear start from my mother's eye, as she turned her face to the window and looked out upon the snow, which continued to fall heavily. It was the anniversary of Emily's birthday, and we were expecting a party of young friends (children of the neighboring gentry) to pass the evening at the vicarage.

It began to grow dark about four o'clock, and then our company began to arrive. There were first the children of Squire Harcourt, who came wrapped up in soft furs and shawls, in the old-fashioned cosy family carriage with its couple of docile greys. Then came Harry Vernon, and his sisters Emily and Agnes; and as the time wore on about a score of young people were assembled at the vicarage. It was a merry party. My father whom it would be an injustice to represent as an unkind man threw himself into the spirit of our merriment as though he had done one of us. The furniture, excepting the old-fashioned piano, had been removed, and the drawing room had by the removal of a partition, been thrown into one, making a large and commodious room, which had been plentifully hung with holly and other evergreens. The berries gleamed like tiny masses of fire beneath the dark green leaves, and here and there my sister's hand had gracefully arranged bunches of many colored ribbons.

Many inquiries were made for Willie, and for a moment or two a shadow seemed cast upon the pleasure of the children when they were told that Willie the presiding spirit of fun in every juvenile party, would not be with them; but all feeling of disappointment vanished as the time wore on—except from one gentle, loving spirit.

I knew that my mother was thinking of the dear boy in the room above us, for Willie was my mother's favorite. She was thinking of a handsome face pressed against the door, and of a tiny ear close to the keyhole, listening to the voices of the merry groups below. She knew these sounds would be exquisite torture to the prisoner. She knew how that eager spirit would fret in the study about like a wild bird in a cage.

Sometimes I saw her whisper to my father—and then his face grew hard and dark, and my mother's yet more sad and pained.

My sister played, with exceeding grace, some simple airs on the old piano; and then, the boys choosing their partners from the graceful little maidens, who stood with eager, blushing faces and beseeching eyes beneath the holly in a corner of the room, the dance began. Whilst this was going on I saw my father put something into my mother's hand. It was the study key. With a grateful smile—oh, how sweet that smile was!—she left the room. I stole after her to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned staircase; I saw her glide swiftly up the stairs; and I could hear when she unlocked the door; and when she opened it to pass in, the moonlight streamed brightly through the doorway on to the dark landing, and, as it fell on the face of the old clock which stood there, I saw it wanted a few minutes of ten o'clock.

I had not stood more than a minute at the foot of the stairs, when I heard my mother cry—“Willie!” Then I heard a piercing scream, and she suddenly passed me, her face white as the snow that lay outside on the steps, and rushing into the room where my father was playing with the children, went straight up to him, and, crying, Willie gone! oh, Willie, Willie! felt fainting at his feet.

My sister immediately left the piano, and, with the aid of some cold water, my mother was restored very soon. Of course this put an end to the festivities, and the children were soon on their way home, except Harry Vernon who stayed to assist in the search for Willie. Afterwards my mother told us, that as she was endeavoring to amuse the group of younger children, she heard Willie's voice distinctly calling, ‘Mamma! mamma!’ She instantly got the key, as I have before related, and went up into the study. As soon as she opened the door she felt that the window was open by the rushing of the cold frosty air past her. The instant she entered the room she felt a tremor seize her. Why did not Willie spring to meet her? She felt in a moment that he was not there. The study lamp was flickering out; there stood my father's easy chair opposite a table on which lay his books and manuscripts, and amongst them poor Willie's soiled and hated Latin Grammar.

He must have climbed down the side of the old house by the aid of the ivy-stems which grew up to the pinnacles of the gables on to the top of the antique portico, and from thence have leaped to the ground. Willie, agile as a squirrel, could easily have accomplished this.

In a few moments from the discovery of Willie's absence, we—that is, my mother and father, Harry and myself, and two servants, one of them old Walter who passionately loved Willie—was out in search of the missing one.

The snow was still falling heavily, but by the light of the moon, which although behind the clouds, was at full, we could see almost as distinctly as by daylight.

Strange to say, my mother went instinctively towards a deep pool of water, beneath the orchard wall, called by the villagers the Black Pool—so called because of its depth near it, and overhanging it, grew an old gnarled thorn-bush, which, after many winters' frosts and snows, still preserved its vitality. It was a pleasant place in summer,

the broad, faultless ferns, with their beautiful secreted leaves, loved to grow there, and in that old thorn, a summer or two before, a nightingale had made its haunt, and sung through the long star-lit nights, and Willie and I had lain awake for hours listening to it.

I can never now hear the song of the nightingale without thinking of my darling brother and the chamber in which he slept. The villagers said it was haunted by something more than the nightingale, but that I never positively knew.

Well, I saw my mother bend close down to the water a moment, and then suddenly turn and pick something up from the ground at the foot of the thorn-bush. She held it out a moment in the moonlight, and then gave a wild cry of pain. It was a little handkerchief of Willie's edged with a peculiar kind of lace which she had put on herself. The water was still and rippleless—save a slight tremor, which might be caused by the breeze—and reflected the bright stars in its dark face.

My father, who was a good swimmer and a stranger to fear, quietly took off his coat, and in a moment was down at the bottom of the pool. I shall never forget the expression of anxiety on my mother's face as she bent over the pool. Her large dark eyes had something awful in the intensity of their gaze; her thin white hands were clasped convulsively upon her bosom; her lips were drawn tightly across her small white teeth, and we could hear her breathe as though she had been running rapidly.

It seemed an age before my father reappeared; but when he did, it was with Willie's pale, handsome face, looking more beautiful than ever, lying on his shoulders, and his long dark hair, which it always seemed a shame to cut, falling over his arm. I think I hear my mother's wild despairing cry now, at the distance of seventy years I have heard it at night in my quiet study; I have heard it on board ship, when the storm-winds have thrown us like a feather amongst the frothing waves, I have heard it in old continental cathedrals, above the voices of the choir, the music of the organ, and the ringing and clashing of the bells.

Hush! I thought I heard it then! My father carried Willie home, and old Walter and the other servants assisted my mother. Willie was instantly got to bed, and the ordinary means used for his restoration, while a servant was sent for the doctor. In a short time the doctor arrived.

My mother was bending over Willie, and nervously away herself backwards and forwards, when he came in; but she arose immediately, and with wild flashing eyes, exclaimed:

“Oh! doctor, save my boy! Oh! Willie, Willie, darling! speak to me, my child!”

I never read David's thrilling lament, “Oh, Abalom! my son, Abalom!” without thinking of my mother's great agony in Willie's chamber.

The doctor was a remarkably skillful man; but it seemed a hopeless case. How my mother's eager eyes followed all his movements!

At last, when we were just despairing, Willie gently opened his eyes—those magnificent eyes! There was an unmistakable ecstasy on my mother's face, the like of which I have never seen since, and never expect to see again. It was coming light when the doctor left us, and Willie was in a refreshing sleep.

The many-colored rainbow of Hope now hung over the vicarage, alas! soon to fade away, leaving us but the cold rain and dark clouds of a great sorrow.

After an hour or two of sleep, Willie awoke, and told my mother how he heard the shouts and laughter of the children in the drawing-room, and how the music seemed to taunt him; and how he became afraid, and not looked where the shadows lay in the library; and how he watched the moon rise through the poplar before the window, he was tempted to climb down the ivy-stems; and how he had wandered to the Black Pool, and had been tempted to spring across it to get a bunch of crimson berries that hung from a branch on the other side, thinking he would give them to her; and how he missed his footing and fallen backwards into the pond. Then he told her how he rose to the surface—and how he was falling into a sweet and pleasant slumber at the bottom, with thoughts of her passing dreamlike through his mind—and how he felt some hand touch him, and an exquisite sensation of pain as if he was dying, and that was all he knew. How my mother wept and smiled, and clasped him to her bosom, and called him her darling Willie! I need not tell you how my poor father killed him, and asked—aye, he stern disciplinarian, asked—gardon of his own child. Willie fatigued with his long talk, fell asleep again; but it was a troubled, broken slumber. His cheeks grew crimson, and his breath quick and hot, and he trembled as though he was very cold.

The doctor came again, but this time he shook his head and said there was no chance for him. My father and mother watched him night and day; but he grew worse and worse. Now he would talk of the wild bee's nest he had found a few days ago in a bank in the wood—then he would shout as if at play; and then, whilst my father covered his face with his hands and the big tears trickled through his fingers in an agony of grief, he

would try to repeat his Latin, and failing to do so correctly, he would begin again, saying in beseeching tones, “Oh! papa, forgive me I cannot!”

Willie died one morning, just as the old year was dying amidst frost and snow, repeating his Latin lesson, as my mother held his head, with its splendid dark hair locks on her bosom, and his little hand lay on my father's trembling palm.

### The Wrongs of the Stomach.

A capital hit is the following, at the habit too many have of eating and drinking too much. It may serve to give some of us a valuable lesson on the subject:—

In most of the early literatures is to be found a dialogue between the Body and the Soul, in which each accused the other of their mutual perdition, recapitulating the offences which have produced it. Something similar might be written with good effect, dividing the imaginary conversation between, let us say, the Stomach and the Man, making an attack of gout the subject of their recrimination. The Man might accuse the Stomach of having done its duty so badly that he is tormented with a burning fire in his extremities, which will neither let him eat, drink, walk, nor rest. The Stomach might plead justification, and say that she lighted the said fire as the only means of getting a moment's rest from an intolerable taskmaster. Again, the Man might complain that he had lost all enjoyment of life, that his spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy, his appetite gone, his once fine muscular system reduced to flabby indolence; that his food did him more harm than good, so that it had become a misery to eat, and that every meal was followed by a leaden oppression which rendered life an insupportable burden. The Stomach, having listened to all this, delivered in a tone of angry accusation, would reply:

“My case is just as bad as your own.—Before I had well digested your breakfast, you gave me a meat luncheon to see to, and before I had got that out of the way you thrust a dinner upon me large enough for three stomachs. Not satisfied with that, you wound up the day with a supper, drenching me all the time with ale, wine, spirits, tea, coffee, rum, more wine, and more spirits, till I thought you had taken leave of your senses; and when I heard you groaning in your sleep, starting up every now and then as if apoplexy had broken into the house and was going to carry you off, I said to myself, ‘Serve him right if it did.’ And in this way you went on, year after year, treating all my remonstrances with contempt. I gave you headache after headache; I tried to recall you to reason with half-a-dozen attacks of influenza; gave you a bilious fever; made you smart with rheumatism; twinged you with gout till you roared. But all to no purpose. You went on making me digest till the work broke my back, and now I can digest no longer.”

This reproach might be made even pathetic, by a description of the Stomach watching its hard task come down to it from the regions above between dinner and bed-time. First comes a plate of soup and bread, and a glass of sherry. “I can manage that,” says the Stomach. Then a plate of fish, with more bread and more sherry. “And that,” adds the Stomach, “though these sauces don't quite agree with me.” Then comes beef or mutton, or both, and stout; then game and sherry; then a dish of tart. “Confound this pastry,” says the Stomach; “it gives me more trouble than anything else; but if the matter will only stop here, I think, if I put out all my powers, I can even get this rubbish out of the way.”

But she has hardly taken this hopeful view of the case, when down came cheese, celery, apples, oranges, nuts, figs, almonds and raisins, port, sherry, claret, and a tumbler of hot Holland-and-water. “Good gracious! what ever such a mess!” exclaims the Stomach. “What can the Man mean? Does he think one pair of hands can manage all this?” Still the willing slave goes to work, when presently there is a rush of hot tea from above, with a thin slice of bread and butter. And when the Stomach, with infinite labor, has got the hodge-podge into some sort of homogeneous shape, and is preparing to take a nap after her exhaustion, lo! a deviled drumstick rushes into its laboratory, two deviled kidneys, a bottle of stout, and three tumblers of hot brandy and water!

AN ENGLISH OPINION OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—The London Spectator pays this high compliment to our noble Sanitary Commission:

In every way we cannot help thinking the existence and success of this commission is most creditable to the American people. It shows not only with what a resolution they entered into this struggle, but with what a fund of good sense they are endowed. We doubt whether even in England a voluntary society could be entrusted with so much power, and yet so carefully abstain from trenching on the province and duties of the executive. In America they can do these things, and the same Cabinet Minister who originally gave the Sanitary Commission a six months' span of life, now admits that it has been of the greatest service to the country; that it has occasioned none of the evils expected from it, and that it has lived down all the fears and misgivings of the Government.

### “Give to Him that Asketh Thee.”

If the poor man pass thy door  
Give him of thy bounteous store,  
Give him food, and give him gold,  
Give him shelter from the cold;  
Aid him his lone life to live,  
For 'tis angel-like to give.

Though world, riches thou hast not,  
Give to him of poorer lot;  
Think thee of the widow's mite,  
In the holy Master's sight,  
It was more, a thousand fold,  
Than the rich man's hoard of gold.

Give, it is the better part,  
Give to him, ‘the poor in heart;’  
Give of love in large degree,  
Give of hope and sympathy;  
Cheer to them who sigh forlorn  
Light to him whose lamp is gone.

Give the grey-haired wanderer room,  
Lead him gently to the tomb;  
Let him not in friendless clime  
Float adown the tide of time;  
Hear the mother's lonely call,  
She, the nearest one of all.

And the lost, abandoned one,  
In thy pathway do not shun;  
Of thy kindness she hath need,  
Bind with balm the bruised head;  
Give, and gifts above all price  
Shall be thine in Paradise.

### The Two Revenges.

Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbui, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended, with his only child, an infant, then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death; but his punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of the clan, which in those feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbui, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood upon an inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed may easily be conceived. Maclean implored the man to give back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied that the only condition on which he would consent to a restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been. In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to anything if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult; and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniacal revenge, and lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss beneath. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of the Mull.

Two men living in the southern part of Africa had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. After a while one of them found a little girl belonging to his enemy, in the woods, at some distance from her father's house. He seized her and cut off her hair; and as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding wrists, he said to her—“I have had my revenge.” Years passed away. The little girl became a Christian, and had grown up to be a young woman, when one day there came to her father's door a poor worn-out, grey-headed old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her hair. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat, and set down and watched him eat. When he had finished, dropping the covering that hid her handless wrists from view, and holding them up before him, she exclaimed—“I have had my revenge!” The man was overwhelmed with surprise and humiliation. But the blessed Saviour had said—“If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.”

THE TEN FRIENDS.—“I wish that I'd good friends to help me on in life!” cried lazy Dennis, with a yawn.  
“Good friends! why, you've ten!” replied his master.  
“I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me.”  
“Count your fingers, my boy,” said his master.  
Dennis looked down on his big, strong hands.  
“Count thumbs and all,” added the master.  
“I have—there are ten,” said the lad.  
“Then, never say that you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do, before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others.”

### A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.

We are glad to see that Rev. William M. Thayer, author of the “Pioneer Boy” and other popular works is engaged upon a History of the Rebellion for the young, and that Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, will issue the first volume about the first of April. The importance of such a work cannot be over-estimated. The youth ought to understand the nature and history of this struggle, as a means of inspiring their hearts with patriotism, and attaching them with all the ardor of youth to free institutions. There are lessons for them in this war that can be derived from no other source, and we rejoice that they are going to appear in permanent shapes. All intelligent parents will desire to have their children instructed on this subject, that they may not lose the lesson of the hour. The value of this History will not be confined to the young. Many families cannot afford to purchase either of the histories of the Rebellion written avowedly for adults, the cheapest of which will cost seven or eight dollars. As this work of Mr. Thayer's, when completed, will not probably cost half that, and yet will contain the substance of the larger works, families who cannot afford the larger works (made large by the introduction of public documents, long speeches, &c., that few desire to read) will find this a valuable history for their use, whether they have children or not. Consideration—the most in the smallest space—is what our people crave; and this, we understand, will be a characteristic of this History of the Rebellion for the young.

This work, the price of which we learn from the publishers is to be \$1.25, should attract the attention of Book Agents, as it is destined to have an immense sale all over the country.  
WEAKLY CHILDREN OFTEN MAKE STRONG MEN.—The chief characteristic of Dr. Lyman Beecher appears to have been strength—a rather rugged strength and consequent force both of body and mind; and yet we read as follows in his autobiography, recently published:—  
Dr. Beecher's mother was tall, well-proportioned, dignified in her movements, fair to look upon, intelligent in conversation and in character lively.  
I was her only child. She died of consumption two days after I was born. I was a seven months' child; and when the woman that attended on her saw what a puny thing I was, and that the mother could not live, she thought it useless to attempt to keep me alive. I was actually wrapped up and laid aside. But, after a while, one of the women thought she would look and see if I was living, and, finding I was, concluded to wash and dress me, saying, “It's a pity he hadn't died with his mother.”  
And yet this weak and puny child of a consumptive mother, lived to exercise through himself and his children, no inconsiderable degree of influence on the destinies of his country.

YOUNG BLOOD.—Gen. Kilpatrick and Gen. Custar, whose exploits are to-day the leading theme of newspaper comment and of social remark, are both of them in the hey-day of youth. Kilpatrick is twenty-eight years old, and has been a widower for about a year. Custar, the youngest general in our service, is but twenty-four years of age, and was married only three or four weeks ago. Both of these brave young men are West Pointers, and were graduated in the same class—that of 1861. Gen. Averill, who made the brilliant raid into Western Virginia, is a little the senior of these two. He is now lying in Washington with both feet suffering severely from frost-bite. During the dash into South-western Virginia, he was at one time forty-eight hours in the saddle, exposed to the fury of a bitter cold storm, and he has been disabled ever since. The public which appreciates such gallant service as Averill has rendered, will be pleased to learn that he is recovering, and will be, before long, once more in the saddle.  
There are no little enemies; people either hate you with their whole hearts, or they don't hate you at all. This hating a little is like blowing up a powder mill a little, for all know, it cannot be done.  
Water that flows from a spring does not freeze in the coldest winter. And those sentiments of true friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.  
The betrothed lover has lost the wild-est charm of his maiden in the betrothal. She was heaven only while he pursued her as a star above his reach.  
A man up in Vermont, the past winter, who went to drink through a hole in the ice, caught a trout weighing two and a half pounds, with his nose.  
We respect him who can more easily make a hymn than a joke, a grace at meat than a dinner-speech.  
Many run after felicity, like an absent minded man hunting for his hat while it is on his head.  
Charity may sometimes gush forth from the hardest heart, like silver water from the rock.  
We detest a second leave-taking. It confuses the clear echo of the first.

### A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.—The Rev.

Francis Newbold, of Rose Cottage, Lyndhurst, Hants, England, was recently charged before a London magistrate with assaulting the police and using abusive language. He was sixty years of age, and could not plead “the frivolity of youth” in his defence. But he did just as well. The magistrate said: “This is a serious offence, considering the station you seem to move in. Have you anything to say?”

To which Mr. Newbold replied: “The fact is, that after I had an early dinner yesterday I had a pint of dry port, and this made me so very dry that I called for a glass of sparkling wine. It was so nice that I had a second. I then went down to the station, as I thought quite right, but when I got on to the platform the cork, as I might say, seemed to get out, and the wine went about me.”

The Reverend gentleman may not have satisfied justice, but he conferred a boon upon the reporters, who will hereafter speak of a drunken man not as one “with a brick in his hat,” or “tight,” or “boozy,” or “exposed too long to the sun,” but as a man with “the cork out.”

PRIZE AGENTS.—Advertisements by persons calling themselves prize brokers, prize agents, &c., are to be met with everywhere, soliciting assignments and powers of attorney, from officers and seamen to collect prize money. In some of these notices the names of prizes ready for distribution are advertised. Our attention has lately been called to one, in which we are assured, on the best authority, not one statement, as far as regards this district, is correct. The names of vessels entitled are incorrectly given, and prizes declared ready for distribution which are still under adjudication. Officers and seamen should be constantly reminded that they can receive their prize money from their own paymaster, without a dollar's cost to themselves, and need employ no agent or broker; and that the courts, and the department, and the navy, have refused to allow the charges or commissions of brokers or agents to be deducted from the prize fund.—Boston Transcript.

SNUFF-TAKERS BEWARE.—Lately a gentleman travelling through England entered a first class carriage, where he found a person already comfortably seated, who soon entered into conversation, and civilly offered his new acquaintance a pinch of snuff, which was accepted, but had no sooner entered his nostrils than it produced the effect of a powerful narcotic, of which the wary traveller soon took advantage by relieving his sleeping companion of fifteen thousand francs in bank notes, three thousand francs in other money, besides his watch, chain and ring, with which valuables, it is needless to say, he escaped undetected.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME.—We have somewhere met with this assertion, which seems worth repeating:—“Six things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lightened up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.”

A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him (just to see what he would say) to give them one or both of his pets. One day he told a man present that he might have his colt, reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked: “Why, Jackey, why didn't you give him the dog?” “Say nothing, mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him.”

DECEIT.—When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom of the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand.

“Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours.”  
“Well, what if he has? He goes to bed at dark (hic), while I (hic) on a bender till after (hic) midnight.”  
Jekyll was told that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat.  
“Ah!” he exclaimed, “floating on his watery bier!”

“What's whiskey bringing?” inquired a large dealer at that article. “Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want,” was the truthful reply.

“If any one speaks ill of thee,” said Epictetus, “consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.”

“If you would pass for more than value, say little. It is easier to look wise than to talk wise.”

“If you are insulted in a gentleman's house, let the first thing you open be not your mouth, but the door.”



## The Middlesex Journal.

S. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square one year, 10.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
Half a square one year, 6.00  
Half a square six months, 4.00  
Half a square three months, 3.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.  
SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stoughton—E. T. WINTHROP.  
Winchester—JOSIAH HOBBS.  
Reading—L. E. D. GILBERT.  
S. M. PATTENBELL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to Y. R. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates regularly set.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. It is published weekly, and is read by the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 19, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MRS. DEMOREST'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new head patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

## Fraternalization.

It has been stated that at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, as well as at other points, the Union and Rebel soldiers have mingled together on terms of entire cordiality, and as though there had been no real difference between them. There never has been any foundation for a quarrel between the masses of the South, and those of the North, except the opinion, so industriously instilled into the former, that the men of the North are their inferiors. That opinion has, however, been flogged out of them, as it was essential to the harmony of the Nation that it should be, and they begin to see that they have been fighting a battle which was not their own and warring against a government, of which they have never had a reason to complain. They feel that the burthens of the conflict have been on them. They know, by a bitter experience, that they have only substituted an iron rule for a gentle one, and they are ready to come back as soon as they can have the assurance that the old government is strong enough to protect them.

And this is the answer to the argument of the Copperheads, which has found so much favor with European statesmen, that it is impossible to restore the Union by the subjugation of four or five millions of people, who are united in the determination to maintain their independence. If there had been any real grievance, to render even the calamities of an unequal war more tolerable than a return to their allegiance, and the people were as thoroughly united by oppression, as it is pretended they are, and without any disturbing element amongst them, either black or white, it is not to be doubted, that a thorough re-union would have been impossible, even though they might be conquered, and held as subjects.

If we had dealt with rebel sympathizers in this latitude, as the rebels themselves have dealt with loyal men in the South, by imprisoning, banishing and hanging them upon the mere suspicion of unfriendliness to the Union cause, we should have had the same apparent unanimity here. Under such a rule as theirs, there is no scope for the expression of a dissent. A reference, however, to the means by which some of these States were hurried into the rebellion, even against the known wishes of a majority of the people, is enough to show that it wants but a removal of the *vis major*, by which they have been overborne, to bring them back into the Union, with their original love of it increased and intensified, by a new and realizing sense of the many blessings it has assured. It will be to them a transition from a hell of discord and ruin—to a paradise of peace and happiness.

It is not so, we admit, with the ruling class, by which they have been dragged into this unhappy state. They hate the North with an intense and bitter hatred, which can be only washed out with their blood. They have left us, because their pride would not allow them to herd with what they denominated the northern rabble, upon a footing of equality. They did not entertain any more respect for the military powers of the North, than the old nobles of France entertained for the miserable Jacquerie, whom they rode down,

and trampled under foot with their mailed squadrons. They laughed—as Russell tells us—at the idea of an invasion of their southern homes by the shop-keepers, the tailors, the shoemakers, and haberdashers, and cotton spinners of the Free States. Many of them have expiated their error by their blood—many have gone down in battle, under the trenchant blades of the stalwart warriors whom they affected to despise. The roll of slaves which was to have been called on Bunker Hill, is called in vain over the desolated plantations of the South. Those who remain of the fire-eating gentry are beggared by their folly, and feel that their lives, as well as their estates, are justly forfeited to the offended laws. They have nothing to hope from submission, if their pride would even allow it. They will fight, of course, as men fight, who have a halter about their necks. But they cannot fight without a soldiery, and those who have done their work unwillingly, will be the first to turn upon them, as soon as convinced that the cause is a hopeless one. We shall be one people as before, with neither fire-eater or slave, to disturb our harmony.

FUNERAL SERVICES.—The funeral services of Dr. Benjamin Cutter, took place from the First Congregational Church, on Monday afternoon. The attendance of those who desired to pay the last sad tribute to departed worth, was very large, and the services, conducted by Rev. Mr. Bodwell, were deeply impressive. The remarks were worthy of the character and standing of the deceased, and gratifying to those who cherished his memory.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.—There is a class of boys in our town, who are daily taking deeper root in crime. They visit our stores and watch their opportunity to steal whatever is within their reach. It is only a day or two ago, that one of this class, only eight years of age, was caught in daylight with his hand in the money drawer of one of our storekeepers. Justice demands that these young offenders, now sowing the seeds of a bitter harvest, should be closely watched and effectually punished, until their practices are broken up and they reform their ways.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CO. K, 39th REGT.—Private Timothy Shehan, of Co. K, 39th Regt., died of pneumonia, on Thursday, March 10th, near Mitchell's Station, Va. The deceased came off guard on Tuesday, March 1, during a cold storm of rain and sleet, and on Wednesday complained of being unwell. The cause of his illness at once became apparent, and he was ordered into the hospital. The deceased leaves a wife and seven children. One of his sons is in the 22d Regt.

CARRIERS' MEETING.—The Carriers' Protective Union of Woburn, called a meeting of the carriers of this town and vicinity, to be held on Wednesday evening, in Lyceum Hall, but on account of being disappointed in speakers were compelled to postpone it. A delegation of the Salem carriers, now on a strike, visited Woburn for the purpose of attending the meeting, and were hospitably entertained by their brother workmen of our town.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. Nathaniel Hopkins, of this town, was thrown from a freight train in Winchester, yesterday, by coming in contact with a target, and badly injured. It appears that he fell upon a switch, the handle of which was broken off by the concussion. It is hoped that he has not sustained serious internal injury.

RETURNED SOLDIERS.—The returned soldiers of Woburn, by a Special Notice in another column, will see that they are requested to meet in Armory Hall this evening, to make arrangements to attend the funeral of Private Timothy Shehan, to-morrow.

SPRING CLOTHING.—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that Mr. P. T. Pease has received his Spring stock of cloths, which he is prepared to make into fashionable and serviceable garments. He is determined that his terms shall be as reasonable as any other man's, and that his work shall not be excelled in durability or finish. The public are invited to examine his goods.

CALL FOR 200,000 MEN.—Another call has been made for men, and this time 200,000 are wanted. This call is made for the purpose of bringing about a final settlement with the different States, and making good the losses to the army caused by the transfer of men to the navy. The quota of Woburn under this call will be about 43.

CALL ACCEPTED.—We learn that Rev. Mr. Fay of Leominster, has accepted the call recently tendered him by the First Unitarian Parish in Woburn, and will preach his first sermon on Sunday, the 10th of April.

FOUND DEAD.—Mr. She, well known to many as a wood sawyer, was found dead in his bed last Monday morning. The cause of his death was supposed to be heart disease. He was 73 years of age.

SOCIABLE.—The members of the Young Men's Literary Association held a sociable at the Central House on Wednesday evening. The attendance was through invitation, and those present had a very pleasant time.

MIRROR OF FASHION.—We expect to have the spring number of MRS. DEMOREST'S Mirror of Fashion next week, for distribution to those who subscribed for it.

ROOM PAPER.—A large and varied stock of new spring patterns of Room Paper, has just been received at the Woburn Bookstore, from New York.

PROMOTED.—Second Lieut. Geo. J. Morse, of this town, belonging to the 59th Regt., has been promoted to First Lieutenant.

PAST DAY.—The Governor has appointed Thursday April 7th, as Past day.

## Army Correspondence.

BRANDY STATION, VA., March 11th, 1864.

Dear Editor.—As swiftly as shifts theatrical scenery, has changed the sunny skies and softest winds, for leaden clouds and descending rains. The fair face of Brandy is clouded once more, and the fields, which but a short while since smiled back to the sun with reciprocal joyousness, now stretch mist-clad and growing apparently but half their former length. The skies seem to lower close upon the earth, and the nearer horizon shuts out the farther hills and boundary of woods. Dense mist and falling rain shut in the view. All is dreary, dismal, waste, and wild. Even the horses, poor brutes, stand drooping and depressed beneath the down-falling flood, and penetrating mist, occupying the least possible space, and striving as if to creep within themselves. Everybody and everything seems to have a most determined attack of the blues. The roads have nearly returned to their primitive state of mud, ponds exist, and little streams run brawling by where once no moisture was. Brightly glows the fire in every soldier's chimney, and every hut presents a doubled charm by the contrast with the inclemency without. Now is the season of letters, of reading, and of songs.

Inclement weather, drives man within himself for recreation and for occupation. It is the time for searching thought, and naturally induces meditation. It is a sign, man is rapid and thoughtful when he acknowledges to ennui. What springs of employment man has within himself he would only search. It is by thought, and belief induced thereby, that man makes himself, and the outer circumstances of life, his contact with his fellow men, his education, are but the polishing touches to a work already done in actuality. Insanely filled with excess of thoughts and ideas, fears not solitude. Why should the solvent mind dread it more? Solitude continually induces a morbidity and rustiness of thought. But whether is worse the narrow round of thought circumscribed by continual solitude, or the rapidity that always shuns reflections? Besides, man being naturally socially disposed need exercise no extreme exertion to avoid excess of loneliness. His endeavor should rather be the other way to avoid inanity and frivolity. Nor is a habit of thought a task, save to a certain degree. When once warmed up fit to the traces with wonderful facility. Then comes the pleasure. The world of thought! How boundless, how sublime, how pleasing! The slightest thing in nature by the power of thought occupies a beauty, and pleasure-giving power before undreamed; and works of art are appreciated with a zest ever freshening with their consideration. In walks about the fields each tree and twig and joyous bird seen thro' the thoughtful man's means of vision, the brooding skies, the flowering meadows, the tints of distance and the brightness of nearness, beget within an exquisite deliciousness of enjoyment that is a pleasure as apparent as any of sense. There penetrates from without the subtle essence of beauty absolute, and from within arises the happy grateful sense of His goodness, who possessing to himself the power to make whatever his will might wish, yet in love immeasurably bath made all things so lovely, that all their loveliness may not be learned, only for us. The pleasure and need of thought can never be narrated.

The winter seems lightened of one half its weight, as also men's mind. All sorts of arrangements for comfort and pleasure and improvement have ripened into fullness. With the opening of Spring come many rumors which in their variety, beget as great a variety of theories as to the commencement and conduct of the ensuing campaign. Even the old fear is not wanting, and there are some who say Lee meditates another invasion, others even that he is now within the limits of Maryland. You will at once perceive that army rumors not always take counsel of probability. These rumors are one source of the army amusement, which for the rest part is made up of balls, races, reviews, &c. The officers of the 1st Brigade H. A. have built and dedicated to amusement a log building about 20x40. It is used for a club house, an arena for sparring exhibitions, and shortly will be for the performance of an amateur minstrel troupe. Not half a dozen rods from where stands this club house, is located another institution of the brigade, viz., the tent of the U. S. Christian Commission, which serves as a chapel. Here has been divine service every day since the early part of the winter. The labors of the Christian Commission, throughout the army have been highly successful, and really it seems that, had the U. S. expended the money it has wasted on incompetent and lukewarm chaplains, as judiciously, it would have been a great saving to the U. S. in the quality of its soldiers.

Near by our camp, are the encampment of the famous Vermont brigade which won such honors at Fredericksburg and elsewhere. It is composed of five regiments, each very large in comparison with most the other regiments in the army of the Potomac. At a review a few days since, it appeared on the field as many as 3,000 strong. Many times I have seen whole divisions reviewed which could boast no more. It was a fine sight and well may the Green Mountain State be proud of her favorite brigade. Most of the men seemed recruits, and yet after the usual ceremonies of review were over, they deployed into line of battle, and made a charge with as even a line, and as much earnestness as though all were veterans. With a shout and a prolonged yell the line swept heavily forward, a shivory sight of blue, and bristling bayonets. I can compare it to nothing save when in summer the noontide sun retiring behind some cloud, the shadow swiftly sweeps the ground, surrounding everything, coloring all. Once seen, one can well appreciate the dread that soldiers have to face that glaring line, seeming about to sweep everything before it. The brigade stretched nearly a mile in length. I shivered involuntarily.

Uncle Abram, and the conquering Ulysses, are now at army headquarters, and is reported

ed will review the army as soon as the weather will permit. And the rumors of movement may not be altogether without foundation, in fact, for to-day has arrived the order to put the artillery in thorough order to take the field. Well *allons mes enfans*, we will not rust.

Yours, &c.,  
HOPKINS.

NEW BERN, N. C., Mar. 7th, 1864.

Dear Editor.—We are all quiet here now. The Brethren are armed, and the citizens are organized into companies, and will be called out on the first alarm. Reinforcements have arrived, and an effective blockade is being put across the Neuse, to prevent the Ironclads coming down from Kinston.

The place is full of rumors, none of which are reliable. Last week, very little business was done, on account of the apprehended attack, but to day things have assumed their usual course, and trade is as lively as ever. Fortifications are springing up rapidly, and each day increases our strength. We shall soon be surrounded by a line of defenses, that will defy capture by assault, and we have no fears of surprise from water side. The experience of the Underwriter, will not be repeated. The Com. Hull, is now lying a few rods from the ruined vessel, pierced with a 110 shot received during the siege at Little Washington, and is ready to welcome 110 more. She has a good crew, and is well officered. The body of Capt. Westervelt, of the Underwriter, was found a short distance from the scene of capture, one week ago yesterday, with a shot wound in the leg, and fractured skull. He was evidently murdered after his capture, and thrown overboard, as one of his crew who escaped, and is now on the Com. Hull, says he saw him get into the enemy's boat wounded. The reports in northern papers about N. Carolinian Unionism, is all "boosh." I don't believe there is a native in this place, who is a loyal Unionist at least, nor do I know a true loyal man, who does.

The mail-boat that runs between Norfolk and Roanoke Island, connecting with boats from this place, was fired upon by guerrillas last week, who fled to the swamps.

SOLDIERS AFTER THE WAR.—Macaulay in the portion of his history relating to the state of English society at the close of the great Revolution, touches upon a subject curiously parallel in our own times. Speaking of the ideas that were then entertained as to the result of disbanding Cromwell's army and throwing its unruly elements back into society, he says:

"The troops are now disbanded. Fifty thousand men accustomed to the profession of arms were at once thrown on the world, and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime—that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained no traces indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The royalists themselves confessed that, in every department of industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men; that none was charged with any theft or robbery; that none was heard to ask an alms; and that, if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner, attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was it all probability, one of Oliver's old soldiers."

In a speech delivered at St. Louis a few evenings since Gen. Rosecrans gave his idea on reconstruction. He said:

"Gen. McNeil has told you that he thought that every black man who fought for the country should have a vote. So do I—so do I." He said he had a black man as his servant (Samuel Marshall), who had won his freedom by fighting for the country at Fort Moultrie, in South Carolina. So we have the example of the South itself in freeing slaves who fight for the country. Gen. Rosecrans also gave his views of a reconstruction of the Union. He said that whenever a State passes an act renouncing its allegiance to the Government, we are obliged to recognize it as the act of the State—that it has abdicated—and no two hundred men in such a State can act for the whole. The people still remain citizens of the United States, and are to be governed until there is a loyal population sufficient to form a State and be admitted into the Union.

The General added: "I am not in favor of a central despotism, but in the unity of the nation and the maintenance of the general government. When a citizen wants to expatriate himself he can do so by the consent of the sovereign. I want Congress to pass an act to allow any citizen to expatriate himself, and to declare its assent to such expatriation, and never more allow him to vote until re-naturalized."

SHOCKING CASE OF WIFE MURDER.—A poor woman named Hannah McCarty, came to her death in New Bedford, Wednesday morning, by the brutality of her husband, who, in a drunken fit, threw her down stairs and then jumped upon her. She managed to crawl back to her room, when the drunken ruffian threw her against a stove and beat her until she died. The inhuman brute was arrested.

The story is told of the soldiers of the Army of the Gulf, that after using their coffee, they spread the grounds on rubber blankets to dry, and then sell it to the seceding citizens at \$1 per pound in gold.

We received a call last Tuesday evening, from Capt. A. W. Persons, of this town, who had just arrived home from New Orleans, on furlough. Capt. Persons belongs the 1st Louisiana (white) Regt., and won his present position through good soldierly qualities. He reports everything quiet at New Orleans.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

"The Beloved Physician."

"How is the gold become dim?  
How is the most fine gold changed?"—*Zan.*  
Oh Death! thy hand hath quenched a shining light!

The gold, to us, to earth indeed, is dimm'd!  
The golden bowl is broke—the silver cord  
That bound that precious life to us, is loosed!  
That soul so fraught with knowledge, love  
And skill!

To soothe life's varied maladies, is gone,  
The loved but lifeless casket only left.  
"How is the most fine gold changed?"  
Nay, ask, fond heart, "How is it changed?"  
Oh, grace divine! from earthly dross made free,

It soars and shines where all is bright and pure,  
And where the great Refiner sees well pleased  
His glorious likeness in the ransomed soul.  
Oh wonderful! that he who loved, when here,  
To read fair nature's book, and turn to flowers  
The thought of sick and weary ones, till they  
In the sweet lore forgot their wasting pangs,  
That he, oh bliss! now walks the fields of heaven.

And seen the blessed Rose of Sharon there!—  
That he who loved by winding streams to muse,  
And in all things the evidence to trace  
"Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!"

That he now rests, his cares and labors done,  
Beside the stream of Life, that endless flows  
"Fast by the throne of God!"—Oh glorious there,

With all the ransom'd of the Lord, adores  
That Holy One that dwells in glory slain.  
Oh mourning friends, refrain, dry up your tears!  
Rejoice that he is safe in endless rest,  
And wait to make for you even heaven more blest.

WOBURN, March 14th, 1864.

A PERILOUS FEAT.—The New Haven Palladium says that while the excursion train was conveying the Congressional Naval Committee over the Shore Line Railroad, on Sunday, just after passing Westbrook station the brakeman, Mr. T. Cahill, observed that one of the rear journal boxes of the locomotive tender had become hot and was blazing. He notified the engineer, Mr. Stebbins, who promptly ran over the tender, jumped down between it and the baggage car, and, standing upon the connecting bar between the rear brakes while the brakeman supported him with a tight clutch of his coat collar he rectified the trouble and oiled up the heated journal without slackening the speed of the train. That portion of the road is among the most favorable sections of the whole line for fast running, and while the train went flying through the village of Clinton, making better time than a mile a minute, this firm-nerved engineer was actually down between and underneath the engine and baggage-car, coolly at work repairing damages. The train made an average of 42 miles an hour on the whole trip.

Thackeray's fortune was about \$150,000.  
Uncle Sam has \$19,670,479 in gold in his vaults.

A bald headed eagle eight feet from tip to tip was shot near Augusta, Mo., last week.  
Chase's friends are persistent. They mean to bully the President into a letter of withdrawal.

Pickpockets travel regularly on the New York Central Railroad to plunder returning soldiers.

The Springfield Republican asks, what are we coming to? Fifty cents a pound for butter.  
They tell of a New York merchant who owns four hundred pairs of boots, all made for himself.

The Times says substantially that New Yorkers live at the hotels because they are too lazy to do housework.

A fine quality of salt is now made at St. Clair, Michigan, from rich brine found at a depth of six hundred and eighty-two feet.

A contemporary says Naval contractors seem to think this is the time to build vessels of iron and steel.

Fifteen legislatures have walked up to the captain's office and settled by pledging themselves for "Old Abe."

News from Virginia City, Idaho Territory, represents that twenty-two persons in all have been hung or shot by the Vigilance Committee.

The Chattanooga Gazette is out in favor of establishing a new State, to be composed of East Tennessee, North Georgia and Western North Carolina.

There are rich churches in New York—St. Paul's for instance—which took up an impromptu collection last Sunday of twelve thousand dollars.

The contraband farmers near Norfolk, Va., had a spirited plowing match on the 10th, and prizes of watched and money were given to the winners.

When New York gets its 20 inch guns all placed, every inch of the harbor down to Sandy Hook will be protected.

In England they have public readings for the million, admission one penny; the poor flock to them in crowds, and listen with wonderful interest.

There are fools who insist on being perfectly miserable because they cannot be perfectly happy.

A blunt truth is very likely to bruise a man without penetrating him.

VOLUNTEERS, READ THIS.—For the disengagement of the system, Change of Diet, Wounds, Sores, Bruises and Eruptions, to which every Volunteer is liable, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and sure as HOLLAND'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, thoroughly tested in the Crimean and Italian Campaigns. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

THE FRIEND IN THE HOUSE.—The "Shadow in the House," is the title of a recent novel. We prefer to speak of the Friend in the house, which Grace's Salve assuredly is. Its composition is the result of years of study. It is soothing, penetrating and of a wonderfully healing nature. In all cases of burns, scalds, flesh wounds, old ulcers, feline, and all eruptions of the skin resulting from impure humors, it is a sovereign remedy. With this friend in the house, accidents may be easily remedied. Try it, it will prove a friend in need. 25 cts. per box. See advertisement in another column.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

ANTHROPOLOGY.—The lecture upon this subject by Luther Hills, Esq., of Chelsea, came off at the time and place mentioned in a previous paper. As a matter of course, he gave only a brief outline of the subject, which he contended required several evenings to elucidate in a proper manner. He defined first, the nature of anthropology. The believer in this doctrine was not satisfied with Anatomy and Physiology nor yet with Phenology. He must know the why and the wherefore of all these seeming contradictions in the manifestations of mind and matter. It was clearly apparent that there was a great difference in men and women, physically and mentally. The anthropologist studies cause and effect. He is not satisfied with seeing these manifestations but traces out the cause. All species of animated life were fashioned by their Creator just as they were intended to be, from the lowest to the highest, and it is the variation from the natural laws that has caused in the human race such sad changes. Throughout all the cycles of time, we have seen that birds and beasts have reproduced those exactly like themselves, and so it should be in the human race. The manifestations of our instincts are in strict accordance with our physical and cerebral organism. From generation to generation, this fact can be seen. God's law is eternal, and is written all over the face of nature. Until we search it out and obey its high behests in this respect we cannot expect that condition of mind and body in ourselves or our posterity, which the law of heredity enjoins upon us. In no part of our widely extended country, do such intelligences exist as in many parts of New England. But though we have so much intellect among us there is wanting physical vigor to sustain it. We do not see such specimens of manly vigor and strength as in the days of our forefathers. The race is sadly degenerating. This fact was illustrated by several anecdotes. Starr King was too much of the feminine type in his bodily frame, and hence his inability to withstand the pressure of his intellectual powers. Henry Ward Beecher was more the type of his mother than his father, although possessing a more robust frame. The lecturer claimed that by a strict adherence to the inevitable law of heredity, our moral, intellectual and social improvement would be advanced, inasmuch as our physical system would be more properly developed. Mr. Hills illustrated his science by a large collection of portraits of men and women of rare and notorious characteristics, which were hung upon the walls, and of whom he gave brief descriptions in several instances. At the close of his lecture, he requested that a Committee should be appointed by the audience to inspect his examinations, and see that there was no trickery in them. Messrs. Charles Pressey, E. A. Wadleigh, E. A. Braekett, S. Wilder, J. Story and H. K. Stanton were appointed the Committee. Several members of the Committee and some from the audience were called up, and Mr. Hills by merely looking at them, pointed out their mental and physical peculiarities and stated whether they were the types of their father or mother. On the following Saturday and Monday evenings, large audiences assembled to hear Mr. Hills discourse upon other branches of the same subject. "Man past and present, together with the present physical and mental condition of the men, women and children of this country; the causes of different dispositions and capacities in persons; why man is physically diseased, together with the causes of Idiocy, Insanity and Imbecility; and why we as a nation are becoming physically degenerated," and many other points were dwelt upon and enforced with an earnestness which showed his interest in the matter. He has spent nearly forty years in studying and lecturing upon this topic, and has travelled over all parts of the country, and has testimonials of the value of his instructions from many of the colleges and other educational institutions of our land, as well as from individuals occupying high positions in the community. On the two last evenings as well as on the first, he delineated the mental and physical peculiarities of several in the audience and described their fathers and mothers, all entirely unknown to him, with great accuracy and to the satisfaction of the Committee. Time and space will not allow me to particularize some of the facts respecting the persons thus described, which were very interesting, but suffice it to say that in no case did he fail in his descriptions. Several persons visited Mr. Hills during the day time while he was here, bringing their children with them that they might get advice as to the best course to be pursued in relation to them. It is proposed to have some more lectures probably next week, from this gentleman, one or more of which will be addressed to each sex separately. The importance of a proper knowledge of this subject cannot be over estimated in its effect upon the physical well being of ourselves and our posterity, and these lectures will not be in vain, if it shall lead some persons to think as to the course they are pursuing and its effects, immediate and remote. Mr. Hills has a rich fund of experience and is very enthusiastic in his manner of imparting what he believes to be God's truth upon this too much neglected subject and although many may be disposed to question his theories yet they will accord to him sincerity and honesty of purpose.

IN MEMORIAM.—At the last meeting of the Union League the following resolution was reported by a Committee previously appointed and unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, that in the sudden removal by the hand of death of our fellow townsman, Stephen H. Lynde, we are called to mourn the loss of a constant and genial companion, a kind hearted neighbor, a public spirited citizen and an active and able officer of the League, and we desire to mingle our heartfelt sorrow at this private and public bereavement with that of his much afflicted family.

MARONIC.—The upper hall in Lyceum building has been leased to the Masons for a term

of years, and is to be fitted up immediately in the usual form and occupied for the purposes of a new Lodge of the order to be instituted very soon.

EXCELSIOR.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SOCIABLE.—The social gathering, postponed a week on account of the weather, was held in the Town Hall on Monday evening. It might almost have been considered a musical concert, the greater part of the evening being occupied by songs, duets, quartettes, &c. The attendance was unusually large, and the number who took part in the exercises was much increased. This perhaps should not be ascribed so much to a greater interest in the object, as to the fact that the singing school and many other evening engagements have closed, which gives those an opportunity to attend, who before would have been glad to do so, but could not consistently with other calls upon their time. The singers deserve much credit for the part which they voluntarily perform at these entertainments. There is objection however to having too much of a good thing, if by so doing a part of the object of the gathering, that of its sociability, is frustrated. A statement was read from the treasurer of the Association, showing the success of the several entertainments in a financial point of view. He reported \$740 in the treasury after satisfying all bills of expenses, &c. The singers, who contributed so much to the pleasure of the evening, were Messrs. Joseph Morton, I. W. Bailey, Chas. R. Walker, William Rustin, Joseph Eustis, E. F. Sweetser, E. L. Cardell, John W. Hartshorn, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Seaver, Mrs. Solon Walton, Mrs. A. A. Currier, Mrs. C. R. Walker, Misses Ida L. Coffin, Julia Tompson, Addie Walker, M. A. Clifford, Clara Boswell, Carrie S. Crocker, Emma S. Crocker, and three daughters of Mr. Andrew Young.

SECURE YOUR HORSES.—It is generally unsafe to leave horses unattended beside the street while the owners are in the store or house on business. The gentlest animal will sometimes become frightened, especially if any unusual noise or appearance comes suddenly upon them. A few evenings since a horse standing at the North Market, supposed to be proof against steam engines, started and ran, on the approach of the steam carriage of Messrs. Sawyer and Trow. This carriage is now frequently in the streets, and will be likely to alarm timid horses; and in fact those that have become familiar with the railroad engine and horse car, will not quietly submit to the opposition of a steam carriage on the public highway. Horses are liable to fright from other causes. The most docile of them cannot be depended upon when suddenly excited. A little caution may prevent carriage wrecks and loss of life.

SCHOOLS.—Most of the schools held their public exhibitions last week and closed on Friday. The High and Grammar schools will close on Thursday of next week. The public exhibitions will occur on the same day—that of the Grammar School in the morning, and that of the High School in the afternoon. The Spring term will commence on Monday, April 11.

LIBRARY.—The Town Library is closed for the present, to give an opportunity to repair and cover books. There will be no farther delivery of books until the first of April.

## Special Notices.

## NOTICE.

The returned soldiers of Woburn, are requested to meet at the Armory on Saturday evening, March 19th, at 7 o'clock, to make arrangements to attend the funeral of Private Timothy Shehan, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt. on Sunday.

Per order of Committee.  
Woburn, March 17, 1864.

## Warren Academy.











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII : No. 26.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### Men Wanted.

Men, for to-day's hard toil and battle!  
Knights were well in the feudal days;  
Kings, when the people were dumb as cattle;  
Priests, when a lie was a means of grace;  
Dancing-masters, when morals were manners;  
Schemers in life, when the sword was a pen;  
But now, when God lifts up his banner,  
And war clangs fierce—send us men! send us men!

O, contemptible tailor's dummy,  
Dupe and noodle and snob and quack,  
State old fossil and breathing mummy,  
Politician and party hack,  
Fool of fashion and tool of barter,  
Living to cheat and be cheated again,  
Drawer of cant and counterfeit money,  
Out and begone with you! send us some men!

Send us men for the desk and the altar,  
Men who are fearless of councils and bans,  
Never with righteousness daring to palter,  
Orthodox, rather in God's sight than man's;  
Men who assume no clerical mastery,  
Being man's servants and God's honest free-men.

Knowing that lordship agrees not with pastorship,  
Men whose first study is always to be men.  
Send us men for the public stations,  
Loyal and honest and brave and wise;  
Thoughtful beyond their pay and their ratios;  
Parleying never with traitors and spies;  
Men whose words and promises tally;  
Men who build upon Principles grand;  
Learning of Christ, not of Machiavelli;  
What to enact and how to command.

Send us men for the private places,  
Tradesmen and craftsmen and tillers of soil,  
Men with sympathies large as the race is,  
Loyal to fatherland, freedom, and God;  
Loyal in spite of high taxes and prices;  
Loving life, kindred, fortune—all these—  
Rather than sell, in humanity's crisis,  
Liberty's birthright for portage of peace!  
—New York Tribune.

## Select Literature.

### CLAUDE CAPPERRONNIER.

J. H. SYME.

"He's the laziest dog in Manin," cried old Gaspard, taking his pipe from his mouth and blowing the smoke towards a stucco image of Napoleon that stood upon his chimney-piece. "He'll never make a skinner worth a scrow."

"Oh, I knew it," cried old Marguerite, with a triumphant smile. "I saw that the lad was full of nothing but stupidity. You see what it is now, however, Gaspard; you must not take my advice, and so you must have your pellets spoiled."

"No, no, Marguerite," said Gaspard, shaking his head, and placing his feet on the fender, while he balanced his chair on its hind legs; "he is not altogether stupid, but he has not brains enough to be a skinner. I wish you had not asked me to take him apprentice when his uncle brought him here."

Marguerite suspended the scouring of a pewter platter for a moment, and looked hard at the lad as he listened to this home-thrust. She then commenced to rub with redoubled energy, and chanted at the same time an old song.

"You see," continued Gaspard, smoking and rocking, and chatting at his ease, "he might have made a useful tax collector, or town crier; but here he not only spoils pellets, but is himself spoiled."

"Well, now, Gaspard Beauvais," said Marguerite, in whose mind a sudden revolution had taken place, as she ceased her scrubbing, and placed one arm akimbo, while she leaned in an easy attitude upon the larger platter with the other; "you cannot say that Claude is a troublemaker, at any rate. He never returns one word to your reproaches, and he is content to sit alone in the pulling house, even on these winter nights."

"Troublesome!" shouted Gaspard, spinning his chair suddenly round, and confronting his wife with a look of lively astonishment; "why, my good woman, that word comprises all the faults that I find in him. Do you think it no trouble to see him mixing pickings, seconds and fists together, while he is muttering away about declensions and conjugations, and running holes in my pellets, while he is rhyming outlandish nonsense about Owee, who married Bess Solomon at Treeboothunter's—while mass cooled all Sunday? I tell you, Marguerite," cried old Gaspard, wheeling round to his former position, and knocking the dottle from his pipe with great energy; "I tell you the lad is not only troublesome, but I almost think he is profane."

"Gaspard Beauvais, take care what you say," replied Marguerite, in a severe tone, while she drew herself up and primed her mouth for a more potent discussion. "You are too free with your tongue, I think, old man."

She might have said the same of mad old Boreas, too, for, at the moment she was about to break the polemical group, he interrupted her discourse with a wild protracted howl, that made the doors and windows rattle, and shook all the chimneys of Manin, as if he had an umbrella at them for a year, and was wreaking his vengeance on them.

"There it comes at last," said Gaspard, listening to the wild howling of the wind, while she was written on his embrowned and wrinkled face. "My rheumatism fore-

boded this storm two days ago, and here it is."

"Are all things secure and ready for it?" cried Marguerite, with a careful woman's promptitude. "Are the bales in the shed, and the skins covered with pack-sheet? Storms ought to be provided against as well as old age, you know; and Gaspard Beauvais is not the least prudent man in Manin," she continued with a smile.

"Hillo, you are right, old woman!" exclaimed the skinner, springing to his feet and buttoning on his coat with the greatest despatch. "Bring forth the lantern, while I call that pest of a boy to help me."

Gaspard Beauvais was one of those very useful handicraftsmen who convert the skins of sheep and lambs into leather, and who combine with this profession the sorting of wool. He was a man of powerful frame and iron constitution, and it was well for him that he was so for the life of a skinner is no joke, and his work is no child's play. To-day he would be standing in the stream of Manin washing sheepskins, that the wool might be clean, and tossing the saturated masses of perhaps a hundred weight each, to the banks during twelve successive hours; to-morrow he would be stewed in a damp, close pellety, dressing skins with warm water; and the next day he would be smearing others with lime. Heat and cold had apparently only indurated his muscles and hardened his tendons, for the knock about the place with all the agility of vigorous manhood, and sung in the midst of his hardest labors with all the spirit of youth. He was tall and spare; his face was brown and wrinkled, and his gray hair fell in long, straight tresses down his cheeks; yet time seemed to poise itself lightly on his head, and the summer of youth appeared to have kept possession of his heart. He was a kind man and a brave one; but he was a great skinner, and being proud of this, it made him severe on his delinquent apprentice.

"Hillo, Claude," he shouted, as he stepped out into the night—or, rather, into his skin-yard; "hillo, Claude! are you sleeping?"

Gaspard Beauvais's skin-yard was a very excellent illustration, in it way, of Babel. It was never designed to be so, to be sure, but simple people often do great things without design, and Gaspard had certainly filled the quarter of an acre of area which he called a yard with superlative confusion. Gaspard's own snug little dwelling—with well-plastered plate-rack, and spasmodic cuckoo clock—with its great roaring fire, its chains of black and white puddings, and its half-yards of bacon—with its three little overhanging eaves—occupied one and the most elevated extreme of his property, which declined towards the stream of Manin, said stream being another of its boundaries. On the left hand of the square was a stable and bark-mill, on both of which the dry rot and the damp rot had tried their powers of decay with eminent success, for the fir deals of which they were constructed had very loose connection with their posts, and were much wasting, so that the wind and rain and snow and sleet often danced quadrilles round the roof machine that crushed the bark. A pile of black oak bark, covered with straw and battened to the ground by great boulders of whinstone, stood sentinel beside four tan-pits, whose odors sickened the very wind, and gave every herb that attempted to grow within fifty yards of them, the fever. A drying-house, plentifully smeared with tar, grained a-ris in a little dilapidated barn, which had been whitewashed with lime; and a ruined boiler and decrepit workshop for wool-sorters leaned against each other in the sympathy of decay.

"Hillo, Claude!" shouted Gaspard, as he stumbled into the yard, followed by Marguerite, who carried a large tin lantern. "Out upon you, boy; are you asleep?"

As he spoke, Gaspard Beauvais and his garrulous old wife drew near to a little battered window, curtained with elegant festoons of spiders' webs, and with flakes of wool, and peered into the rickety edifice, which was designated, in technical phrase, the pulling house. On a rail, which divided the floor of this humble workshop into two parallel logs, hung numerous sheepskins, while great piles of wool lay snugly sorted into boxes, that ranged in front of a rude bench, before which the workmen usually sat at work. A clock, whose motion was preserved by two three-pound weights, in additional gravity, clicked in an irregular, intermittent fashion, as if it had a pain in its head, and wished from its heart to be at peace. In a rough, homely grate blazed a hearty, cheerful fire, whose flames flickered and danced up the chimney like fairies on a Christmas eve, and which laughed in the face of the old clock until it smiled and smiled again for sympathy. But softly, good Gaspard; and softly, Marguerite, with the clock, and hood, and linsley-wolsey kirtle, that scarcely reaches to thy ankle, of which thou art still so proud. Who is that stretched upon a sheepskin, with his head so near the fire? A lad, apparently of about sixteen, clad in a homely blouse, his hat sorely bedaubed with lime, and wearing trousers of mole-skin, that looked brown in many places, and smelled sadly of tanner's bark, was stretched upon his breast, and with eye and lip and mind concentrated on his grateful task, lay poring over a book.

What ho! ye doughty squires, with princely

homes and well stored libraries, and costly tomes, done up in morocco and gold! In a cheerless workshop, into which the winter wind came dancing like a fury, lay Claude Capperronnier, holding converse with a book. Do you think that he saw grim, broken walls, or the black rafters from which the spiders suspended their webs? Do you think that he heard the squeaking of the rats, and the howling of the storm? Hillo, gay gentlemen! you hunt the fox upon the hill, and you follow the heath-fowl on the hill; and fresh are the airs you breathe, and fair the scenes you see; but little do some of you know of the magic influence of a book.

"Is the lazy rascal dreaming?" said Gaspard, turning to his wife, and then peering again at his studious young apprentice.

Dreaming! Ay, Gaspard, he is dreaming. Fancy has shaded his form with the leaves of the spreading oak; and as he looked upon Virgil's page, his eyes beheld Aeneas. He does not hear the howl of the wind—not he. It is the oaken red of Tityrus that is sounding in his ear. Bend over thy book, brave Claude; learning is no illusion. Dream on thy hard, thorny way knowledge; thou art weaving a crown for thyself that few kings but the kings of toil have ever worn.

"Hillo, there, Claude!" roared Gaspard. "A pretty fellow you are, too, added Marguerite, in a shrill, treble tone; and as the youth sprang to his feet in surprise, and shook himself in order to right his costume, an impartial judge would have declared Marguerite's eulogy to have been a just one.

There was an expression of intellectual beauty in the lad's eyes and mouth that great painters alone could have copied, and keen observers only could notice. People never expect to find the same high class of beauty associated with ragged blouses and hard and horny hands. It is often so, however; and if Jean Baptiste Gruesse, instead of Gaspard Beauvais, had been looking through that little window, he would have observed the lineaments of a lovely mind in those of poor Claude Capperronnier.

"Hillo, there, you lazy rascal!" roared Gaspard again through the window. "Do you know that wind is blowing and rain is falling, and there are some skins lying out here to be covered?"

Claude did not hesitate a moment after this salute, but tumbled into the skin-yard in such a way as to belie the charge of laziness, so often preferred against him, and ran about his business with wonderful alacrity, although Marguerite was none of the cleverest lantern-carriers in France.

The dark clouds were careering over the village of Manin, scowling down on its straggled thatched cottages as if they did not think they had a right to be so comfortable; and the wind was tormenting the waters of the swollen stream until they foamed and boiled with rage, as Gaspard and his apprentice moved about, looking after the security of the merchandise. Manin was one of those beautiful little rural villages that stand the side of the way from Amiens to Paris. About a mile to the west of the village rose a hill which pines and poplars garmented with green, and in the bosom of which stood the Chateau de Manin, once the residence of a warlike race that had become defunct through degeneracy. The last lord had fallen from his horse, and had been killed in a boat hunt, and such was the end of the Family de Manin. In this hill rose the stream of Manin, which drove the mills that pressed the grapes of the vine growers, and in which Gaspard washed his skins. It was a roaring, blustering stream, spluttering and growling in winter like a drowning man, and sobbing over its pebbly bed in summer like a weeping infant. It was crossed by a narrow Gothic bridge, and a narrow ford; and sometimes travelers had been in imminent danger from trusting to this ford, as the bridge was the only safe means of crossing during high water.

"It is a terrible night," said Gaspard, as the wind shook the loose boards of his out-houses, and howled away over the plain, and through the bare woods. "Quick boy, quick, and let us within doors."

"Do you hear nothing, master?" said Claude, suddenly stopping his employment, and bending his ear. "I thought I heard a cry."

"I hear the wind and feel the rain; so get along; bestir thyself, and look sharp."

"I could pledge my word against a sheep-skin that some one has taken the road to-night, and is being borne down the stream," and quick as thought Claude Capperronnier was rushing towards the river, followed by the stalwart and kind-hearted and equally alarmed Gaspard.

They reached the river where it flowed past the tan-yard, and, looking up the stream towards the ford, they beheld lanterns dancing on the bank, and the shouts of the villagers as they ran hither and thither, anxious to save some one from the hungry, furious waters. Skinners are men of strength and men of courage, too, and Gaspard Beauvais and his apprentice did not in this respect disgrace their profession. In a few seconds the lad's waist was encircled by a strong rope, which his athletic master held firmly in his hand, while Marguerite waved the lantern aloft, and encouraged brave Claude, by every epithet in her vocabulary, to besteady. Down it came, battling bravely with the stream, snorting and foaming as if it had been bearing Neptune to war. It was a gallant horse, and stoutly carried a strong man in a dark

cloak, but would not be able to do so long.

"It was evidently becoming exhausted."

"Why don't you turn his head up stream and work him to the bank?" roared Gaspard, as the stranger approached the spot opposite to where he stood. "A strong arm and a cool head could easily take that horse off of the water."

"Hurrah! Claude Capperronnier—bravely swam, my boy—one spring more—one o'er buffet with the white lipped river—one o'er clutch at the loose reins—hurrah! Now, Gaspard, pull—pull with all your giant strength, old skinner and tanner of Manin!"

Hark! Marguerite is shouting and clapping her hands, and the villagers on the other side of the stream are cheering lustily. Come on, brave steel! hold on, brave boy! the bank is won! the man is saved! Hurrah!

Gaspard and Marguerite soon bore the traveler to their cheerful kitchen, and sat him beside the blazing fire while Claude led his exhausted steed to the stable, and began to groom it with all his might. He was a richly dressed and thoughtful looking man, this stranger; and he was so polite and pleasant and grateful that he gained upon the hearts of the old people amazingly; and then, when he had said many kind and grateful things to them, he burst forth in praise of their gallant son.

"Oh! bless you, sir, Claude Capperronnier is no son of ours," said Marguerite, with a sigh, "and, poor boy, he is no great credit to his parents, after all, although he has a kind heart. He takes to reading outlandish books, and neglects his work, and spoils more pellets than his husband is willing to lose. He'll never be anything, I fear, but the hanger-on about some rubege, where he will get his food for grooming horses."

The stranger smiled with a strange, meaning smile, as he listened to the garrulous old woman; and then he begged as a favor that Claude might be allowed to show him his favorite books. The young tanner trembled, as he laid two or three well thumbed copies of the Greek and Latin classics before the courteous stranger; and then he stood with downcast eyes and trembling limbs, as if he expected sentence of death to be passed upon him for his idle propensities.

"Claude Capperronnier, do you know these authors?" said the stranger, in a voice which partook more of astonishment than anger; and then he suddenly added, as he looked keenly at the embarrassed youth, "Yes, I know you do."

In two months after this time, Claude Capperronnier took his place in the diligence, and drove on, with a palpitating heart, to Paris. "No. 16 Rue Rivoli," muttered he, as he alighted from his seat in the coach, at the great city at last. "Well, I shall carry my little trunk thither, and see how M. de Vallais looks since I pulled him from the Manin."

"You are M. Claude Capperronnier?" said a footman, at that moment approaching the young tanner and touching his hat.

"Claude Capperronnier, at your service," answered he, with a smile.

It did not take long for that smart young man, and that smart little horse, and that smart little carriage, to carry Claude Capperronnier and his little trunk to the Rue Rivoli, where he was received by M. de Vallais, and installed in his house.

Eight years after Claude Capperronnier's arrival in Paris the University of Halle was in need of a Professor of Greek, and of all competitors for this honorable position none were so competent as Gaspard Beauvais's clever useless apprentice.

In 1772 the chair of the Greek profession of the Royal College of Paris was vacant, and Claude Capperronnier was chosen to fill it. He had not brain enough to make a tanner, but he became the most distinguished Greek and Latin scholar of his age.

If you read the annals of distinguished Frenchmen, you will not find one more worthy of honorable distinction than Claude Capperronnier. In his manners he was gentle and simple; and a transparent piety characterized his whole life. His mind was clear and spacious, but not more ample and full of noble conceptions than was his heart of warm and kindly emotions. And did he forget old Gaspard and Marguerite in his prosperity? Ah, no! those robes of Parisian pattern and splendid texture that came to Marguerite annually, and the rolls of tobacco and files of feuilletons, that reached Gaspard again and again, showed that the old lazy apprentice had neither remembered their scolding, nor forgotten themselves.

From the first moment of our birth, the soul is capable of the most sublime operations. We require the development of organs for the manifestation of these operations, and we require a condition in which these manifestations can become available. Claude Capperronnier, by the innate force of his will, became a scholar in spite of difficulties; and Heaven at last gave him a sphere in which to exercise his self-developed abilities. Learning is the sunk capital of the mind, which man can draw upon through life for bread, and for a reputation after earth, and which he will not leave behind him, even in his translation to immortality. Then never give up, ye Capperronniers of human life! Who knows what Heaven has in store for you?

He that hopes to look back with satisfaction upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

### Me, Too!

"We'll seek for flowers in the woods," I heard a mother say:  
"For in their shady solitudes  
My children love to play."  
Come, Willie, call the other boys,  
 Ere falls the evening dew;  
 And then another little voice,  
 Soft pleading, said: "Me, too!"

Oh, childish heart, that could not bear  
 Her name should be forgot!  
 Oh, childish love, that longed to share  
 With all the common lot!  
 Such tone could never be heard in vain,  
 So tremulous and true;  
 A link in that sweet household chain,  
 She claimed her right—"Me, too!"

But not alone in childhood's years  
 The heart gives out this cry:  
 'Tis heard amid the silent tears  
 Of life's deep agony.  
 The lonely soul, athirst for love,  
 Will cry as infants do:  
 And lift, all other tones above,  
 Its passionate "Me, too!"

Formed by one hand, we live and die;  
 Before one throne we kneel;  
 The longings of humanity  
 Send up one deep appeal.  
 Our nature's tendrils intertwine,  
 Felt by one common dew:  
 None seek in solitude to pine,  
 Each heart-throb says "Me, too!"

God, teach us then in rank to stand  
 Firm as brave spirits should;  
 Joined heart to heart, and hand to hand,  
 In holy brotherhood;  
 And casting off the ice of pride,  
 Wear warm hearts, mild and true;  
 None from the weakest turn aside,  
 Who feebly cries: "Me, too!"

And, child, who dost so sweetly plead,  
 With love learnt long ere speech,  
 Lift up thy golden baby head  
 To hopes thou yet shalt reach;  
 For when his angels gather round,  
 In his holy ones and true,  
 In that far garner thou shalt win  
 A place—He needs thee, too!

### Costumes for a Fancy Ball.

FROM A PARIS LETTER.

Great preparations are in progress for the ball which takes place this evening at the Tuileries. I will describe some of the toilettes which have come under my notice. The Marchioness de l'Arbigny is to appear in the "Queen of the Amazons"—a very original and noble costume. The white silk skirt falls almost plain around the hips, and is embroidered with gold; the cuirass of gold is fastened to the waist, and appears to be composed of fishes' scales; a very small golden helmet with white feathers on the head, allowing the ringlets to fall around the neck; the shoulders and arms uncovered, and buskins made of cloth and gold on the feet.

The Countess de Saint Mar wears a splendid costume which is called "The Legion of Honor"; it is in fact a personification of that order. The skirt is of red morie (the same color as the ribbon used for the decorations), but it is embroidered with gold flowers; over this falls a white satin tunic which is cut in the form of the cross. The bodice is made of cloth of gold in the style of the middle ages, that is to say, descending below the waist, and rounded off both in front and at the back. The cross of honor is embroidered upon it in white silk, and a wreath of laurel leaves around the lower part of the bodice. Upon the shoulders will be fastened an ermine mantle lined with cloth of gold; the head-dress is a small royal coronet placed at the top of the head lined with gold, and studded with precious stones, and in the right hand will be carried an immense goose-quill dyed in the national colors.

Mme. Pernetle will appear as *Boileau*, that fatal game which brings poverty or wealth in a few minutes. A shower of gold falls among her hair; the bodice is arranged with a berthe made entirely of gold coins, with a white satin note for 10,000 francs fastened to it. Two small tufts of red feathers are placed in front of the head. The skirt, which is made of bright red silk, is embroidered round the bottom with a net-work of gold coins, the small gold rake, such as the croupiers use to draw together the gold at Baden and Ems, is carried in the right hand.

A young lady, Mlle. H—, is to appear as "Snow," and the costume is a most beautiful one. The short white satin skirt is edged with swansdown, and long crystal beads imitating icicles. The low bodice is in the Louis XV form: it is pointed and made of white satin, and crossed with a band of swansdown; in the centre, as an emblem of Hope and Spring, a tuft of half-opened primrose is fastened. The hair is powdered with very brilliant silver and glass powder, and underneath the left ear is fastened a nosegay of lilac primroses. A necklace of large crystal beads, with long drops in the form of icicles is to be worn around the throat. The boots are white satin, the heels covered with the same material; a band of swansdown upon the instep and around the ankle.

Two charming sisters, daughters of the Chili minister, are to appear, one as a white cat and the other as a *visandiere* of Louis XV. reign. The white cat wears upon her head a white cat's head, and round her throat a black velvet necklace upon which the name *Minette* is written in gold letters; a sky-blue satin bodice edged with white fur; a sky-blue satin skirt likewise edged with white fur and embroidered in silk with white cat's heads. This blue satin skirt is worn over a white satin one and is looped up at regular distances with bows of blue ribbon streaked with silver.

### Army Correspondence.

BRANDY STATION, Va., March 4th.

Dear Editor—Broadly shines the sun on Brandy. The serene fields stretched vast and wide, bask joyfully beneath his rays, and the soft ground seems absolutely to drink in the flooding brightness. Turn we every way, and our eyes meet the glittering whiteness of canvas roofs. Each hillside boasts its crowning habitations, each valley and ravine its white dwellings and blue-clad population. Every way over broad tracts of land, studded with stumps and low lying brush, camps, beautiful in the distance by the purity of the dwellings and their regularity, grow upon the vision. The hills that close the horizon gleam with tents, and closer by, but overlooked by reason of their nearness, regiments and batteries lie thickly scattered. The army of the Potomac, gnawing steadily upon the edges of the plain, has made it nearly double its former extent. Camps, formerly hid from each other by heavy belts of oak wood-land, now stand apparently in the same field; and even from beyond sight, the sound of drums and bugles comes to the ear, which was not so before. Soldiers, that in December cut their fuel so that its bulk would fail to cumber their doorways, now are compelled to go two and three miles for it. A large army in winter time is a wonderful correlative to a wooded country, and were the Potomac army to be quartered for about three winters in the famous Virginia wilderness, it would be a wilderness no longer.

The winds of March, tempered by a Southern sun, blowing softly, have dried the mud so lately preailing, and the roads for a season have been even dusty. Taking advantage of the pleasant weather, your correspondent made a visit to Culpeper during the past week, on the occasion of a review of the 1st Corps. It was truly a delightful ride. The scenery, the invigorating morning air, the undefinable joyous feeling which seems to penetrate through all one's frame, feeling the bounding, springing animal that beneath us so spiritedly swerves to the lightest touch, all combined almost to intoxicate. Joshua, to which name answers the animal, which with Uncle Samuel has for a period endowed me, seemed to enjoy the time equally with his rider, and though rather too large to be graceful, yet felt as graceful as the lightest, curving his long neck and introducing into his gait as minute and numerous steps as any fancy dance of the stage. Anywhere out of the army I feel conscious we would have provoked gazers and many uncomplimentary remarks, for occasionally yielding to Joshua's apparent desire, which was mine as well, away we would go at a furious gallop, Josh performing the locomotory portion of the partnership, and your correspondent indulging in an accompanying search rather more forcible than elegant. Nor did we stop until Joshua's distended nostrils and steaming flanks enjoined prudence and economy of horse flesh. In the army they are used to such sights and nothing surprises. Any one, who has not felt the intoxicating feeling that sends the blood rushing through every vein and flushes the face with fire as beneath him he feels the noble steed gather his powers at a bound, responsive to his rider's will, has yet one great pleasure in reserve.

The road for the greater part of the way stretches along the railway taking in Brandy Station. The station presents the appearance nearly of a large inland town, and were there buildings instead of tents would quite. Along the railroad are built huge sheds, much like freight depots in the North, some boarded and some with canvas roofs. Everywhere laid large piles of grain and rows of pork barrels. Boxes of hard bread piled high, reached the altitude of two-story buildings. From every direction across the plain wound long trains of white covered wagons all converging toward the station, until entering into the narrow streets made by the innumerable Sibleys, they were lost to sight in this village of subsistence. Passing swiftly by and dodging in and out among some few outlying tents, and enflaming many columns of army wagons going and coming, the road stretched wide and wide before me,—on the right the plain, on the left the railroad. For four miles Josh, at length somewhat sobered, jogged along allowing ample opportunity for the enjoyment of the sunny scene. Far upon the right the plain was closed by the usual boundaries of woods and tents, over and beyond which rose the Blue Ridge bold in purple mellowness against the blue sky. A slight haze, which wrapped the mountain heights but made the effect more beautiful, nor caused the least indistinctness, or rather caused an indistinctness that, like the illusion veils that ladies wear, making the face behind more fair, told the scene to a beauty and a color so fair and pleasing that the eye glugged not with gazing. And even the mountains followed on as though to accompany the progress, nor ever seemed more distant. Beyond the railroad stretched the encampments of the 3d Corps, set in a wilderness of stumps.

At length passing all encampments and piercing a strip of woods a hill received me. Culpeper beyond gleamed brightly in a nest of the hills.

Far beneath a blazing vault,  
Seen in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,  
The City sparkles like a grain of salt.  
It seemed as if the woods just passed had been the boundary of two far different countries.

behind it sunny, broadly smiling plains, but here a land of lofty hills and lowliest valleys, Culpeper shone like a gem upon the face of day, its two steeples just redeeming it from sleepiness. Joshua seemed to think he had nearly reached the extent of his journey, for he pricked up his ears very knowingly as we paused lazily to view the scene before entering the valley in front. But the distance unwound itself double its apparent length before we reached the town, from the unevenness of the road between.

How did its distant view baffle itself, when arrived within its streets, we found a dirty shabby little village, made all the shabbier from its contrast with the spruce dresses, the scarlet pants and caps, and shining buttons, of a Brooklyn regiment doing provost duty therein. Joshua switched his tail in derision. The whole length of the main street traversed the hill beyond surmounted, the roll of drums and blare of bugles came borne upon the air, and dashing through the next valley and breasting an opposite hill the parade was reached. I had missed the inspection and already a portion of the corps had passed in review. The corps was passing in column of divisions of regiments (two companies front). It was a sight can only be appreciated by experience. The long lines stepped forward at a swift pace as though at the impulse of but one will, and preserving always the same distance from division to division with a precision wonderful to be seen. Let home guards boast of prize drills and the 7th N. Y. Militia, but I feel positive that regiments marched by me on that day whose precision might be envied even by the "immortal Seventh." As they topped the hill to gain the table land, where the reviewing general was stationed, first appeared the streaming standards, and then the gleaming bayonets just above the bronzed faces of the Union Veterans. The level gained, some lines, just a little disordered in mounting the slope, at the word of command shivered for a moment like a ribbon in the wind, then straightened out almost to a mathematical line and swept by with even step. An observer stationed close at the extremity of the lines could see the brass plate on every cartridge box, so even was the dress and so well was it maintained. With scream of fife and deafening roar of drums, each flag dipped to the reviewing officer, and not a few of them showed the marks of battle. It was a grand, a thrilling sight. And those men who constituted on that day, this military pageant, had been where cannons roared and bullets whistle thick. Their occupation is not all of show. These shining ridges had more than once been blackened and heated in the midst of furious battle. Those lines, so long, had once been longer, before smitten by the battle's tempest, and perhaps ere long would be shorter still. After the review the 1st Maryland Battery staid to give an exhibition of its state of drill to Gen. Newton and numbers of ladies who were present.

Learning that the camp of the 39th Mass was still five miles distant in the direction of Slaughter Mountain, courage and time began to fail me, and turning backward, Joshua remeasured his former course toward Brandy.

Long before this will have reached publication doubtless all the particulars of the late combined movement of cavalry and infantry will be fully known. The facts as far as they can be known at present seem to be that the 6th Corps made an advance movement in light marching order to the vicinity of Madison C.H. on the enemy's left. Beyond it a picked brigade of cavalry under Gen. Custer penetrated almost to Charlottesville, destroyed several mills, and surprising a camp of the enemy blowed up six caissons. Shortly after this movement had commenced Kilpatrick with his own division and some additional regiments crossed the Rapidan much lower down and marched straight out between the rebel right and Fredericksburg, no doubt with the intention of making a raid on Richmond and liberating the union prisoners. The movement on Madison was a feint to cover Kilpatrick's advance on the other wing; when last heard from he was at Spottsylvania C.H., sixty miles from Richmond. The 6th Corps and Gen. Custer's brigade have returned to their former quarters. Let us hope that Gen. Kilpatrick will succeed on his daring errand. As usual sorts of rumors more or less improbable are afloat, many of them taking color from the prevailing hopes and wishes. The army still maintains a cheerful humor and the enemy's looked upon as sure to be whipped during the coming campaign.

The guerrillas, which formerly pestered the army's communications from the vicinity of Warrenton and New Baltimore, thinned by the late capture made by Gregg's cavalry, no longer are even troublesome. All the Woburn boys flourish and wax amazing fat.

Yours, &c., Horace.

Newfoundland is said to be a country with out a reptile, and the Chattanooga Gazette says "Vallandigham is a reptile without a country," he ought to move to Newfoundland.

Some over sanguine individuals think that the rebels cannot put over fifty thousand fresh men in the field between last December and the first of April but others more cautious put the figures as high as two hundred thousand.

"Very hard cash"—Deferred postal currency.



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS: \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, 10 00  
Each subsequent insertion, 75  
Half a square (seven lines) one insertion, 5 00  
Each subsequent insertion, 40  
One square one month, 10 00  
One square three months, 25 00  
One square six months, 40 00  
One square one year, 75 00  
Half a square one month, 5 00  
Half a square three months, 12 00  
Half a square six months, 20 00  
Half a square one year, 35 00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVET.  
Reading—J. B. D. GILSON.  
S. M. PETERSON, G. & Co., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 26, 1864.

## A few words concerning the Woburn Branch Railroad.

Many of the readers of the Journal, whose memories extend back over a period of nearly twenty years, will remember the time when the stage driven by Albert Carter, one of the present conductors on the Woburn Branch, was the only public means the people of Woburn had for reaching Boston. This mode of conveyance, though carried on with punctuality, was found to be inadequate to meet the demands of the public, and in April, 1844, the Boston & Lowell R. R. Corporation commenced running a train from the Watertown Station, every morning at 7 o'clock, to better accommodate those who wished to reach the city at an early hour. On the thirtieth day of the December following, the first engine was run up over the Woburn Branch by Mr. Eli Cooper, with the superintendent of the road, Mr. Storor, for the purpose of inspection, and on the next day the first regular passenger train left Woburn Centre for Boston, and the train which left the Watertown Station at 7 A. M., was consequently dispensed with. Mr. Carter at once received from the corporation the situation of conductor, which position he has filled ever since to the complete satisfaction of the public and his employers. During all this time no accident has ever happened, the cause of which could be laid directly to any neglect of duty on his part, and his promptness in all matters pertaining to his vocation will bear comparison with that of any other man, similarly situated in the country. Few men enter more fully, every day, into the advancement of the interests of their employers, than he does; and it is the wish of hundreds, who daily commit themselves to his care, that he may be as successful and fortunate in the future as he has been in the past.

No little excitement existed at the time when the site for the depot was to be selected. Some wanted it in one place, and some in another, and to decide the matter a town meeting was called to choose a committee which should have the power to select a site. This committee met, but failed to come to a decision, and to conclude the difference the superintendent Mr. Storor, wisely chose the present location, where sufficient land could be obtained for all necessary purposes, and thus ended a knotty question.

At the same time, Mr. D. D. Hart was extensively engaged in tennising between Woburn and Boston, and succeeded through against considerable opposition, in obtaining the control of the express business from the corporation. This he conducted for a time, until his prompt manner of transacting his duties arrested the attention of the managers of the road, and he was employed by them in filling a temporary vacancy that might occur. He did not long remain in this position, as his popularity with his employers increased, and he was offered and accepted the responsible situation of ticket master at Boston, which he occupied for a period of fifteen years, only resigning when called to fill a more responsible position.

During this series of years, the corporation has placed entire confidence in Mr. Hart, and never has had occasion to feel that it was misplaced. His urbanity of manner has won for him the esteem of all who have had occasion to travel over the road, and he is known for his gentlemanly qualities in all sections of the country. Many poor persons, who have not had a dime in their pockets, with which to proceed on their journey, have been made to feel the good that will arise from even a generous heart, capable of sympathizing with those in need, when supplied with both transportation and money. All men do not allow their feelings for the misfortunes of others to sink deep enough to reach their pockets. But some do, who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." With words of cheer and advice, they give boldly comfort with no miser's hand, and make the world better for their having lived in it. The standing of such men is to be envied, for while they live they are honored and respected, and when they die their memories are cherished and revered.

Let us now take a look at the Branch as

it stands at the present time. Ever since it was established, the business transacted over it has steadily increased, until now it is a source of much profit to the stockholders. On account of the consolidation of several other roads with the Lowell, the managers of the latter found it necessary to make some change in the Woburn Branch as the business had increased so much as to make it equal to a long route, as far as care was concerned, and they resolved to place its management in the hands of some capable person. They accordingly called upon Mr. Hart and informed him of their plans, and that they had decided to give him the first offer. After due consideration of the subject, Mr. Hart concluded to accept this offer for a term of years, and at once entered into a contract for that purpose. On the 1st of April he assumes the duties of his new position, when quite a change will take place in men and things connected with the Branch. Mr. Hart has associated with himself, Mr. Charles S. Converse, who will attend more especially to the express business. Under this new arrangement we have no doubt but that entire satisfaction will result to the public, and that our people will be even better accommodated than they have been.

In conclusion we would say, that since the present Superintendent, Mr. Winslow, has been in office, Woburn has been well supplied with trains, and we believe that another, as petitioned for, will soon be added, which will stop only at Winchester. And it is the determination of the managers to so far grant the demands of the public as to leave no just grounds for complaint.

PARISH MEETING.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Parish in Woburn was held on Monday afternoon last. The following persons were chosen officers for the year ensuing:—L. L. Whitney, Clerk; D. D. Hart, Thos. Richardson, and Jotham Hill, Parish Committee; L. L. Whitney, Treasurer and Collector; Frederick Flint, Assistant Collector; L. G. Richardson, Chas. A. Smith, and John G. Cole, Auditors.

On the motion of D. D. Hart, it was voted, that the thanks of this Parish be and are tendered to Horace Colimore, for faithful and arduous services rendered as Treasurer of the First Cong. Parish, during a period of time extending from March 10th, 1856, to March 21st, 1864.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.—Mr. Danl Kimball, Government Storekeeper of the warehouse at Union Wharf, Boston, fell on Tuesday afternoon from the fourth to the first story of that building, through three scuttles. Although considerably injured, he escaped without the breaking of any bones. His escape from death was almost miraculous. Several deaths have occurred in the same building from a like cause. Mr. Kimball is brother to Mr. John R. Kimball of Woburn, and will be remembered as a former teacher of the Centre Grammar School.

TENNESSEE FUND.—At last reports, the fund being collected by Hon. Edward Everett, for the relief of the Union people of Tennessee, had reached the sum of \$74,000.00. It is hoped that this amount will be increased to \$100,000, as Massachusetts stands verbally pledged to furnish that amount. We notice that collections have been taken up in several churches in towns near Woburn, and we hope that the same thing will be done here, so that our people may have an opportunity of doing their share toward helping the honest and deserving loyalists of Tennessee.

Y. M. L. A. LECTURE.—In consequence of the continued illness of John G. Saxe, Esq., Rev. A. L. Stone, of Boston, has been engaged to deliver another lecture in the present course. His subject will be "The Nile and Desert," and the lecture will be delivered on Thursday evening, March 31st.

TOWN MONEY.—The amount of town money that has passed through the hands of our Treasurer, during the thirteen months ending March 1, 1864, is \$109,700.76. This is exclusive of allotment money, which amounted to \$25,000.00. We think this is a big business for a little town of less than seven thousand inhabitants.

NEW DEPOT.—We have heard that a new depot is talked of for Woburn Centre, the present one being found inadequate for all purposes. If this is so, we may expect to see erected a building that will be an ornament to our town and an index of the manner in which our people patronize their railroad.

TOWN CAUCUS.—It will be seen by a Special Notice in another part of this paper that a Caucus, for the nomination of Town Officers, will be held at the Town Hall, on Friday evening next, April 1, at 7 o'clock.

ABOUT 150 of the members of the Curriers' Protective Union, of this town, visited Salem yesterday for the purpose of attending a mass meeting of the Curriers held at that place last evening.

GODEY FOR APRIL.—We have received this popular fashion magazine for April, and find it as usual filled with those good things which are always so acceptable to the ladies. It can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore.

RECRUITING COMMITTEE.—The Recruiting Committee are requested to meet at the Selectmen's room, this (Saturday) evening, at 7 o'clock.

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.—An assortment of embroidery patterns can be found for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

THE MONTHLY SERMON to the young will be delivered in the Baptist Church on Sabbath evening next, at 7 o'clock.

CUNEO'S CAVE.—This popular book can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore.

## The Hearse and Undertaker Question.

Letters of inquiry have been sent by the Selectmen to several of the more populous towns in this vicinity concerning the custom in vogue in regard to Funeral Undertakers, and responses have been received from most of the places interrogated.

We learn that in Taunton the undertaker is chosen by the town. In Natick the undertaker was formerly appointed by the Selectmen, but of late years he has been chosen by the town. In West Cambridge the town usually chooses the undertaker, but not always. Sometimes he is appointed by the Selectmen; but last year he was chosen. Yet others officiate there as undertakers who were originally appointed; such usually furnish their own hearses.

But the authorities of Andover say that that town, as a town, has nothing to do with the matter of burial grounds, sexton or hearse. Each religious society has its sexton, hearse, &c. The town clerk of Melrose says that that town has never taken any action in relation to funeral undertaker, but the whole business is done by a man appointed by one of the religious societies of the place. In Waltham the Master of the Almshouse acts as undertaker, the town paying him, in gross, for all his services, and he refunds to the town all he can collect. Malden, through its Town Clerk, says that that town has three undertakers—two of them are appointed by the religious societies of the place, and one by the Selectmen. The authorities of Watertown say that the undertaker there is annually appointed by the Selectmen. The Town Clerk of Dorchester says that in that town there are three undertakers who are appointed by the Selectmen—and hold their office during good behavior. The Clerk of Framingham writes that in that town there are three undertakers who "at the beginning of their services were appointed or authorized to do it by the Selectmen, and they go on doing it year after year without anything being said to them or by them." Medford responds by saying that there the undertaker is appointed by the Selectmen. The Selectmen of Fitchburg also appoint the undertaker. In Haverhill there is no undertaker appointed by the Selectmen nor chosen by the town, but the whole business is open to competition. The Selectmen say that they have usually employed a Mr. Chase at a fixed price, to attend to military funerals, he furnishing his own hearse, horse, &c., and that the Overseers of the Poor usually employ the undertaker that will do the work at the most reasonable rate.

We will give the whole of the letter written, received from the smart, well-to-do town of South Danvers, as very applicable to the case at present under consideration in Woburn:

SOUTH DANVERS, March 16, 1864.  
Dear Sir.—In answer to your letter of the 7th inst. I would say, that it has not been customary in South Danvers for the Selectmen nor the Town to appoint the undertakers or sextons. The Town owns a hearse and appoints a man to look after it, and keep it in order, and the sextons of the different Religious Societies are permitted to use the same when occasion requires, they being responsible to the man who has special charge of the hearse.

In addition, there is in town a self appointed undertaker, who owns a hearse, which is much better than the town hearse, and as he also is a maker of coffins, and furnishes all articles for the burial, our people find it much more convenient to call upon him, and consequently he has had two thirds of the burials the past year, and will eventually have nearly all.

Perhaps the Town has been rather negligent in regard to the matter, but the people have rather considered it a business open to competition, feeling that if there are any evils attending the present mode, they will in time correct the evils, and the public at the same time be better accommodated. Any further information will be cheerfully given, if desired.

Respectfully Yours,  
N. H. POON, Town Clerk.

In the absence of any Statute law on the subject, such is the custom of some fourteen towns, taken at random, in relation to the matter of funeral undertakers. In this business, as in every other, he who gives the best satisfaction will meet with most success.

## Marked Articles.

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus—on a home-spun blanket, worn, but washed as clean as snow, was pinned a bit of paper which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich (who is ninety-three years old) down hill and up hill, one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed quilt was pinned a card, saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most all of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldier warm in this war against traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it to the soldiers."

On a pair of woolen socks was written: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more, for mother says it will help some poor soldier."

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark: "Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor gift, but it is all I have: I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give, but I haven't."

On some eye-shades were marked: "Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long to see the dear old flag that you are all fighting under."

## Woburn Educational Commission.

The following letter written by a former resident of Woburn, has been received by the Woburn Educational Commission for Freedmen. It will be seen that the educating of the Freedmen is no insignificant task, and that the most ardent labor of all concerned is necessary to make the undertaking successful. Our Woburn Society is growing rapidly, and we hope that the good it will do, will be both an honor to itself and the town. It is needless for us to say, that in order to carry out the object of the society fully, money is needed; this fact is well known, and we have no doubt, but that the many friends of the Freedmen in Woburn will increase liberally the funds of the Society.

NEWBURN, March 16, 1864.

I saw in the "Middlesex Journal" of the 27th ult, that the "Woburn Educational Commission for Freedmen," now numbers eighty members after only a few weeks' existence, and that you are alive to the work before you, intending to support a teacher, and furnish such supplies from time to time, as can be had for the comfort of these unfortunate ones who are just beginning to enjoy their freedom. I was speaking of your enterprise to the teachers here, and they at once proposed that I should write you a letter once a month, giving you such items of interest relating to the Freedmen, as came under my own observation, while they would give me the results of their own experience, if such communications could be acceptable to your association. I accepted to their request, as these self-denying pioneers in the noble work are very ambitious to do everything in their power to aid the cause, and were much pleased with the spirit in which the ladies of Woburn have taken hold of it. I feel at just pride in my own home, that has already placed her name so high on the State "roll of honor" and the patriotism of her sons in the field, will be none the less displayed by her daughters in the Freedmen's camp. We have now in Newbern ten female teachers from Mass. viz, from Fall River, Worcester, and Ashby; two each, from West Newton, Medford, Charlestown, and Nantucket one each. Part of these are sent out by a New York Missionary Society, and the others by the "Mass. Freedmen's Commission," of which yours is a branch. There are now four established schools here. The "Russell School," named for Dr. Russell, of the Boston Commission; whole number of scholars 300, average, 180. The "Wild School," named for Gen. Wild, whole number of scholars, 160, average, 125. The "James School," named for Chaplain James, whole number of scholars—average 60, and the "Lincoln School," named for the President; whole number of scholars 30; average, 50; making the whole number of pupils, not less than 600, with an average attendance of nearly 400. Aside from these, schools were held in the camp, just outside of Fort Totten, and also at "Howell's Camp" on the Neuse, about two miles from the centre of the town, until the recent apprehensions of an attack on Newbern, occasioned the removal of these camps for better security, and the colored people have all come inside of our entrenchments, and are now working busy as bees on their new camp, just over the "Trent," while the colored Soldiers are throwing up strong earthwork defences, beyond them, extending from the river to the covered R. R. bridge near Fort Spinoia. This "Howell's Camp" is on the right bank of the "Trent" near the "Long bridge," and when completed, will together with "Camp Kimball" include all of the Freedmen in camp at this place. Camp Kimball is a very flourishing one, lying between Fort Spinoia and the R. R. just opposite Howell's Camp, and but a short distance from it.

I have not time to write you in this hasty letter, the details of a teacher's duties in these camps. That none but healthy, self-denying, energetic, and persevering ones, should attempt it, is perfectly evident. Aside from their school duties, distributing clothing, medicine, looking after the sick, reading letters, and writing replies, for the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, of the Freedmen now in the colored regiments, occupy almost every minute of a teacher's time. It is an earnest, laborious, noble work, and those engaged in it here, receive only a pittance for their services, compared with the inducements offered them at home. Only the highest motives of patriotism, and philanthropy, prompted them to sacrifice so much, and this intense, persistent, devotion to the one object nearest their hearts, the elevation of the race, has already enabled them to accomplish wonders. Their brightest anticipations, are more than realized. They feel their labors are appreciated, and each closing week, imparts a satisfaction, that adds an increasing zeal to the duties of the next. Could you read some of the letters sent the teachers, by pupils who were forced to leave school, because their parents moved to a distance, and required their labor. Letters so expressive of gratitude for the instruction they had received, and so intelligently written, by those who six months ago, knew not one word from another, we would not doubt the ability of Freedmen to care for themselves, when placed on an equal footing with foreigners.

These colored school children will write far better letters than the "poor white trash" (rightly named) who foster such a bitter hatred for the "Yanks." My position enables me to know this, and from an experience of nearly two years among both classes, with whom I am in daily contact, I am satisfied that the negro is physically, mentally, and morally, (with equal surroundings), superior to this class of "Low white trash." There is not a native North Carolina mechanic in this place, who can display more skill either in the design, or execution, of his labor, than the negro.

Wishing you abundant success in your enterprise, I am,

Very truly yours, B.

April magazines at Woburn Bookstore.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOWN MATTERS.—From the ANNUAL Town Reports the following items are gleaned:

Disbursements.—Schools, Teachers' wages, \$3,133.00; Incidentals, \$730.04; Total \$3,863.04. The appropriation was \$3,500 and the amount received from School Fund \$83.23, making \$3,583.23. The excess of the expenditures over the appropriation is to be attributed in part to the expense of an additional school not estimated for, and also from the fact, that many of the items included in the incidentals do not come under the appropriation for schools. The actual excess is not much more than one hundred dollars. The Committee recommend an appropriation this year of \$3,750. Repairs of School Houses, \$130.68; Fitting up and furnishing upper room in Adams School House, \$709.41; land for Wyman School House, moving and repairs, \$679.90. Fire Department, \$138.83. Highways and Bridges, \$1639.23, an excess of \$139.23. Town Officers \$755.33. Pauper account, \$821.40. Incidentals, \$1,117.16. Cemetery, \$122.50. Library, \$126.89. Aid to families of Volunteers, \$3,422.50. Total Disbursements—\$13,528.87. The indebtedness of the town has been reduced during the past year \$1713.06. There is a temporary indebtedness to the Treasurer of \$1,306.51. There is due the Town, Unsettled Taxes of 1863, \$399; from the State for aid to families of Volunteers, for 1863, \$3,641.50. The present indebtedness of the town is \$19,800.00. Comparing this amount with that of last year, it will be seen that the standing debt has been reduced \$2400. Value of Real Estate, \$1,242,333 00  
" Personal, " 217,217 00  
Total, " 1,459,550 00  
Number of Polls, 469.  
Rate of taxation for 1863, \$10.80 on \$1000.  
State Tax for 1863, \$4,104 00  
County, " 1,294 78  
Town, " 10,550 00  
Overlying, " 782 36  
Total amount of Tax, 16,701 14  
Number of dwelling houses taxed, 350 3/4  
Horses, 153; Cows, 154; Acres of Land, 3,321 9/10.  
Births.—Whole number for the year 1863, 36; of these 24 were males and 14 females; 19 of American Parents, 16 of Foreign, and 1 of American and Foreign.  
Deaths.—Whole number during the year 1863, 32; of these 18 were males and 14 were females; 12 under 10 years, 1 of 13 years, 6 between 20 and 40 years, 4 between 40 and 60, and 9 over 60 years. Causes, Consumption 4; Diphtheria 3; Apoplexy 2; Burns 2; Whooping Cough, 2; Drowned, 1; Various other diseases 1 each.  
Marriages.—Whole number during the year, 6; of these 3 of the parties were American, 2 Foreign, and 1 of American and Foreign.  
Library.—Fifty seven new volumes were added at the commencement of the year. The whole number of books belonging to the Library is 1338. The number of persons who have availed themselves of the privilege of the Library during the year is 336, an increase of 23 over the number of the previous year. The whole number of books taken out is 4,649, making an average of 894 a week. Five books only, and these of small value are missing and unaccounted for. The trustees recommend the printing of a new catalogue, and not less than \$175 appropriation for the year. The School report discourses upon attendance and punctuality, Dismissions, Physical exercises, somewhat at length, and the usual detailed report upon each school.  
FIRE DEPARTMENT.—It is contemplated by the present members of the Fire Department to disband after the present month. This step is taken on account of the small number of active members upon whom the duties have principally devolved.  
POST SURGEON.—Dr. Ingalls is now acting as Post Surgeon, or Surgeon in Chief, at the Camp in Readville.  
UNION LEAGUE.—Lest some may think this organization is defunct since the leasing of the hall formerly occupied by them to the Masons, it may be stated that they still live and are destined so long as there is a necessity for their existence in this form. They occupy Room No. 4, in Lyceum Building where they will be pleased to welcome their brethren and unite in the promotion of the cause in which they are enlisted.  
REAL ESTATE SALE.—The Smith Estate, on Church Street, now occupied by Mr. Breedren, has been sold to Mr. S. P. Crocker, Fruit Merchant, Boston, who has been residing in East Somerville of late.

## EXERCISES.

CHALLENGE COFFEE.—No one has done more to keep Coffee within the reach of all than H. B. Newhall, 36 South Market St., Boston. He was one of the first in giving to the people Coffee at a low price that could hardly be distinguished from pure Coffee, and now he throws his challenge to the world to produce anything so good at so low a price.

WE call the attention of those in want of a good 7 octave piano forte to the advertisement of Grovenest & Co. of New York, who offer them at extremely low prices. Send for their descriptive circular.

FIREMEN'S BALL.—On Wednesday evening next, Niagara Engine Co., No. 1, gives a Grand Ball at the Central House.

VOLUNTEERS, ATTENTION!—For the de-rangements of the system incidental to the change of diet, Wounds, Eruptions, and Exposures which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. If the reader of this "no ice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 50 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 53 cents, and \$1.40 per box or pot. 210

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A MEETING AND PARTING.—We were interested in hearing of a recent interview in this village between several aged members of a family from some different towns and States, who providentially met, probably for the last time before the end of their earthly pilgrimage. These persons were what remain of a family of nine brothers and sisters. Two of the brothers were between 70 and 80 years of age, and the interview was at the house of a sister, nearly 84 years old, infirm and quite blind, but able to run over in her thoughts the events of the past four score years, with their varied mournful, pleasing, and tender associations. What an assemblage of recollections! and now these pilgrims were near their long home; they looked forward to the other side of the cold stream—On, which of them must first enter it! They talked of their kindred who had gone before them—they felt that they must soon follow. Before parting, a brother on each side of the sympathetic, weeping sister, knelt and offered thanks for this good Providence of God, which had for so many years attended them, and committed their dear sister and the future interests of each, to Him who sees the end from the beginning, and who "careth for us."

FIRE.—On Friday of last week at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the hay and lumber, covering a large stack of ice on the border of Crystal Lake, caught fire probably from sparks from the Rail Road Engine, and much of it was consumed. The wind was very strong which caused the flames to spread rapidly, but after the Yale Engine was fairly in action, the fire immediately surrendered. The ice was owned by Messrs. Wakefield & Loring, and was insured.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT.—The Baptist Society in this town are thinking about enlarging and remodeling their house of worship. Several meetings have been held to agree upon plans and specifications. When these are determined, and the probable cost ascertained, the willingness of the people to furnish the means for the outlay will decide the question.

PROMOTION.—Sergeant James F. Mansfield from this town, of the 16th Mass. Vols, has been promoted to a 1st Lieutenant. In this position he has nobly earned by his devotion to his country, his ability as a soldier, and his courage on the field of battle.

MEAT STALL.—The North Market, kept by Mr. Townsend is for the present discontinued. Mr. Townsend's former stand has been purchased by Maj. Wiley for a bakery stand, and no other good opening is yet presented.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The High School gave an exhibition on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, in Lyceum Hall, to large audiences, perhaps I can hardly say appreciating audiences, because to appreciate anything spoken, it must be heard, and I think the number small that could determine, the first evening, whether some of the declamations, dialogues, &c., were spoken in English, German or French. Much improvement however was made on the second evening in this respect, and gave much better satisfaction. There were some exceptions however to this general law of voice, among which may be named Miss S. E. Dole, Miss E. R. Parker, Miss Flora Buxton, Miss F. W. Snow, the latter especially in the rendering of the "Execution of Montrose" showed that she had been trained by some master mind; her manner and style was easy and graceful, her gestures being as natural as the warbling of the birds—"The Home of Liberty," an ornamental scene was a beautiful sight, but was somewhat tedious as little could be heard in the back part of the hall, and it occupied quite too much time. Had it not occupied more than one third as much, it would have been more favorably received. "The Tea Party" was a fine thing, Miss Dole and Miss Ella Pinkham acquitted themselves very nicely, the latter representing an old lady with an ear trumpet, finding it, apparently, very difficult to hear, appeared to be greatly in love with her tea, she acted the character to perfection and seemingly without an effort. Reading of "High School gem," was done in good style, but could not be distinctly understood by the larger portion of the audience, and was quite too lengthy. "Warren's Address," spoken by Miss Lizzie Fowle, was well received, and was highly creditable to her. I have now spoken of the ladies only, I have only a word to say of the young masters and that is, all of them did well.

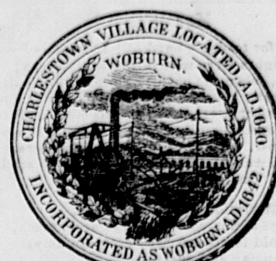
The Old South Society have raised the salary of their pastor two hundred dollars. Dr. H. P. Wakefield has been appointed one of the board of supervisors of the state Alms House at Tewksbury. Salary about \$200 per annum. It is understood that there were about thirty applicants for the place but the Doctor appears to have out-distanced the whole batch, and will no doubt enter upon his duties with a view to strict economy in the affairs of that Institution; and the public may rest assured that there will be no neglect on his part, but that he will have his eye on every mother's son of them.

Our citizens are to be entertained next week on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, by an exhibition of tableaux; also, Declarations, Dialogues, Recitations, &c. in aid of the Sanitary Commission. A citizens' meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization in aid of the Sanitary Commission. The meeting was ably addressed by the Rev. Mr. Barrows, W. L. Peabody, Esq. of Lynn, and Mr. L. Pillsbury. Mr. Peabody's address was exceedingly interesting, giving a sketch of his recent journey into some of the Southern States. He related an incident that came under his own observation, to show how dearly the soldier loves the old flag. As he

was wasting away and about to expire, not having strength to raise himself up from the pillow, he called upon his comrades to lift up his head that he might once more behold the dear old flag, and as he gazed upon it he remarked that he could not see all the stars as a tree stood in the way, and he requested that the tree might be cut down so as to give him a fair view once more, and after speaking a few words he expired.

A large committee of ladies was chosen to canvass the town, and will organize next Tuesday evening. When they have perfected their organization, I will endeavor to furnish their names, and such other items connected therewith, as may be of public interest.

LEWIS.



## TOWN WARRANT.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in said County, GREETING: IN the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the town of Woburn, qualified to vote in town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on MONDAY, the FOURTH day of APRIL next, at ten of the clock, A. M., to act on the following articles, viz:—

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.  
Art. 2. To choose all necessary Town officers to serve the Town the ensuing year.  
Art. 3. To hear and act on the reports of the Auditor of Accounts, of the Selectmen, the Superintendent School Committee, and the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department for the year ending Feb. 23, 1864.

Art. 4. To hear and act on the report of the Committee on Town Library, and to transact any other business in relation to said Library that may be deemed expedient.  
Art. 5. To determine what the Town will do in relation to killing birds and taking pickers.

Art. 6. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to hire money, under the direction of the Selectmen, in anticipation of taxes.

Art. 7. To see what sum of money the Town will raise for payment of Town Debt.

Art. 8. To determine what amount of money the Town will raise for the support of the Poor, and how the same shall be appropriated.

For the Fire Department.

For Highways, bridges and sidewalks, and how the same shall be appropriated.



**WESTWARD HO!**—Those who intend locating themselves on the plains of the far West, should not fail to provide themselves with a remedy for most of the minor accidents of life, by taking with them a supply of Gray's celebrated Salve. With that in the log cabin they may do without sending miles for a doctor, and save his bill into the bargain. The Salve is a sure cure for those nasty eruptions caused by the use of scrub oaks. It also cures burns, scalds, fresh wounds, boils, and all skin complaints. 25 cts. a box. See advertisement in another column.

An Indian and a white man were passing along Broadway, New York, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and pointing to the owner, who stood in the doorway, said:—"Um—him great man—big brave—take many scalp."

### Special Notices.

#### TOWN CAUCUS.

The citizens of Woburn are requested to meet at the Town Hall, on FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 1st, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating Town Officers for the year ensuing. Woburn, March 23, 1864.

#### The American Hot-Air Cooking Stove again Victorious.

The American Hot-Air Cooking Stove, manufactured by SHARCK, PACKARD & CO., of Albany, N. Y., was awarded the FIRST PRIZE at the State Fair at Rochester, Oct. 1st, 1863, again at Utica, Sept. 15, 1863. This excellent Stove has been tested and found to be the best in the State, and this decision has been fully sustained by the people in this and the adjacent States, as it has received the highest commendations from all sections of the country where it has been introduced.

For sale by J. F. LORING, Worcester, and PATCHELL & CO., Fitchburg.

**Preserve your Beauty,**  
Symmetry of form, your health and mental powers, by using that safe, pleasant, popular, and effective remedy known as HENRI'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU. Read the advertisement in another column, and profit by it—Diseases and Symptoms enumerated. Cut it out and preserve it. You may not require it, but may at some future day. It gives health and vigor to the frame, and blood to the pallid cheek.

It saves long suffering and exposure. Beware of Counterfeits! Cures Guaranteed! Hostetter's Bitters Have received the warmest encomiums from the press and people throughout the Union as a valuable tonic for the cure of Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Constipation, and general nervous debility. It cannot be overpraised. Every day new cases of its great effect are chronicled through our principal public journals. There is nothing equal to the enjoyment to that which the afflicted experience when using this valuable specific. Its mild tone, its sure and vigorous action upon a disordered stomach, and the cleansing of the entire human system should recommend it to all classes of our community. See Advertisement.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally everywhere.

#### HAVE YOU

A head of Hair, or Whiskers or Moustaches, of an unbecoming color?

DO YOU Wish to change that color to a handsome deep brown, or a perfect and natural black without injury to the fibres, without trouble or inconvenience? If so,

THEN YOU Must use CRISTADOR'S EXCELSSOR DYE, which is the only hair dye, certain, instantaneous and truly natural Hair Dye in the world.

SHOULD YOU Doubt these statements, try the article, and if it fails denounce it. Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative. Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most natural gloss, and great vitality to the hair. Price, 50 cents, \$1, and \$2 per bottle, according to size.

#### Married

In Haverhill, March 16th, by Rev. R. H. Seely, Sergt. L. S. Wether, 23th Mass. Vols., to Miss Mary E. Bernard of H.

#### Died

In Woburn, March, 21st inst., John Nelson, M. D., aged 73 years, 6 months. 21st inst., John, son of William Greaney, aged 4 mos. 28th inst., Patrick Gailand, aged 47 years. In Wilmington, March 23d inst., Miss Mary Carter, aged 24 years. In Greenwood, South Reading, March 21st inst., Willie R. Taylor, aged 4 yrs. 2 months. In South Reading, March 24th inst., Mrs. Clarissa Carter, aged 64 years.

**LIST OF LETTERS** remaining in the Woburn Post Office, Mar. 26, 1864. Caster, Mary Eliza Emery, Wm. H. Hall, John Mahoney, Cornelius Murray, Peter Morley, Patrick McNulty, Jane McIntire, Patrick Page, Kirby Trow, Mr. Tugel, John. Mail closes at 7 A. M., and 12:30 P. M.

#### NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, President, Treasurer, Clerk, and a majority of the Directors of the AMERICAN FELTING COMPANY, hereby certify that said Company is a Corporation duly organized under the General Statutes of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for the purpose of carrying on the business of felting, and of the Felting Process, and other ways, all grades of cloth, carpeting, bookbinding and druggists, by the use of Wool, Cotton, and other materials, and any other fibrous substance desired; and also the Felting, Dyeing and Bleaching of the same. That the works of the Company are located in the Town of Winchester, County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and that the Treasurer's office is in Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and is the amount of the Capital Stock of said Company is one hundred thousand dollars, which has been paid in, in Real Estate, Machinery, Patent Rights and Merchandise, and divided into one thousand equal shares, with a par value of One hundred dollars each.

E. L. SHERMAN, President. W. H. BAILEY, Treasurer. W. H. BAILEY, Clerk. CHAS. F. HARRISMAN, Majority of W. M. KNIGHT, Directors. E. L. SHERMAN, 1

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. SUFFOLK, ss. BOSTON, March 17th, 1864. Then personally appeared the above named E. L. Sherman, W. H. Bailey, Wm. H. Knight, C. F. Harrisman, and made oath that the foregoing certificate, by them signed, is true.

Before me, S. H. WESTWORTH, Justice of the Peace.

#### NEWHALL'S CHALLENGE.

Any one who has tried NEWHALL'S CHALLENGE COFFEE!

Must acknowledge that it is rightly named, for it is Unequaled by any Substitute.

For the expensive kinds of Coffee. No one should fail to try it. Manufactured by

H. B. NEWHALL, No. 36 South Market Street, Boston, Mass. And sold by Grocers throughout the country.

### NEW STOCK OF ROOM PAPER!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW PATTERNS, of the above, has just been received from New York, at the

Woburn Bookstore, and will be sold very low. Also, BORDERING in variety, and Paper for Curtains and Slide Lights.

#### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF INSOLVENCY. In and for the County of Middlesex, ss. ABRAHAM T. NORTH, Clerk of said County, Insolvent Debtor.

WHEREAS, Benjamin Eames, of said North Reading, a creditor, who has proved his claim in said case, has presented to said Court his petition praying that an order may be passed directing all proceedings in said case—You are hereby notified to appear at a Court of Insolvency to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the THIRTIETH DAY OF APRIL, 1864, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petition is ordered to give notice thereof by publishing this order twice in the Middlesex Advertiser, a newspaper printed in said County, at least two days at least before said Court.

Witness William A. Richardson, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Twenty-third day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four. EDWARD MANSFIELD, Adm. South Reading, March 23, 1864.—25-31.

#### NOTICE

I hereby give, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of JOHN F. FARM, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs, and he now stands ready to get the estate of said deceased required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the undersigned at the place of sale. Terms cash. EDWARD MANSFIELD, Administrator. South Reading, March 23, 1864.—25-31.

#### Administrator's Sale.

WILL be sold at Auction, by virtue of a license from the Court of Probate for Middlesex County, on MONDAY, APRIL 11th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all the Real Estate of the late WILLIAM BUTTER, known as the late residence and homestead, situated in the Western part of South Reading, subject to all the incumbrances of record, and to be made known at the time and place of sale. Terms cash. EDWARD MANSFIELD, Administrator. South Reading, March 23, 1864.—25-31.

#### FARM TO LET.

The subscriber has to let, a Farm, situated on Lowell street, one mile from Woburn Centre, containing 15 acres, well adapted to farming and tillage. There is also said farm TWO-STORY HOUSE, and a new barn, and a good mill. The buildings will be let with or without the land. Woburn, March 26th, 1864.—26-41.

**\$225. SEVEN OCTAVE \$225. ROSEWOOD PIANO FORTES.**

NEW enlarged scale PIANO FORTES, with all latest improvements. Thirty years' experience, with greatly increased facilities for manufacturing, enables us to sell for CASH at the lowest prices, and to give the highest quality of the world's Fair, and for five successive years at the American Institute. We are now receiving a new stock of pianos, and will immediately be put into paper without being exposed to inspection. The highest cash price. G. W. WHEELWRIGHT, 26-61 Simmons Block, Water St., Boston.

#### OLD ACCOUNT BOOKS.

NEWSPAPERS, PAMPHLETS, &c., are wanted, and will immediately be put into paper without being exposed to inspection. The highest cash price. G. W. WHEELWRIGHT, 26-61 Simmons Block, Water St., Boston.

**TO LET,** THE House, Stable and Lot belonging to the Estate of the late James F. Baldwin, Esq., at North Woburn, D. HART, Apply to D. HART.

**COG WHEELS!** THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER. A Perfect Wringer and Most Excellent Washer Combined.

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER. Is the only Wringer with the patent Cog Wheel, which positively prevents the clothes from wearing out or breaking or twisting. It is Self-Adjusting and Adjustable. It is not only a perfect Wringer, but the Cog Wheels give it a power which makes it a Most excellent Washer.

(Fully equal to any Washing Machine in use), pressing and separating the dirt with the water from the clothes. No. 2, \$7.00. These have COG WHEELS, and are warranted in every particular. Our cheap No. 3, \$5.00, and No. 3, \$5.50. Wringer have small rolls which do not admit of cogs. We have the testimony of Orange Jud, Esq., of the American Agriculturist; Solon Robinson, Esq., Agricultural Editor of the N. Y. Tribune, and hundreds of other scientific men and mechanics, of the superiority of our Cog Wheel Wringer. Therefore for excellence and durability buy The Universal Clothes Wringer.

On receipt of the above price from places where no agent is selling, we will send a Wringer free of expense. What we especially want is a good CANVASSER.

In every town. And good man can make larger wages than any other employment will afford, as the demand is great and increasing rapidly. We offer strong inducements, and give the first responsible party who applies the exclusive sale in the town. Address—

GEORGE H. HOOD, Agent, 42 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

**The Three Graces in Business.** Public Spirit, Advertising, and General Printing.

Let the Three Graces appear by consulting THOMAS DAVIS, 15 Washington St., (Hapgood's Gun Store).

FOR multiplying means by judicious publicity, THOMAS DAVIS is just the man to consult. Experience and tact, joined with industry and enterprise, enable him to let his customers share the benefits arising from his unflagging perseverance. With a large circle of newspapers in this immediate neighborhood, and a general advertising Agency, his facilities cannot be equalled. In Job Printing, and in all the facilities which cannot be approached for neatness, dispatch and cheapness. Ask any of Thomas Davis' customers, or step in and see him at 15 Washington Street.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.** THE House, Shop, Barn and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant Street, in the rear of the residence of A. E. Thompson, are to let. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to ELI COOPER, on the premises, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stoneham.

### G. R. GAGE, MERCHANT TAILOR,

New Bank Building, Woburn, Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is now located in his new store, where, with increased facilities, he is ready to fill their orders with promptness and despatch.

**BUSINESS AND DRESS SUITS** made in the best style, and warranted to fit. Particular attention paid to making

**Boys' Clothing.** He has on hand a large stock of the best and most desirable goods in the market, suitable for the season, which will be made up to order at the most reasonable rates.

**FURNISHING GOODS** of all kinds, and of the best qualities, constantly on hand. Woburn, March 19th, 1864.

**SPRING CLOTHING!** THE subscriber has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He begs to say that he depends solely on his ability to please, for a share of public patronage. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.

He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase. He has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and at prices that will induce the public to purchase.



## WISTAR'S BALSAM

WILD CHERRY

Has been used for nearly

HALF A CENTURY!

With the most astonishing success in curing Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every affection of

THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, INCLUDING EVEN CONSUMPTION!

THERE is scarcely one individual in the community who is not familiar with the name of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is a remedy of superior value for Pulmonary Diseases. It has been made of one patient now in confinement, and it has proved to be very reliable and of great value in the treatment of severe and long-standing coughs. I have used it upon two or three persons of robust health, who have taken this remedy, and who, for its use, I consider would not now be living.

From R. FELLOWS, M. D.

B. W. FOWLE & Co.,

Although I have generally a great objection to

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, that it is a

remedy of superior value for Pulmonary Diseases.

It has been made of one patient now in confinement,

and it has proved to be very reliable and of great value

in the treatment of severe and long-standing coughs.

I have used it upon two or three persons of robust health,

who have taken this remedy, and who, for its use, I consider

would not now be living.

From E. T. QUIMBY, M. A., Principal of the

New Ipswich Academy,

B. W. FOWLE & Co.,

Gentlemen,—This certifies that for more than

fifteen years I have frequently used Dr. Wistar's

Balm of Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, and

Sore Throat, to which, in common with the rest of

the family, I have been very much attached, and

say that I consider it the very best remedy for such

cases, with which I am acquainted. I should

hardly know what to do without it.

Respectfully yours,

E. T. QUIMBY.

From the Depot Master at South Royalton Mass.

SOUTH ROYALTON, Jan. 4th, 1860.

MEANS, SEITH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston.

In the spring of 1858 I was severely afflicted

with a bad cold, which was attended with

inflammation of the throat, and I was unable to

perform my duties. I was advised to use

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and

after using it a few days I was enabled to

resume my duties, and I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

in all cases of colds, coughs, and sore

throat, and I have found it to be a most

valuable remedy. I have since used it

## WOBBURN BOOKSTORE!

THE WOBBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Inkstands, Pencils, Blank Books, Room Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

Bibles and Testaments

is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.

FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.

Hymn Books.

The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

Sabbath Sch'l Books,

Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

Photograph Albums

in good variety, and at different prices, from 50 cts. upwards.

Juvenile Works,

suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

Blank Books,

Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memorandums, and all kinds of Blank Books usually called for. BLANK BOOKS, of particular kinds, furnished to order.

School Books.

The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

Writing Paper.

The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds—Letter, Billet, Cap, Blank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

Envelopes.

Of all colors, sizes and qualities.

Pens.

All kinds of Gillott's, Washington Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

Penholders,

In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

Paper Hangings.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the best and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

Miscellaneous.

Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper; Patent, Portable, Family and Office Inkstands, Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Cases, Superior Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Vases, and Stands of various kinds, Pens, Rulers, Rubber, Boxes, Pens and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Tapers, Bill Files, Dates, Calendars, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

Fancy Goods and Toys.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff, Bag, Round, Pine, Pocket and Dressing Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crochet Needles, Emery Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and toys of all kinds.

Main St. Woburn Center.

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSELY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher be of a stilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster vase is broken and you can't put it, mend it, it will never show when put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.

Any article cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Croseley's American Cement Glue.

It is so convenient to have in the house.

It is always ready; this commands it to every body.

We have tried it, and find it so useful in our house as water.

Economy is Wealth.

It is within the reach of all, the price being only Twenty-five Cents.

And if an investment and thorough trial does not back up the above statement, the money will be refunded. We say this, knowing its merit, and feel confident that one trial will secure it a home in every household.

Do not waste away with Coughing, when so small an investment will cure you. It may be had of any respectable Druggist in town, who will furnish you with a circular of genuine certificates of cures it has made.

C. G. CLARK & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., PROPRIETORS.

For sale by Druggists in every county, and every

town, BARNES & COMPANY, New York, GEORGE C. GOODWIN & COMPANY, New York.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

## TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA!

Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops,

The Great Female Remedy! The Great Female Remedy! The Great Female Remedy!

Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops,

Are Better Than Pills! Are Better Than Pills! Are Better Than Pills!

Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops, Lyon's Periodical Drops,

The Only Fluid Preparation The Only Fluid Preparation The Only Fluid Preparation

ever brought before the public, and as a diuretic and specific for Irritability, challenges the world to produce an equal; they are, in the most obstinate cases,

Reliable, And Sure To Do Good! Reliable, And Sure To Do Good! Reliable, And Sure To Do Good!

And Cannot Do Harm, And Cannot Do Harm, And Cannot Do Harm,

If The Directions Are Adhered To! If The Directions Are Adhered To! If The Directions Are Adhered To!

Safe At All Times! Safe At All Times! Safe At All Times!

None Others Are Genuine! None Others Are Genuine! None Others Are Genuine!

Beware Of Counterfeits! Beware Of Counterfeits! Beware Of Counterfeits!

They cure all those ills to which the female system is subjected with dispatch and a degree of certainty which nothing but a scientifically compounded fluid preparation could reach.

Use No Other! Use No Other! Use No Other!

For My Drops stand before the world as the only and the best of all remedies for the female system, the kidneys and bladder, Leucorrhoea, Protrusion, and the mild, but positive correction of all irregularities.

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!

Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon! Do Not Be Imposed Upon!